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THE VETERANS OF YESTERDAY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART FIRST.

I.

WHEN I look back into the past, and try to recall my earliest recollections, I see myself a little child in the home of the old soldier Sébastien Florentin, who was a native of Theonville, and once a captain in a line regiment—the Hundred and First Grenadiers—under the First Empire.

I see again that little house looking out on La Rue du Mouton d'Or. It consisted, like all those in the neighborhood, of but one floor above the *rez de chaussée*. A narrow passage ran directly through it into the courtyard, shut in between the high walls of the *gendarmérie*, and led to the well, with its stones all overgrown with moss, and to the dark woodhouse in the rear.

The staircase turned to the left. Its wooden rail was often decorated with the uniforms of the lodge, for it was there that his servant chose to brush them. My friends always let rooms to an officer of the regiment then stationed there, which brought in twenty francs each month, and thus added to Madame Florentin's resources.

You see, when one's cross is tarnished by years, and the Bourbons have cut down the pensions, it is necessary to be economical.

I close my eyes, and it all comes up before me. I can see myself a little child, seated on my low chair, with these kind people around me, and their little dog Azor and their parrot Coco. We have just had our *café au lait*. The windows are wide open, the morning sun is pouring in, and the pinks, mignonette, and wallflowers, standing in pots, drink in the air and the brightness of the day.

I hear the bugle-call of the Eighteenth ringing out from the courtyard of the barracks. It is the first summons for morning inspection. It seems

to me that I am there again. All this took place in 1829, in the time of the Holy Alliance, fifty-one years ago! Strangely enough, it seems to me as if it were yesterday!

My parents, who kept a large grocery on the market square, had no time to trouble themselves much about me; they intrusted me, therefore, every day to the good Captain. His wife, Madame Françoise, came for me every morning. I breakfasted and dined with them, and took long walks, holding fast to the hand of my friend Florentin, who had no children, and was very fond of me. In the evening I was taken home to supper and to sleep. It was in this way that I came to spend so much time in the society of the old soldier; his image is as vivid in my memory as that of my own father. He was tall, thin, erect, and much sunburned. His forehead was narrow and low, so long had it been compressed by his shako. His chin was pointed, his nose long and thin. Large wrinkles were in each corner of his mouth. A cravat of buff lawn, lined with stiff pasteboard, surrounded his small neck. He was always carefully shaved, attending to that task himself, standing every morning before a small mirror hung to the fastening of the window. As to his apparel, it was always simple and modest, and its cleanliness something remarkable. I do not remember that I ever saw one single spot on his garments. To sum it all up, I must say—God forgive me!—that he, with his grave, austere, and somewhat *naïve* expression of face, was very like Don Quixote!

Almost all of the old soldiers of the First Empire have more or less of that air—I can't imagine why—but look at the old engravings of Charlat, and I am sure you will agree with me.

As to Madame Florentin, she was as broad as she was long, and about forty. She was the

eldest daughter of the pork-butcher Bader, living on La Place d'Armes, and was the nicest person in the world; very agreeable to look upon she was, too, with her big brown eyes and her two superb water-curls on her temples. The tulle cap-strings were tied under her rosy, dimpled chin; her good-natured, nonchalant air concealed considerable acuteness. She was the best of wives to Florentin, though she led him by the nose. He sometimes called her in a voice of thunder, much as if he were at the head of his company: "Frentzel! Frentzel!" And Françoise, busy in her kitchen, always answered, "Yes, Florentin, yes! I am coming!" But she never hastened herself; she came when she was ready—that was all.

What good people were these soldiers of the First Empire! The town was full of them. They had almost all married women of Phalsbourg, who, so to speak, had lain fallow since the thirteenth year of the Republic. They were clever, smiling creatures, good housekeepers and managers, guarding the pension and the cross of their husbands, who troubled themselves about nothing.

What luck it was for them to be so well established, when they had come so near dressing St. Catharine's hair!

But for the battle of Waterloo, what would have happened? But nobody thought of this then, and all these old soldiers asked only to see the Duc de Reichstadt crowned. They held the Jesuits and the Bourbons in equal horror, and did all in their power to render them disagreeable to the nation.

The old ramparts of Phalsbourg were tumbling, and in the bushes that had grown over this rubbish thousands of blackbirds and finches warbled from morn till dewy eve.

The toads and the frogs sang their sad litany in the green water of the moat, with the last sighs of the *Angelus*, and, in front of the arsenal, the old cannons of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena, lay with easy consciences and undisturbed souls, slumbering in the shadow of tall chestnut-trees, upon worm-eaten planks, guarded by a veteran.

Except on Wednesdays and Fridays, market-days, when a crowd of country-folk filled the wine-shops and inns, the days were sleepy and quiet. But, on those days, the contrast with the usual silence would have astonished you. Wagons rattled in, with great cracking of whips, and the noise of the people on the square buying and selling eggs, butter, and poultry, would have deafened you. It looked like another town.

All these things poured in from Alsace and Lorraine. The ladies, in their fresh morning dresses, each with her little basket on her arm, made their way between the baskets displayed on

the benches under the elms, asking, in French and in Alsatian *patois*, the prices of the vegetables.

The talking and the bargaining were never-ending. I always accompanied Madame Françoise, and clung close to her skirts.

Sometimes I took it into my head to run away and go to our shop, where everybody went, and which was as crowded as a beehive.

Then father or mother, busy in weighing or measuring, catching a glimpse of me, would call out:

"Take care, Lucien! you will certainly get trodden on. Take care!"

But I slipped through the skirts of the women and the big legs of the men, incased in stout leather gaiters, and reached the back shop, where saddle-bags stood against the wall, and baskets were placed one on top of another. I delighted in all this noise and confusion, and in the red vests and three-cornered hats. I was perfectly happy to be allowed to look at the cabbages and baskets of radishes; at the partridges and hares piled up on the floor, and at the live poultry, the cocks with their scarlet crests, the geese and the ducks in their wicker cages—all put in here until the hour of sale. All the peasants for six leagues around knew me, and said to each other:

"That is Monsieur Pelerin's little boy."

Several good old women gave me bunches of cherries or an apple or a pear, each accompanied with a hearty hug.

Ah! I have never known days so happy since! It seems to me that I can still perceive the smell of the cloves, the ginger, and the cinnamon of our shop. I can see again the loaves of sugar and the bunches of candles hung to the ceiling; the boxes of raisins and of figs standing as sentinels at our door: these are my earliest recollections. At night, after supper, when all was quiet, and father and mother with the servants sat around the table in the back shop, counting the copper sous, my father, a little dark man with quick eyes and quicker speech, would exclaim:

"Bless my heart! how that boy frightens me! He is always under people's feet! He really must be sent to school, for Madame Florentin does not take the care she ought of him."

Then I would weep, and my mother would kiss me, saying, as she did so:

"No, my child, don't be troubled; it won't be this year that you will be sent to Monsieur Vassereau's. But you must be more careful; so many accidents happen!"

Then she would carry me off to her bed, where I soon fell asleep, after commending my soul to the care of Almighty God.

The next morning Madame Françoise would come for me as usual, and neither she nor I heard a word more about school.

My parents had the greatest respect for the old Captain, and Madame Françoise never asked a favor of them without obtaining it at once.

I was then six years old; that is the age at which the mind opens rapidly, and when one learns the most without knowing it. The books we study later with such infinite toil do not tell us half as much as one of those hours spent looking into the street or fields, or into a public square.

All we hear and see then is graven on our minds, and serves as food for our thoughts and meditations to the end of our days.

The reason why the old so often forget the things of yesterday is because their minds are so full of those of their childhood.

II.

My friend Florentin had a little garden out of the town, which we reached through La Porte de France. He was not the only one who had a garden, for all these old soldiers, not knowing in what way to occupy their time, cultivated a small bit of ground, surrounded by a hedge, and planted with vegetables and flowers. Each had a little shed in one corner, which he papered with old engravings, and found a thousand means of embellishing. Such was the garden of my friend: he trimmed his trees with infinite care, and wondered at every new leaf that grew. He allowed no one to touch them but himself.

This garden was not more than a quarter of an acre, but it was his paradise.

It was there we went after dinner. He unlocked his shed, hung up his coat on a nail behind the door, and put on a linen jacket and an old straw hat. Then, as it was warm, my friend arranged a comfortable bed for me with some bundles of straw, and I lay down to sleep, Azor at my feet curled up with his head between his paws.

There was a soft hissing sound around us; the bees and the cockchafers sang in chorus; sleep soon came to me, and I lay there for hours.

Captain Florentin in the mean time went in and out, cutting, digging, and watering.

He had near the shed an old barrel full of water, kept warm by the sun, for plants don't like cold, raw water; and in this cask, which he filled every night before he went away, bringing the water in buckets from a small cistern covered with planks—in this barrel, I say, where the blackish water was covered with water-lilies, lived a frog.

As evening came on, when the shadows of the poplars on the road fell on the little garden,

and the air, heated during all the day, was now deliciously cool and soft, I would awake, and leisurely look around. Azor, too, would awaken, shake himself, and prick up his ears. Florentin, who was watching us through the open window, would come in laughing.

"Ah! lazy ones!" he would cry; "so you think you have had sleep enough, do you? Now you must have your bath, and then we will have a mouthful to eat. What have you to say to that?"

"I say that is just what I want," I answered.

"All right, then."

And, seating himself on the bench, he would take me on his knees, take off my shoes, my stockings, my blouse, and my shirt, as tenderly and smilingly as any old nurse would have done. After which, lifting me in his two big hands, he would plunge me up and down two or three times in the big barrel. I caught his sleeve sometimes, and he would say:

"Don't be afraid, little one; I will hold you tight!"

Then sitting on his arm, with the water running off my white skin, with my elbow on his shoulder, we would look for a minute at the frog with its big round eyes, its queer nose, and its legs half doubled under its belly; it was always green, and I wondered at that.

"Is not my frog lovely?" he would ask.

"Yes, it is lovely, but what does it eat?"

"Oh—flies, cockchafers, anything of that kind!" And he dropped in a cockchafer, at which the frog snapped eagerly.

We stood, as I say, a minute or two looking at the creature; then he carried me into the shed and rubbed me with a towel, and then dressed me carefully, after which he took out a small measure of wine that he had brought, poured out a little in a glass for me, adding a little sugar. He filled up his own, and we drank each other's health with great ceremony, eating also a crust of bread.

Azor watched us and got his share. We caressed him, and all three were as happy as kings. When we heard a distant clock strike seven, and when rich lines of crimson stretched across the western sky, my dear old friend took off his linen jacket and old cap, and locking the door we went home to supper. Never in all my life since have I spent sweeter hours than those! Tears come to my eyes as I describe them to you. Another thing that pleased me was when Madame Florentin took me with her on Sunday to high mass or to vespers; for my parents, though Lutherans, considered that all religions were good, and allowed every person to think and believe in such matters as he thought best. My father had but one saint in his calendar, as

he often said with a laugh, and that was Saint Tolerance.

My mother, who had a lovely voice, liked to sing praises to the Lord in the temple among the rest of the faithful when she had time on Sundays, and on other days when the shop was not too full of people.

I was permitted, therefore, to go to high mass, and my mother even gave me a sou for the offertory. Nothing gave me a more delightful sensation than to feel the small gold plate extended by the curé touch my cheek.

I sat close to Madame Florentin, near the choir, in my best clothes. The sacred pictures, the altar smoking with incense, the intoning of the priests and the swelling of the organ, the troops in uniform packing all the aisles, the command "Kneel" at the moment of the elevation of the Host, the bayonets all shining in a line, had something inexpressibly solemn in it, and greatly moved my childish soul.

The band of the Eighteenth was playing in the upper gallery. All this *clat* pleased and absorbed me; but Madame Florentin kept whispering to me softly, "Say your prayers, Lucien, say your prayers." And I began to move my lips, though where my thoughts were I know not, and my eyes were wide open.

Nothing I have seen since has ever produced as much effect on me as this magnificent ceremony with all its golden glitter, its music, and the echoes under the vaulted ceiling of the old church. Madame Françoise was quite pleased with me, and said, as we came out:

"You have been very good, Lucien—very good indeed."

Then the review began on the Place d'Armes opposite the church; all the regiment in white pantaloons and wearing large red plumes—the voltigeurs, with collars and facings of yellow, were drawn up on the four sides of the square, going through with their daily drill. The loud voices of the colonels, commandants, and captains answered each other and were repeated by the echoes among the fortifications: "Shoulder arms! Present arms! Ground arms!" The horses of the superior officers curveting and prancing, the crowd and the people at every window, the rattle and the thud of the guns all coming down together, the sunshine, the storks in their nests in the bell-tower far above all this tumult, one and all threw me into an ecstasy of delight.

And as Madame Florentin was hurrying to prepare our dinner I ran to find my friend, who was always on the Place at this hour, behind the ranks under the elms with other old soldiers, all watching the movements of the troops with frowning brows, compressed lips, and grave, scrutinizing eyes. They had nothing to do with

it, and this was what disturbed them; they were restless in their inactivity. They were like old war-horses condemned to the plow, neighing as they heard the distant sound of the trumpet.

I looked around, and I saw first Monsieur Michelair, a former commandant of the Old Guard; Metzinger, colonel of artillery; Major Boyer, made a baron on the battle-field of Ligny by the Emperor; Captains Vidal, Desjardens, Richard, Florentin, and fifty more, leaning on their canes, gesticulating, walking to and fro, describing their marches and counter-marches, their skirmishes, their combats from Madrid to the Kremlin, stopping from time to time at a louder clash of arms to look on with an air of indifference. They did not permit themselves to make the smallest criticism, so great was their respect for the army, and so conscious were they that they themselves, in other days, would not have allowed a word from the *pékins*.

These poor old men were now no more than *pékins*, which fact did not prevent them from still retaining all the susceptibilities of military honor; they invariably spoke to each other with the greatest courtesy, knowing that among soldiers the smallest word may lead to the gravest consequences, in which sword and pistol might have their share. I did not understand this until later.

At that time, clinging to the hand of my old friend, I listened to the stories of battles lost and won, and never thought of cuts and bruises.

Near me was Justine, the daughter of Captain Vidal, and my little friend.

She was a tiny creature, dainty, mischievous, and somewhat pale, with great blue eyes and very light hair. She was also the grandchild of our neighbor the baker, Weiss by name, for Captain Vidal had married Mademoiselle Nicole, his daughter, and the fair Cocole (for this was the name by which she was familiarly called) often came to see my mother, bringing her little Justine with her. Justine and I had promised to marry each other at some future day, and this promise the older people thought very amusing.

When Captain Vidal was away, we two filled his house with noise. Justine had many playthings—little carriages and carts, dolls, and musical boxes, which I broke to see how they went. This did not please Captain Vidal, who, on coming home, called me "the pandour," and told me to go to the devil. Justine wept, and put her arms around his neck, and, as the brave Captain had no other child, he relented in order to keep things smooth in his house.

Ah! how I loved Justine, and how gayly we ran about on the square on these festal Sundays! In vain were we called; we were always off again under the feet of the crowd.

Finally, at twelve o'clock, the soldiers marched off, half turning to the right, the others to the left.

My friend Florentin made me a sign that it was the dinner-hour. Captain Vidal, in his big voice, shouted for Justine, and we separated.

Thus did these days, the days of the grand reviews, pass away. As we sat at table we could hear the regiment marching in the distance, the roll of the big drum, and the bugle-call, as the troops entered the barracks.

My friend Florentin was pleased with me and I with him, and Madame Françoise praised my behavior in church.

"Look out that you don't make a sacristan of him," said Florentin. "We have had quite enough of such people. Lucien will be a soldier—won't you, my boy?"

"That I will, sir!"

"That is right! I think we are always of the same mind, we two!"

III.

NEAR the end of the autumn of 1829, at the time of the vintage in Alsace, an extraordinary thing came to pass.

My friend Florentin was in the habit, on Sunday, after dinner, of going to play a game of piquet with Monsieur Rosenthäl, a former comrade of Bernadotte's in the regiment of the Royale Marine, before the Revolution of 1789.

My friend Florentin was, about the same time, in the regiment of the Royal Allemand, one of the four regiments with which the Emperor of Austria had presented his daughter Marie Antoinette, on her marriage with Louis XVI, and whose colonel was then Max, afterward Maximilian I, King of Bavaria.

The recollection of Bernadotte always brought a frown to the brow of my friend Florentin, who reproached the King of Sweden for having betrayed the Emperor at Leipsic; but, as Rosenthäl could by no possibility be blamed for this, he preserved a rigid silence on this delicate subject.

Rosenthäl, on his side, was equally reticent, and made no allusion to the defection of Maximilian during our terrible retreat from Hanau, and, thanks to this tacit compromise, peace reigned between them.

Rosenthäl, who was quite as tall and quite as thin as Florentin, was even more solemn in appearance. He always wore knee-breeches and silk stockings, a three-cornered hat, and a queue, braided with a watered ribbon, the bow at the end *en papillon*.

Please imagine the quaint picture presented by these two old men, seated in the hall of the Ville de Bâle, the principal inn of the town, a table between them, their cards in their hands,

grave and solemn, sipping their coffee slowly, and greatly disturbed when the adversary was too prosperous. Their color heightened, and Rosenthäl would murmur, "You have the most infernal luck!"

I sat close beside them, my arms on their table, my legs curled up under me on the chair, and Azor within reach of my hand, looking on at this quiet game, carried on among all the drinking and smoking about us. When I was tired I wandered out into the kitchen or to the stables and poultry-yard of the inn, coming back every fifteen minutes to see who was winning, and to put up little prayers against Rosenthäl.

Now, this day it was Florentin who was winning. He had won the coffee, two little glasses of cognac, and a bottle of the white wine of Alsace; and Rosenthäl's nose seemed to me to be momentarily growing longer, while a crimson flush on his cheek-bones was extending to his wig. He kept saying: "Upon my life, I don't understand this. I don't understand such luck."

Finally, my friend, hearing this said so often, got angry and exclaimed: "What don't you understand? What do you mean? Speak out, man!"

His eyes flashed and his bushy eyebrows quivered.

"Well, then," cried Rosenthäl, equally angry, "I mean that such luck is not natural."

"That will do," answered my friend Florentin, straightening himself up and reaching for his cane. "People are looking at us. Let us go out. It is not here that we can finish this matter."

Rosenthäl, rising from his chair, said: "Very well! Let us go out!"

They pushed their way through the astonished crowd, I keeping close behind them. At the foot of the three steps that led to the grand *salle*, and in the courtyard, they stopped abruptly. Standing face to face, with their noses, not an inch apart, like two old fighting-cocks, they looked into the whites of each other's eyes, and said:

"You will give me satisfaction, sir?"

"Whenever you please, sir."

"To-morrow, then, sir, in the Allée des Su-reaux."

"Very well, sir. At what hour?"

"At six o'clock in the evening, sir. I have the right to choose my weapons—the sword, sir."

"Agreed, sir. We have now only to find our seconds."

They were about to separate, when I, fired by my desire to espouse the cause of my friend, made a dash at Rosenthäl's thin leg, and bit him in the calf through his silk stocking.

He turned with uplifted cane, ready to fell me to the earth in his rage. Fortunately, Flo-

rentin parried the blow with his stick, and Azor, feeling that he must do his share, filled the vaulted ceiling with his ear-splitting barks.

People rushed from out the *salle*, and the two old men, not caring to make a spectacle of themselves, took leave of each other, saying, "To-morrow, then!"

Florentin crossed the square with my hand in his, talking fast as he went: "You have done well, my boy. You defended me. You are a brave fellow. Don't be troubled. We will settle this *Kaiserlich*, this friend of Bernadotte's. Rascal! He won't draw his pension much longer! My luck, indeed! How dared he say such a thing? Just wait! He shall see what my luck is to-morrow. Yes, Charles-Jean, as you bite the earth, you shall think of your words!"

Muttering other unintelligible words, we reached his house, when Madame Françoise saw that Florentin had taken a glass too much, but took care not to make any remark about it, particularly as he at once took his seat in his arm-chair and fell asleep, as he did every Sunday on returning from the Hôtel de Bâle.

He was no longer of an age to indulge in the fiery wine of Alsace. He had taken but little, but as he was over sixty he should not have touched it at all, particularly after his cognac; but this he did not realize.

Madame Françoise on these days always took me home at once. I supped with my parents as usual, and fell asleep in my chair, waking the next morning in my bed, to my great astonishment.

This is what happened that day: Madame Florentin came for me always at seven o'clock, but she did not make her appearance this time. After waiting for her a little while, I suddenly remembered the occurrences of the day before, and rushed off at full speed to their house, where I found my dear Florentin alone.

He had just taken from a wardrobe two long swords, which he was carefully examining. He tried the points on the floor of the room, he standing erect as he did so, and muttering, "Yes, that is good—good!" And as the door opened without noise he did not see me—I stood looking at him in silence and great surprise.

Having laid one sword on the table between the two windows, he put himself on guard with the other, stamping his foot as he did so. He still wore his morning slippers.

"One, two!" he cried, as he made his lunge. Then, standing erect on his aged legs, he murmured: "I am solid enough still! Ha! ha! Sébastien, your joints are not rusty yet!"

I saw him in profile, and his long, thin face had an expression of savage joy; his scanty gray

locks rose from his bald temples like the plumes of an old eagle.

"Ah! my friend," I said, "you are sharpening your big sword to kill Rosenthäl!"

"Is that you?" he answered, turning quickly. "Yes, my boy—yes! Look at this!" And he bent the sword again—back it flew like a spring. "Yes, this will do!" he muttered—"this will do!"

Then I took up the other sword from the table, and I said, "How heavy it is!"

"Heavy! You will not think so by and by!" he replied. And taking the sword from my hands he wrapped it up with the other in a covering of serge, and laid it with great care in the bottom of the wardrobe, which he locked. Then, looking at me, he cried out gayly: "You fought for me well, little one, yesterday! The *Kaiserlich* must have the marks of your teeth on his leg to-day, I fancy!" And he went off in a roar of laughter that seemed as if it would never end.

"Now," he said, at last, "we must hunt up our seconds. If you were only twenty years older, I would take you; and you would see your old friend Florentin on the field—but I must look for others, my boy! Captain Vidal and Foissard the color-bearer—they will gladly render me this service."

As our *café au lait* was usually served at this hour, and he saw no sign of it, he began to shout in his voice of thunder: "Frentzel! Frentzel!"

All the house trembled; Madame Françoise did not reply. He began to grow angry, and, turning to me, he said: "Go see what she is doing. Tell her to come here quick, for I am getting mad!"

I ran to the little kitchen. Madame Françoise was not there, and there was not even a spark of fire on the hearth.

I returned with this intelligence to my friend, when suddenly the outer door opened, and some fifteen ladies—the wives of officers—filed in! Françoise had been to inform them of what was going on. Sébastien had been imprudent enough to confide to her what had taken place, and she had run round to them all to say that, if these old soldiers were beginning to exterminate each other thus, there would soon be neither pensions nor crosses to touch. This moved them to that degree that they all hurried in to remonstrate, and prevent the duel.

They had taken no time to make their toilets; they were in their morning dresses, with their hair half combed.

Never had they been seen like this before. My friend Florentin was literally dumfounded. "What is it?" he stammered. "What do you want? Who are you?"

Suddenly realizing that these were the wives of his colleagues, he added:

"Be seated, ladies. What can I do for you?"

Then Madame Rosenthäl, who was of the number, exclaimed with a sob:

"Captain, you shall not fight with Rosenthäl, I will not allow it!"

And Florentin, realizing what had happened, turned angrily to Frentzel, saying:

"Madame, who gave you permission to tell this?"

She, bursting into tears in her turn, answered:

"Florentin, you never loved me! I am a most unhappy woman!"

She was very pale, and, as all the other women began to moan, he took hold of the back of a chair, and grinding his old stumps of teeth, and with difficulty preventing himself from driving these women like dried leaves before a tempest, he growled:

"Thunder and lightning! Ladies! will you kindly let me alone; if you do not, I can not answer for myself."

Then Rosenthäl's wife, throwing herself at his feet, cried:

"Captain, you shall not kill the father of my child!"

Florentin indignantly answered:

"Let him apologize to me, then! Let him admit his falsehood before the whole town, in the presence of the entire regiment, at the grand review! Let him say, in just so many words, 'I have lied!' Let the *Kaiserlich* humiliate himself, and then we will see. I don't promise anything, I only say, we will see!"

His voice was terrible, he rocked the chair to and fro as he spoke, the noise was deafening, but the women were true Phalsbourgeoises, and never dreamed of retreat.

At this critical moment there suddenly appeared at the window, among the flower-pots, the severe face of the Commandant of the Old Guard, with his heavy, square cut, gray mustache, his white imperial and knitted brows. Behind him were the colonel of artillery, Metzinger, and the Baron Boyer, called, to use the language of the day, the two greatest cabbage-heads among the veterans.

The women had been to tell them of this strange episode, and Florentin, on seeing them, became more calm.

"Were you coming in, Commandant?" he asked.

"Yes, Captain."

"You are very welcome; pray enter."

They entered in stiff and solemn silence, arrayed in their best garments.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen, for being in my shirt-sleeves," said Florentin; "I did not expect you."

"Ladies," said the Commandant, "will you kindly leave us?"

They, still weeping, left the room.

I was sitting in my corner near the *chiffonière*, drinking in every word, and with wide-open eyes lost nothing of what was going on.

My friend Florentin had put on his coat and tied his cravat.

The four men were all standing.

"Captain!" said the Commandant, "we have been informed that you have an affair of honor with Rosenthäl."

"Yes, Commandant, your information was correct."

"Will you give us the reasons in full? As old soldiers we are all of one family, and you know what the Emperor said, 'Dirty linen should be washed at home.'"

"Rosenthäl permitted himself to insinuate that I was too lucky at cards," answered Florentin, with ill-repressed rage; "and such things are only washed out in blood."

"Too lucky!" said Baron Boyer. "Did not the Russians say we were too lucky at Austerlitz, the Prussians at Jena, the Austrians at Marengo, and in fifty other battles? Don't people who are beaten invariably say that the others are too lucky? What does that prove? It is only fools who never have any luck. If Rosenthäl had said that you had no luck, I could understand your anger, for it would have been only another way of saying that you were a simpleton—that you amounted to nothing. Yes, then I could understand, but now I confess it is quite beyond me!"

"And me too," said Colonel Metzinger.

"I don't understand it either," said Michelair. "The insult is not clear. Men do not go on the field, Captain, except for most serious reasons. We owe an example to the young army, an example of firmness, dignity, and discipline. As far as courage is concerned that is unnecessary, as all Europe knows that we are brave. If any one dared to assert the contrary, we stand ready to force the lie down his throat. Yes, Captain, without saying that you are wrong, I must say that I can't see the insult."

"Then let him explain it!" cried Florentin.

"That is precisely what he has done," answered the Commandant of the Old Guard, as he drew a note from his pocket. "Warned in time, we went first to Rosenthäl, and this, Captain, is what he wrote under my very eyes: 'I, Rosenthäl von Loewenhaupt, admit the entire honor of Monsieur Sébastien Florentin, his tried courage, and all his civil and military qualities. Having

no wish to offend him, I can not withdraw what I said, that "he had too much luck at piquet," but I maintain that my words were not intended to cast any doubt upon his honor and loyalty. ROSENTHAL VON LOEWENHAUPT."

My friend Florentin took the paper and read it several times, with frowning brow and evident dissatisfaction; finally he said:

"If he chooses to eat his own words, of course, there is nothing more to be said. But you can tell him from me, Commandant, that I regard him as a very poor player, and when this is the case a man had best let cards alone!"

The others smiled. Baron Boyer pressed his hand in a friendly way, and said:

"This bad business is well over, Captain, and we are very glad, for duels between old soldiers might cast reproach on the grand army of which we are the representatives."

"Florentin," cried Commandant Michelair, in a familiar tone, "you may be sure that, if swords had been drawn, I should have insisted on the honor of being your second."

These words soothed my friend Florentin, who, smiling this time, in all sincerity replied:

"Thanks, my Commandant! If it ever happens that I am engaged in a serious affair, I shall remember what you say." And they separated with cordial shakes of the hand.

Frentzel went to prepare our coffee, and we breakfasted as usual.

The Captain said not one reproachful word to his wife, and no one would have believed that anything unusual had taken place. Sébastien Florentin was not of a sanguinary disposition, but he was thin-skinned, like all the old soldiers.

Thus ended the affair between Rosenthäl and my friend Florentin.

IV.

ABOUT this time the report was in circulation that the Duc de Reichstadt was to be crowned at Paris. All the veterans united once a week at the farm of Petit-Saint-Jean, the home of Colonel Thomas, two kilometres from the town, there to consult or to conspire together. Our Lorraine peasants, always fond of a jest, seeing them go past one after the other, with their overcoats buttoned to the chin, their hats pulled down over their eyes, and their canes under their arms, wagged their heads and chuckled, muttering to themselves, "The jolly old souls are going after some new breeches!"

As to myself I know nothing of what they did or said at the farm of Petit-Saint-Jean, for my friend Florentin never took me there with him. On the days when he went there, Françoise, after dinner, took me to Madame Vidal's, at the corner of La Rue du Collège, where the

wives of the other officers met to knit and drink a glass of *ratafia* while they talked over all imaginable subjects.

Justine and I sat near the table. We were given some skeins of wool to wind. I held the skein on my hands outspread like a little Saint John in adoration; Justine wound the ball, and we listened to all that was said. Sometimes Justine would make me a little sign to look at Mother Desjardens bending over her knitting; her glasses, as large as watch-crystals, were pushed down to the end of her long nose, on which always stood a drop of snuff; then we hid our heads under the table in convulsions of laughter. But the old ladies, as they told their stories, laughed more than we did; sometimes they would suddenly remember that we were there, and would turn to look at us. We at once resumed our air of innocent unconsciousness.

Madame Richard, the greatest laughster among them all, would shrug her shoulders as if to say: "They don't understand! They are amusing themselves in their own way, without thinking of us!" And the ladies went on without thought of restraint.

Madame Vidal brought out a jar of brandied cherries; each put one in her mouth.

Sometimes they would say: "Come here, Justine! Come, Lucien." And they would pop a cherry into our mouths.

Cocole kissed her child; the ladies smoothed my hair, and said:

"He will be handsome when he is a man; his eyes are superb."

"What a bandit he would make by and by!" murmured Madame Richard.

And Françoise answered: "No, my dear, not he! He is as gentle as a lamb.—You will always be good, Lucien, won't you?"

"Yes, Madame Florentin."

"Ah! don't trust him, Frentzel," cried Mother Desjardens, lifting her head and looking at me over her spectacles. "There is no worse water than that which is stagnant. I tell you I know! I have seen it all my life."

"Now go and sit down, and be good," said Cocole.

We obeyed, and never lost one word of what was said. We had enough to talk about the rest of the week. Justine mimicked the voice of one and the air of another, and we had good fun out of it.

I have given you a picture of our little reunions, and now I must tell you what took place two or three days after the Rosenthäl affair. The ladies were talking of their husbands. They were in the best of spirits. I can hear them now.

"Come, Madame Desjardens, give me your glass. You have hardly tasted your *ratafia*."

"No, Cocole; I have had enough. My nose is quite red as it is."

"What difference does it make to us now whether our noses are red or not?" said Françoise; "our old men don't look at us very closely nowadays.—Give me some, Cocole; I am not afraid. This evening when they come back from Petit-Saint-Jean, they won't know where they are, and I foresee that we shall have to draw off their stockings. I give you fair warning."

"How preposterous they are," cried Madame Richard, "with their Duc de Reichstadt! A great Austrian scarecrow, who looks about as much like the Emperor as Saint Crepin looks like the sun! Do you know that they are, one and all, quite capable of being cut into inch bits in his honor at the first roll of the drum?"

"Yes, Madeleine, you are right," said Françoise. "Wasn't my old Sébastien ready to exterminate Rosenthäl for one little word? And, if we had allowed them to do it, would not they have massacred each other with their swords? Would they have left an ounce of meat on their bones? I declare, when one thinks of it, it is enough to make one shudder!—Give me a cherry, Cocole; they are excellent, not a bit too much sugar in them, but just enough." Dropping two or three cherries in her glass, she continued: "Sébastien tells me every day that we must have the left bank of the Rhine, and that Reichstadt will take it. They have not had enough of a Waterloo yet; they want two, three, or four more, just like Michelair," said the wife of the Commandant of the Old Guard. "Each time that he hears Waterloo mentioned he breaks two or three chairs. All our furniture has suffered more or less for that cause."

"If this continues," interposed Nicole, taking up a dropped stitch in her knitting, "do you know what I think? I think that all our old soldiers will end their days in a mad-house. Vidal himself, the most reasonable of them all, is entirely wild; if I were not here to remind him, he would forget to draw his cross and his pension. I have to go myself every quarter to claim them."

"Don't talk to me!" answered Françoise; "I don't know what men would do without their wives. We are obliged to have sense enough for both. My husband would like to be, I think, among the Russian snow-drifts again. And each time that he talks to me of the fogs of Holland, and of his Marshal Brune, he has tears in his eyes. What a pity!"

"Ah, yes, what a pity!" the others replied in chorus.

A long silence followed. The click of the knitting-needles was heard. Mother Desjardens opened her snuff-box and took a pinch. Then

some one looked up, and seeing the bright sunshine flickering through the half-closed blinds—for it was a very warm day—said:

"What lovely weather we are having!"

"Yes," cried Françoise, "it makes me think of Valladolid. We were just married, and every night we heard serenades under our windows. Sébastien was frightfully jealous."

"Jealous?" the others exclaimed, looking up from their work.

"Yes, jealous as a tiger."

They laughed, and Françoise laid down her knitting, and continued in a sly, mischievous manner:

"We were living in a delightful *posada*. Plenty of nice people were there, too, and each time that Florentin was obliged to leave me, to go on duty, he would start, and then come back, look at me, and go out again. I knew what the poor man was thinking of; he would have liked to take me with him, for drill and guard-mounting inspection, and the like. He never could tear himself away until the last bugle-call. One morning, when he was wandering around my bed like a soul in torment, I was quite touched, and I said to him:

"Florentin, will you do me a favor? There are so many strangers in this *posada*, that I am always uneasy after you are gone. I should like you to lock the door and put the key in your pocket."

"You should have seen his relief, ladies. He drew a long breath and was off like a flash, taking the key with him."

Madame Françoise imitated Sébastien, and the others laughed heartily.

"I think," said Cocole, "that you were altogether too amiable to allow yourself to be locked up in this way by a jealous husband. I should have allowed him to wander about as much as he pleased, but he should not have locked me in."

"Oh!" answered Françoise, demurely, as she took up her work; "don't you suppose that I had another key made? I only wanted to tranquillize poor dear Sébastien."

The ladies all laughed immoderately, even down to little Justine, who looked at me with a droll little wink. She had taken in all the fun of this story, but I had heard it without in the least understanding it. I was like my friend Florentin. Women are, indeed, much more shrewd than we!

Françoise continued to knit for a few moments, thinking of what Cocole had said, and then exclaimed:

"You were right, Nicole, in saying that I was too good to Sébastien, for he made me suffer for it in Spain and elsewhere. In Spain

we were ordered to escort the Marshal's wagons, which left regularly for France with their loads of silver, chasubles, pixes, and holy pictures, from the churches, with many other similar things. These wagons, as I say, were sent off every week, and, as the Marshal knew Sébastien, we were always in command of the escort. I, seeing all these rich things sent away like this, said to myself that it was only right that Sébastien, who was always ready to do his duty, should have a tiny reward. And one day, seeing some large gold tassels hanging down between the boards of a wagon, the idea came into my head that I would have them. I was doing no harm to any one; the monks were already embittered toward us, and it made no difference, of course."

"Of course not—of course not!" said the ladies. "It was an excellent idea!"

"Yes, but unfortunately Sébastien placed sentinels every night around the wagons. In that wild country, amid mountains and deep ravines, where we might have been attacked at any moment, he, of course, could do nothing else. We halted at night in the most wretched villages, filled with people who only wished us harm. Sébastien went out every hour or two himself from the hut which was ours. This went on for several nights, and I saw no chance. But one night we stopped near Pampeluna, and Florentin was sleeping soundly. I rose softly, and put my scissors in my pocket, watching until the sentinel turned his back. I was just on the point of cutting one of the tassels which hung from the banner of some unknown saint, when a sentinel on the other side of the wagon saw me in the moonlight, and frightened me into fits by shouting, 'Who goes there?' This awakened everybody; Sébastien jumped off his pallet, and came rushing out with his saber in his hand. 'What are you doing there, madame?' he cried. 'Bring her out and shoot her at once!' He raised his sword in fury; his mustache actually stood out like the quills of a porcupine. Never did I see such a terrible face. He was quite ready to kill me then and there. Fortunately, the tassel was not entirely cut off. Sébastien wanted me tried by a court-martial, and shot within twenty-four hours. Wasn't he faithful to his marshal—was not he in a rage? What creatures men are! He would have sacrificed me for the honor of the flag, as he said; and he would have done it, too, if Lieutenant Trubert, a young man of excellent sense, and the handsomest man of the army, had not declared that this tassel had been hanging out of the wagon even since we started, and that one of the wheels had worn away the cord.

"Sébastien by degrees calmed down; but, as you may readily believe, I was not disposed to

wander in the night again about the treasure-wagons. I began to think, too, that it was more agreeable to be with the regiment than to follow the escort. Ah! if I had not had such a stupid husband, we might have feathered our nest well in those days! But, with a man like that, who wants his own wife tried by a council of war, nothing can be done!"

"Ah!" said Mother Desjardens, "you are right, Françoise; all these old soldiers have not an ounce of common sense among them. Instead of laying up something like reasonable creatures, and thinking of their wives and their children, they have but one idea in their crazy brains, and that is, to sacrifice themselves in the defense of the thefts committed by their superiors! What absolute nonsense it all is!—But the clock is striking six, and there is supper to prepare."

"One more glass," said Cocole. "Sit down, Madame Desjardens—pray sit down again."

"Just a very little, Madame Vidal, not a thimbleful—ah! that is too much," said the old woman; "but never mind. Your *ratafia* is so good!—so good!" and she emptied her glass with one gulp and wiped her mustache.

The others followed her example, first rolling up their knitting and putting it in the pockets of their aprons, and went away, after appointing a day to meet again.

I have just related word for word one of these visits. I am among those old women once more, and I can see them go out into the street and hear their voices as they separate at the corner: "Good night, Nicole! Good night, Madeleine! I shall expect you a week from to-day."

"Yes, certainly, you will see us without fail." And off they go, scudding fast, as the hour was growing late.

Ah! these were clever women; there are no more like them nowadays. These were women who understood human nature, and gently guided those terrible veterans of the First Empire, before whom all Europe had trembled.

V.

THINGS went on in this way up to the fearfully cold winter of 1829—the first winter that I clearly remember.

What an event it was in the life of a child!

It began during the *fête* of Phalsbourg—the stalls of the gingerbread-venders were covered with snow.

My friend Florentin, as he saw the first big flakes flutter against our window, said, "It is just the weather we had at the time of the battle of Eylau, which made me a captain."

And as Madame Françoise brought in the *café au lait*, and we seated ourselves at break-

fast, he resumed: "We were in front of a good hot coffee-pot that day, my boy. We were in a marsh, buried nearly to our waists, from six o'clock in the morning until pitch-dark night. The battle raged around us. The Emperor wished to retain the position. We were amid the melting snow and the mud spattered over us by the bullets and grape-shot. The Russian cuirassiers made three attacks upon us. They entered the water until their horses' manes floated out straight, and we shot them down. All day long the Hundred and First heard but one command, 'Close ranks!—close ranks!' About five o'clock at night we, who had been eighteen hundred strong, were reduced to one hundred and sixty, and Captain Rollin said to me, 'Lieutenant Florentin, take the command!' He was an old man, and half frozen. His daughter had just brought him a bowl of hot soup, which he began to eat a hundred feet in the rear on a small elevation. But a bullet carried him off, and his daughter too. After that I alone, Sébastien Florentin, commanded what was left of the regiment. I had stepped over the bodies of all the others."

He relapsed into thoughtful silence.

"Then what happened?" I asked.

"Six weeks after, on the occasion of the general returns of the army, the Emperor, seeing that there were only one hundred and fifteen men left of the Hundred and First, asked who commanded the regiment at Eylau.

" 'Sébastien Florentin, brevet lieutenant, Sire.' "

" 'Put him down as captain.' And I was made captain. I was decorated at Austerlitz."

Thus it was that I learned that snow fell on the day of the battle of Eylau.

Ah, what a winter that was of 1829! The weather was constantly sharp and cold, and the snow became deeper and deeper. It was swept away every morning with big brooms from in front of the doors. It was done hastily, and with a good deal of laughing; this made a great mountain in the middle of the streets, and little lanes were cut in to the sidewalk toward the houses, where the children played and burrowed like rabbits in their warrens.

Each morning, with my hands buried in my pockets and my nose very cold and wet, I reached my friend Florentin's, while logs were gently blazing in the porcelain stove. Coco slept on his perch, Azor at his master's feet. Françoise was getting breakfast in the kitchen. All was orderly and peaceful.

In my home, however—in the room behind the shop—big sticks of wood were burning in the stove with a noise like pistol-shots; and on market-days all the good women, enveloped in triple petticoats and with their hoods drawn close

over their heads, came in and crowded around the fire, warming their hands at the flame. The peddlers, too, were there, wearing high gaiters set close with bone buttons—their wide felt hats white with snow and their long beards sparkling with frost.

I remember, too, how the shining nails in their shoes left their prints on the wooden floor. What confusion there was in the shop, too, and what a hubbub of voices! Everybody was driving eager bargains with the father and the mother, with Rose, Katie, and Charlotte, who were all of them busy weighing sugar, salt, and pepper, or measuring molasses, behind the counter.

What a busy scene it was! And through the big glass door, standing wide open in spite of the cold, we saw the market-house full of bags—the bakers examining the grain and the millers loading their long Alsatian wagons drawn by four horses, and starting off in a long procession to the mills. Yes, it was a delightful winter!

All except the numerous beggars who besieged every door, and who went away with broken victuals and a few sous—with the exception of this dreary and ragged spectacle, all was gay and festive at Phalsbourg.

Never before in the time of Charles X had there been so many beggars, and such odd faces. It was then that our compatriot, Callot, might have found wonderful models. Then there were the pilgrims arriving from Hailach and Marienthal in Switzerland, in spite of the cold, like flocks of crows, singing their psalms as they trotted along.

Time has dropped a heavy curtain over all that; it must have been seen to be appreciated.

I must not forget the battles with snowballs between the boys at college and the pupils of Father Vassereau—the quick, sharp orders to command and retreat—the college-bell ringing, and the sudden hush. I never failed to be present at these encounters, both morning and evening, with my red nose and my ears covered with lappets made of fox-skin. Little Justine, on the other side of the street, beckoned me to come over to her in her courtyard, and I climbed bravely over the piled-up snow, shaking myself like a water-dog as I rolled over at her feet. Her mother, Madame Nicole, had made her a little rabbit-skin muff.

"O Lucien," she said to me, "how red your poor hands are! How cold you must be! Put them quick in my muff. Feel how warm it is."

"Isn't it nice?" I said, as I rubbed my hands together and looked at her.

Then they called to us to come in, but, as Captain Vidal was always there and always

grumpy, I did not dare stay long, and soon went off to my friend Laureston.

There was Christmas, too—and New Year's. I can see the little fir-tree, with its sparkling candles and covered with such good things: *pralines*, gilt nuts, and lovely cakes made of almonds and sugar, and cakes with anise-seed, and so on.

When I look back on the winter of 1829, I remember with some emotion the arrival of Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of La Lorraine, with his long beard and peaked cap. He came that year laden down with nuts and cakes, and I can hear again the whistling of the cold north wind round the corner of the market-house, where certain old women—Annette Petit and Mother Balais—shivered with their feet over their braziers, and two candles lighting their stock in trade—a few baskets of nuts and those little shining red-and-white apples known as *pommes d'api*. I seem to hear the gay voices of some of my playmates singing with full throats:

"Saint Nicolas Barbara,
Marchand d'allumettes,
Qui a vendu sa femme pour une poire blette!"

What a strange thing is memory! These words have brought to life again in me an extinct generation—a vanished world—all those old people who are now only dust; and I often find myself humming softly, with tears in my eyes—

"Saint Nicolas Barbara,
Marchand d'allumettes—"

What a mystery life is!

But listen, and let me tell you how Saint Nicholas came among us: One evening my friend Florentin and his wife, Monsieur Vidal, Nicole, and their little Justine, all happened to meet after supper in our back shop. My father, as was his habit, was reading "Le Constitutionnel" aloud, stopping from time to time to make a few remarks. Justine and I were looking at the pictures in an old illustrated Bible, our eyes nearly starting out of our heads with astonishment at what we saw. Suddenly we heard an ass bray loudly.

"What is that?" asked some one.

"An ass," was the reply.

Everybody listened, and Madame Nicole cried, "It is Saint Nicholas and his ass!"

At the same moment the door of the shop opened with a bang, and Saint Nicholas in his peaked hat, with his long, tawny hair tumbling over his shoulders, and a huge salt-bag for a cloak, stalked in. His wooden shoes were stuffed with straw to keep his feet warm. I noticed that, in spite of my terror. We saw him cross the shop

and come to the glass door. In he came, dragging his ass along with his two big baskets. He looked around.

"What are you in search of, Saint Nicholas?" asked my mother.

"Naughty children—children that won't obey their parents and won't go to school."

He turned toward me; Justine slipped under the table like a shadow. I stood my ground, though I was very pale and sick with fright. I looked this strange person full in the face; I examined his white beard which fell far below his waist, it looked crisp and dry to me, like the moss on old trees; I saw his red nose and his pale, yellow eyelids, and I said to myself, "If he goes to take me, my friend Florentin will defend me as I defended him."

"Are you contented with your children?" asked Saint Nicholas.

"None too well! none too well!" answered my father. "Lucien has not learned to read yet."

"But he is beginning," said Captain Florentin, "he will get on soon."

"And then," said my father, "he runs out in the snow and gets his feet wet. He pays no heed to what we say."

"Ha! ha!" said Saint Nicholas, "he is a bad boy, then!" And he extended his hand.

My mother drew me close to her side. "No, let him stay this time, Saint Nicholas, he will be a better child in future.—Won't you, my son?"

I bit my lips without answering, and behind me I felt Justine's little hand grasp my ankle from under the table.

"And the other. How does she behave?" asked Saint Nicholas, turning toward Captain Vidal.

"I am not pleased with her at all!" answered that old grumbler, "not at all. Justine never obeys—Justine never listens—Justine—"

"Very well," interrupted Saint Nicholas, "then I may as well take her with me. Where is she?" And he stooped down to look under the table.

Justine cried out, "Lucien! Lucien!"

In a paroxysm of rage I planted myself in front of her with clinched fists. Saint Nicholas drew back, saying, "You want me to put her in my saddle-bag, do you, you bad boy?"

But everybody was pleased with me. Captain Vidal himself condescended to laugh. "Well done!" he exclaimed—"well done! We will never let you be carried off by the Cossacks. Come here, my boy, and shake hands."

Nicole embraced me.

Sébastien was very proud of his little friend.

"I told you so," he cried, in his big, joyous voice. "I told you he was a brave fellow!"

And at this moment there was a clatter like

hail. Nuts rattled all over the floor, the ass began to bray, and round-shouldered Saint Nicholas, with his pointed hat all awry, went away, dragging his ass by the bridle.

A blast of wind nearly blew out our lamp, and we heard the crowd of children singing outside:

"Saint Nicolas Barbara,
Marchand d'allumettes."

Rose went to close the door, and Justine, not quite reassured, crawled out from under the table. We then divided between us the apples, nuts, and gingerbread which he had brought. We were also shown some braided leather thongs which he had left on the table, as a warning that we must be more obedient in the future.

Such was the way in which Saint Nicholas used to make his appearance in mid-winter in old Lorraine.

Poor Saint Nicholas! The railroad has whisked you off, as it has many another good thing.

VI.

ABOUT the end of this winter there were some great changes among us. In the evening, while the money taken during the day was being counted and done up in rouleaux by my father, two or three officers were in the habit of dropping in. They were all more or less lame, and were invariably complaining of the balls which the surgeon of the regiment had never been able to extract. They talked of the news of the day, if there were any, of a note falling due, of the weather, and, at ten o'clock, they said good night and departed.

But early in January, 1830, our back shop became a general rendezvous. There was Monsieur Desiré Parmenteur, son of the Baron Parmenteur, the former Mayor of Phalsbourg under the empire; the notary Eschbach; Lemblin, the old builder of the fortifications; and the collector Bongel, who talked very loud, and whose watch-seals dangled over a big stomach. In short, all the most important persons of the town, except the royalists and Jesuits, frequented our house. And in the evening they talked of nothing but Polignac, Bourmont, and the Swiss Guard. My father occasionally said a word or two, for he was a man who felt deeply, and detested the Bourbons as much as the Bonapartes. Why did all these people come to our house, then? I know not; but at certain times we can't keep away from those persons who share our opinions and who inspire us with confidence.

Generally, in the beginning of the evening, our servant Rose came to carry me off, and my father said, "Let him stay there."

I soon fell asleep amid this buzz of words,

laying my head on my arms and my arms on the table.

One night I awoke with a start; but it was not a noise that aroused me. It was the profound silence of the room. My father was reading his journal under the lamp, and was entirely absorbed. His brown hair was tumbling over his broad forehead, and his lips were tightly compressed. My mother, on the other side of the room, was copying from the slate into a large ledger. I heard the scratching of her pen. This lasted for some minutes. Then my father suddenly laid down his paper and said, gravely:

"We are on the verge of a revolution. It can not be long delayed, for everybody is discontented, and every one sees where Charles X wishes to lead us! He is an absolute simpleton."

My mother turned a little and listened, with uplifted pen, but she made no reply. I heard the words without understanding their sense; but I was greatly astonished at finding myself there, as I generally awoke in my bed.

"Yes, everybody conspires nowadays," continued my father. "The King, ruled by Jesuits, conspires against the nation. The Duc d'Orléans, sustained by the journalists and the merchants, conspires against his cousin. We are all weary of these fools, who govern us in defiance of all common sense. We are weary of processions and expiations, and of all the other farces with which we have been amused since 1815."

He began to be very much excited, and, as my mother did not speak, he continued:

"Paul must come back." (He was my brother, fifteen years older than I. I scarcely remembered him.) "He spends too much money. Instead of attending to business, he runs about to the theatres, and perhaps to worse places. I shall tell him to come here and go to work. When I was twenty-three I was married, and had started this business. Paul is a constant drain on me, and I don't see why I should work for a person who won't work for himself. Nor do I wish that he should be killed in Paris for the sake of a man who always finds somebody, rather than himself, to take his hot chestnuts out of the fire. Juliette, too, must be taken from school. She is fifteen years old, and must go into the shop. As to Louis, he knows enough Greek and Latin, and we must place him in a wholesale house in Marseilles or Rouen, it matters little which, the first thing being that he should learn to earn his bread. As to this boy," he continued, turning and looking at me, "he had best be left some little time longer with Captain Florentin. It is not good for a child to keep him too close, but next autumn, or early in the winter, he shall go to Monsieur Vasereau."

He relapsed into silence, and my mother, who

was thinking only of business and figures, said, "We have many goods on hand, Pelerin, and heavy notes to meet at the end of March."

"Yes," said my father, pacing the room as he spoke. "We will continue to sell, but we will give no further orders until we see more clearly what is going to happen; it can't be long. A King who spends his life at mass and in hunting is not the King for this country. Now let us go to bed."

My mother lifted me in her arms and carried me off up stairs. Sleepy as I was I had heard all that was said, and, when the events foreseen by my father came to pass, later on, I remembered his words, which indicated a clear comprehension of the political situation and an insight into character. All the people round about came to consult him, and, although he has been dead many years, several old merchants who still linger in our town speak of Monsieur Pelerin with great respect.

But I must now tell you how I came to be included in the great Bonapartist conspiracy. It was to my friend Florentin that I owed this glorious distinction, and through him I became a conspirator at the tender age of six!

The soldiers of the First Empire, notwithstanding the snow, the wind, and the ice of this most severe winter, continued to meet at the Petit-Saint-Jean, the farm of Colonel Thomas, a stout old man with shoulders bent by years, a long gray mustache, and an expression of face which was calculated to intimidate the bravest soul. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, under which bristled his scanty gray locks, and he walked with his legs far apart, having been a cavalry-officer.

It was he who was regarded as the head of the Bonapartist party in our district.

It was now the month of March, 1830. The immense masses of snow melting in the sun, now becoming quite hot, had made the roads almost impassable, and the veterans decided that they would meet in the Hôtel de la Ville de Metz, in a large room on the first floor, where they could talk as loudly as they pleased while they ate and drank, without running any risk of being heard by the neighbors. The *cuisine* of the Ville de Metz was excellent, and fish and game as well as good wine were always to be found there. This way of conspiring pleased the veterans greatly, but was not regarded with as much favor by their wives.

Madame Françoise did her best to coax her husband out of this notion, reminded him that he ran the risk of losing his cross and his pension, but Florentin was perfectly impracticable; finally he became angry, and Frenzel could only resign herself and wait.

Now, one day, about five o'clock, my friend Florentin came in from the Ville de Metz with reddened nose and fierce eyes, for since the organization of the conspiracy all our veterans had put on the most terrible air—they probably thought themselves again in the midst of a campaign at Smolensko or Saragossa. Françoise was in the kitchen preparing supper, and my friend Florentin, seeing me alone with Azor and Coco, seemed quite pleased.

It was growing dark; he hung up his cloak and put on a knitted jacket; then, establishing himself in his arm-chair, with his cane between his knees, he said to me, "Come here, my boy."

He smoothed my hair, and murmured: "You are a brave little fellow, but we want more than that. Are you for Charles X or Napoleon?"

"I am for Napoleon," I answered, promptly, for I delighted in the stories of the battles which I heard so constantly, and in the bugles which I heard morning and night.

"All right! I knew it!" he said, his face radiant with joy. "Let us shake hands!"

We shook hands gravely.

Then he said to me: "Go and see if the kitchen-door is shut—bolt it, too. I don't care to have women meddle with our affairs."

I obeyed.

Then in that little room, where the last lingering light of day imparted to the old *chiffonier* with its brass mountings and to the somewhat shabby furniture a tinge of gray, something very strange took place.

Sébastien Florentin opened the handle of his cane, and within that handle appeared a small bronze statuette about an inch high. It was a statuette of Napoleon with his coat and his *gendarme* hat pulled down over his eyes, his right hand in his vest-pocket. Florentin, showing this to me, said: "Look at it, my friend! Look at it well! It is his very self. Just as I saw him at Marengo, at Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Eylau, Wagram. That was just the way he stood, calm and tranquil, with his gray coat, his hat. They have not got his field-glass, though. Ah! the traitors can't prevent him from coming back this time. But now he will be called Napoleon II, Duc de Reichstadt. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"And you will fight for him under the tricolored flag and the eagle high above? Do you understand?"

"Yes, my friend."

"You swear it? Raise your hand!"

I raised it.

"Now shout, '*Vive l'Empereur!*'"

Coco, who was asleep, suddenly started and began to scream sharply: "Scratch Coco!—scratch Coco!"

Azor barked.

The poor old man fairly wept in his excitement. He was in the vineyard of the Lord.

And as Françoise, hearing all this noise, rapped loudly on the kitchen-door, the good man shut his fetich into the handle of his cane again and said to me: "That is all right! Now open the door for Frentzel; but remember that you are to say nothing either to her or to your father or mother, or to any human being."

"No, my friend," was my answer.

I opened the door, and Frentzel entered, bringing the lamp that she had lighted in the kitchen; she placed it on the table, at the same time saying:

"What was that noise I heard just now, Florentin?"

"It was I," he said; "I sneezed, and waked Coco."

"Ah!" said Françoise, going back to her work.

And thus it came to pass that I was received into the great Bonapartist conspiracy in 1830.

And it was in this way that these poor fellows expected to see their idol return, the great man who had drawn them on and on, with their knapsacks on their backs, all through Europe, leaving their bones to whiten everywhere in honor of Joseph, of Louis, of Jérôme—you, alas! know the men I mean. O poor veterans of the First Empire! poor Gauls, frank and honest as you are, how much heroism you have expended for this Italian Cæsar, who saw but one thing in the world—the glory of Napoleon Bonaparte!

VII.

PLEASANT weather came at last. We were in the month of April, 1830. Never was there an earlier spring. My friend Florentin—notwithstanding every danger, for the police were now astir, Müller, the head of the department, having himself warned his old captain, Vidal, that the order to make out a list of patriots who were making themselves too busy had arrived, the meetings at the Ville de Metz were suspended, and we lowered our voices when we talked—notwithstanding all this, we, Sébastien and I, continued to conspire in his little shed.

I can see myself running along the narrow path to reach our garden; the tall grass, gay with golden-hearted marguerites and buttercups, rustled as I went; the butterflies rose in clouds, and the bees buzzed about me. Azor led the way, leaping and frisking, coming back to caress me. My good friend followed on more slowly, smiling down upon us. His little bottle of wine and his crust of bread were in his pocket.

What happy days are those of childhood! How lovely everything looks; how bright is the

sunshine, the flowers how sweet! And how keen are our sensations, without one fear of the future—without anxiety or remorse! Everything is delightful! Ah me! these are the only days in our lives that are worth regretting—later, our sweetest joys are embittered by cares, and our happiness is never without a cloud.

Among all the recollections of my childhood, I find none more agreeable than that of our *matinée dansante*, at the Fiquet farm. I must tell you about it, for it is such a bright spot in my life.

The good old ladies whom I described to you, Madame Richard, Madame Vidal, Grandmother Desjardens, Madame Françoise, and a number of others whose names I have forgotten, clubbed together to give a *bal champêtre* to the children on Corpus Christi.

I, of course, was to go. My mother had been duly informed of the plan, and had made for me a new costume, that of a little Alsatian peasant from Kokesburg, from the three-cornered cap, scarlet waistcoat, breeches with the stockings coming up above the knees, down to the shoes with steel buckles; there was nothing lacking. The dress suited me to perfection, for my eyes were dark and bright, my cheeks were ruddy, and my hair curly and of a chestnut-brown.

The first time that I had on this costume, and looked at myself in the mirror, I was delighted, and could not believe that it was I, so beautiful did I think myself.

It was one morning after breakfast; and, while I was still admiring myself, Madame Françoise arrived in her best array, to take me with her. Instead of going to her house, however, we went through the Saverne gate, down toward the old brick-yard, along past the little gardens of the veterans.

Everybody smiled as they looked at me, and I said to Frentzel:

"Where are we going?"

"You will see," she answered. "It is a great *fête* day, Lucien, that of Corpus Christi. And you are about to make your *entrée* into society."

And we walked along the poplar avenue toward the farm, when, all at once, what did I see? Before the house, near the fountain, around which grew gnarled willow-trees, there was a crowd of little boys and girls: the boys as hussars, colonels, and Mamelukes; the girls as marquises, shepherdesses, and sultanas.

How gay everything looked in that soft spring sunshine!

I saw Alfred Tardy, Eugène Bedoux, Charles Delorme, Justine Vidal, Pauline Richard, Leontine Giraud, nicknamed the Dragon, and many more, all singing and dancing.

I could hardly believe my eyes, and was struck

dumb with admiration when Justine came forward dressed as an Alsatian peasant. The whole front of her dress was covered with gilt spangles. She leaped into my arms with a little shout of delight, crying:

"Well! what do you think of me? Am I not fine?"

"You are the loveliest of them all!" I answered. "And mine—what do you think of me?"

"You are the handsomest boy here, Lucien, with your beautiful red waistcoat. But you must not dance with anybody but me. You understand?"

"You may be sure of that!"

"But, Lucien, suppose some one should come and take me away?"

"It would be pretty bad for him, that's all!" I answered, clinching my fists.

Justine was delighted at this.

"Come along!" she cried, pulling me by the hand.

And we were presently among the children, all shouting and laughing in glee. The mothers, seated on benches under the trees, watched us with loving tenderness.

Presently we heard the notes of a violin; they came from Monsieur Chasé, once a quartermaster of voltigeurs, and now a teacher of fencing and French grace at Phalsbourg. He was standing, his right leg a little in advance, his chin pressed hard on his violin, his big nose turned a little to the left, and his elbow up in the air. He had on his chestnut-colored short-waisted coat, his white-silk stockings and pumps, and, as his bow squeaked across the strings, he called out:

"Choose your partners!"

But Justine pulled me away through a winding lane; she wanted me to see the table standing all spread under the apple-trees. She showed me the creams and the *pâtés*, the *croquettes*, the cakes, and all sorts of good things.

"That will all be for our dinner," she said, "when we are tired of dancing. Now come; you hear them—they are dancing already; make haste!" We ran back; she stopped me presently. "You remember," she said, "you are to dance with no one but me."

"With no one but you, Justine," I answered, lifting my legs one after the other and balancing as I had seen our peasants do. "Come on, we will have a grand frolic!"

As indeed we did. I danced as if I was mad. Nicole and Françoise laughed until the tears came to their eyes. Occasionally they called us and wiped our faces.

"You dance like two angels," said Frentzel, "Come, Lucien, kiss your little wife."

Which I quickly did with considerable vehemence, and Nicole said:

"We will marry them one of these days. What do you say to that, Lucien?"

"I say yes; it is just what I should like!"

After that we exerted ourselves still further. We did not care about the others, we saw only ourselves. As I look back it seems to me that the setting of this *fête champêtre* was admirably chosen at the old Fiquet Farm. The great poplars rustling in the soft breeze, the fountain sparkling like a diamond spray and falling in a bright shower on the turf; and beyond the hedge covered with eglantine-blossoms was the little chapel of Saint Jean. Around us were the trembling shadows of the pear-trees white with bloom; the apple-trees all flushed and rosy, rising high in the distant orchards. All these soft tints, this mass of tender hues, come back to me now like a dream of Bouchers, or, of some other master inspired by his imagination.

Shall I tell about our dinner, and of the good appetites of the young people? No, these things are a matter of course. But I must relate to you one little scene that the lapse of years has not dimmed, and which casts one shadow on this happy recollection. I have already told you how, beyond the hedge, bright with eglantine, stood the little chapel of Saint Jean. A path led to it, and toward evening, having dined, danced, and laughed to our hearts' content, Justine and I went down this path together hand in hand, because we had seen that the chapel-door was open. Now, this was a strange thing, for it was never open, and to see into it it was necessary to stand on tiptoe and look through the round hole cut in the door. We could then see a small altar adorned with an ivory crucifix, two vases of *faience*, and small plaster statuettes. All these were old, so old that they had grown very yellow. How many years the chapel had been closed, God alone knew! Seeing it open, we hurried toward it, and what did we behold? The commandant of artillery, Tardy de Montravel, and five or six masons with their spades and pickaxes.

The chapel of Saint Jean was within the limits of the public grounds; the commandant wished to examine it; perhaps he thought of suppressing it.

These people were all there, and with their backs to us; they were lifting a great stone before the altar, and we two, Justine and I, curious as all children are, looked between the legs of the workmen.

The stone was lifted and placed against the wall, and leaning over we could see the skeleton of a man, dressed in a tight coat and breeches of tawny leather; large, flaring boots came half way up his thighs, and a sword was at his side. At his right, under the bones of the fingers

emerging from his sleeve, was a roll of parchment.

Monsieur Tardy, tall, thin, and already old, looked down on this sight for a moment in solemn silence. Then he said to one of his workmen:

"Michel, hand me that roll."

The workman obeyed.

He unrolled it and went to the small ogive window to read it. The workmen, leaning on their pickaxes, waited silently while the commandant said:

"It is in Spanish. We see there Don Ramon Hurtado, captain in the army of Montecuculi—the adversary of Turenne and of the Prince de Condé—killed in a combat near the Château of Bernadhausen, now called Phalsbourg, in the year of our Lord 1675."

Having uttered these words in a reverential, solemn tone, he gave the parchment back to the workman, saying:

"Put that back in the tomb, and do not touch this old soldier's sword. Thus it is that our comrades may be found all over Europe from Lisbon to Moscow, and all honest men will say, 'Let the soldier sleep—we will not touch his sword!' Come, my friends, we will put back the stone, and let Don Ramon slumber in peace."

The workmen obeyed.

Justine and I ran quickly down the path, for we were aghast at what we had seen. We said nothing to any one about it, fearing that we might be scolded; but toward night, as we went back to town, we clung to the hands of Nicole and Françoise, and every minute or two looked back to see if Don Ramon Hurtado were not following us.

*From the French of ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN
(Revue des Deux Mondes).*

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THE impression produced by Mr. Trevelyan's life of his famous uncle, Lord Macaulay, was so favorable as to insure a ready hearing for any work to which he might subsequently attach his name; but "The Early History of Charles James Fox"* is a book which would have attracted no small share of attention even if it had had no predecessor to arouse popular expectation. Combining the most pleasing features of biography and history, it is written with an opulence of knowledge and a brilliancy of style which remind one of Lord Macaulay himself; and it deals with a personality as interesting and as winning as any that has ever appeared upon the stage of English politics. Moreover, aside from the interest attaching to the personal character of Fox, the period covered by his career was one of the most remarkable of which history affords any record. That period, of which the French Revolution was the culminating phase, witnessed the final break-up of the mediæval *régime* in Europe, the overthrow of ideas and institutions which had been the slow growth of centuries, the emancipation of the human intellect from the fetters of the Dark Ages, and the beginning of what alone can in strictness be regarded as modern history. The turmoil of this great catas-

trophe was less felt in England than in any other European country; but even there the effects were profound and varied, and Fox was, in a certain sense, as much the child of the period as Mirabeau himself.

In the present installment of his work—for this volume can only be regarded as a fragment of a much more comprehensive design—Mr. Trevelyan does not bring the record of Fox's career down to the beginning of the storm upon whose waves he subsequently rode so high; but in this case coming events have indeed cast their shadows before, and the very minute and labored picture of the order of things amid which Fox passed his youth would be almost meaningless unless it were intended to be contrasted with an equally authentic picture of the epoch which superseded it. If Mr. Trevelyan's work is carried on upon the scale and with the skill with which it has been begun, we shall have a picture of the revolutionary period in England as vivid in its outlines and as minute in its details as those which have been painted by De Tocqueville and Taine of the same period in France; and, if such work belongs rather to the historian than to the biographer, it must be admitted that the figure and the career of Fox afford a convenient center around which to adjust the significant facts in their relative degrees of prominence and importance.

The sentence in Mr. Trevelyan's opening

* The Early History of Charles James Fox. By George Otto Trevelyan, author of "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

chapter, in which he refers somewhat disparagingly to "those who hold that biography should consist in long-flowing and discursive attempts at the solution of a series of third-rate problems," furnishes the key to his own method. He dwells with almost too little emphasis, for the purposes of biography, upon those personal details which, in general, constitute the main charm of such work; and those minute questions of fact or conjecture, upon which the Malones and the Crokers expend such indefatigable labor, he simply ignores. As a portrait of Fox and a picture of the society and the times in which he lived, Mr. Trevelyan's work is as satisfactory as it is fascinating; but, as a record of Fox's life, even during that early portion of it when events were so few, it is deficient both in precision and in consecutiveness. Too often the central figure is pushed aside in order to make room for those who at the time happened to share with him the popular attention; and there are whole chapters in which Wilkes or Junius, rather than Fox, might be supposed to be the hero of the narrative. The truth is that, by the strong bent of his mind, as well as by the course of his studies, Mr. Trevelyan is rather an historian than a biographer; and though he possesses in an eminent degree one of the most essential requisites of a biographer—sympathetic insight into character—yet his broad survey of causes and events and his slender appetite for personal gossip tend more or less to disqualify him for that microscopic scrutiny and that concentration of view which are indispensable to good biography.

Whatever may be the defects of Mr. Trevelyan's method, however, there can be no two opinions as to the value and readableness of the product. There is not a page in the book which would not afford pleasure, even in the reperusal, and, when the break-off—it can hardly be called the end—of the narrative is reached, the reader's appetite for more is of a degree of keenness in comparison with which young *Oliver Twist's* must have appeared as satiety. By reason of the frequency of its episodes and the vivid picturesqueness of its style, the work lends itself with exceptional facility to illustrative quotation; but, in availing ourselves somewhat extensively of the opportunity thus afforded, we must warn the reader that even the most brilliant passage loses something of its effectiveness when separated from its context. We can say of Mr. Trevelyan's work, what can hardly be said of any work of Macaulay's, that the whole is superior to any particular part.

The initial chapter of the work, and one of the best in it, is devoted to a sketch of Fox's father and grandfather, who exhausted the list of his ancestors who have appeared above the hori-

zon of history. The third Lord Holland, who figures so prominently in the literary annals of the first third of the century, used to say frankly that the founder of his family came of very humble stock; and Mr. Trevelyan makes no attempt to get behind that Sir Stephen Fox who, "if not the most well-graced, was at any rate one of the best paid, actors on the stage of the seventeenth century." As a boy, Stephen Fox is said to have been in the choir of Salisbury Cathedral; at the age of fifteen his "beauty of person and towardliness of disposition" recommended him to the notice of the Earl of Northumberland, High Admiral of England; during the civil war he served in an administrative capacity on the staff of the royal army; and after the disastrous battle of Worcester he took an active part in assisting the escape of Prince Charles to Normandy. Following the Prince into exile, Fox was enabled to render him essential service as manager of his household affairs; and, as soon as the master had his own again, the servant's fortunes rose rapidly. He was appointed first clerk of the Board of Green Cloth, paymaster of two regiments, and, before long, paymaster-general of all his Majesty's forces in England. Later on in his career he became Master of the Horse and one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; he was knighted; he was elected to Parliament from Salisbury; he obtained places which were enormously lucrative; and he was soon rolling in wealth, "honestly got, and unenvied," says Evelyn, "which is next to a miracle." A favorite with twelve successive Parliaments and four monarchs, it was not until Anne mounted the throne that Sir Stephen Fox retired into private life, full of years and emoluments.

The second Stephen Fox became Earl of Ilchester; but it was a younger son, Henry Fox, who followed most closely in the paternal footsteps. He spent a stormy and dissolute youth, and did not turn to serious affairs until he had wasted his best years and the greater part of his patrimony; he entered Parliament at thirty and got office at thirty-two; he contracted a runaway match with Lady Caroline Lennox, who was a great-granddaughter of Charles II, and consequently of the blood royal; he acquired the reputation of being the readiest speaker in the House of Commons; he succeeded in transferring larger amounts of the public money from the treasury into his private pockets than even his father had done; he became the first Lord Holland, and, by reason of his unscrupulous rapacity, "the most fiercely-hated public man of his own, or perhaps of any other, generation"; and, most important of all, he became the father of Charles James Fox.

Mr. Trevelyan's portrait of Lord Holland is

as vivid and nearly as elaborate as that of his more famous son, and some of the most amusing passages in the book are those which deal with certain episodes in his career. Over these, however, we must not linger, only pausing to reproduce one paragraph which will serve to convey an idea of the household, the society, and the circumstances into which Fox was born :

"Lord Holland was neither so wicked nor so unhappy as the world supposed him. He had never courted esteem, and, while his health was still fairly good and his nerves strong, he cared not a farthing for popularity. He looked upon the public as a milch-cow, which might bellow and toss its horns as much as ever it pleased, now that he had filled his pail and had placed the gate between himself and the animal. But, though he had no self-respect to wound, he could be touched through his affection ; for this political buccaneer, whose hand had been against every man and in every corner of the national till, was in private a warm-hearted and faithful friend. Lord Holland can not be called nice in the choice of some among the objects on whom he bestowed his regard ; but, once given, it never was withdrawn. He had attached himself to Rigby with a devotion most unusual in an intimacy made at Newmarket, and cemented over the bottle ; and his feelings were more deeply and more permanently hurt by the unkindness of one coarse and corrupt adventurer than by the contempt and aversion of every honest man in the country who read the newspapers. To the end of his life he could not mention his old associate without a touch of pathos which has its effect even upon those whose reason inclines them to regard his expressions of tenderness as the lamentations of a rogue who has been jockeyed by his accomplice. . . . Whatever Lord Holland suffered by the coldness and treachery of the outside world was amply made up to him within his domestic circle. As will always be the case with a man of strong intelligence and commanding powers, who has the gift of forgetting himself in others, there was no limit to the attachment which he inspired and the happiness which he spread around him. In all that he said and wrote, his inability to recognize the existence of public duty contrasts singularly with his admirable unconsciousness that he had any claims whatever upon those whom he loved ; and, as a sure result, he was not more hated abroad than adored at home. That home presented a beautiful picture of undoubting and undoubted affection ; of perfect similarity in tastes and pursuits ; of mutual appreciation, which thorough knowledge of the world, and the strong sense inherent in the Fox character, never allowed to degenerate into mutual adulation. There seldom were children who might so easily have been guided into the straight and noble path, if the father had possessed a just conception of the distinction between right and wrong ; but the notion of making anybody of whom he was fond uncomfortable, for the sake of so very doubtful an end as the attainment of self-control, was altogether foreign

to his creed and his disposition. However, if the sterner virtues were wanting among his young people, the graces were there in abundance. Never was the natural man more dangerously attractive than in Lord Holland's family ; and most of all in the third son, a boy who was the pride and light of the house, with his sweet temper, his rare talents, and his inexhaustible vivacity."

CHARLES JAMES FOX was born on the 24th of January, 1749. As a child he was remarkably precocious, and the habits of the family were such as to foster and bring out any precocity either of intellect or of temper. How little of the usual restraints and admonitions he was subjected to is illustrated by two anecdotes which Mr. Trevelyan has preserved. One of these is to the effect that, Charles having declared his intention to destroy a watch, Lord Holland merely said, "Well, if you must, I suppose you must." Fox himself remembered being present in the room when his mother made a desponding remark about his passionate temper. "Never mind," said his father, always for leaving both well and ill alone, "he is a very sensible little fellow, and will learn to cure himself." A favorite comment of Lord Holland's was : "Let nothing be done to break his spirit. The world will do that fast enough."

Fox's earliest steps in education appear to have been guided by his mother, but he very soon got beyond the teaching of women, as women were then educated, and, to quote Mr. Trevelyan, "an unlucky blunder which poor Lady Caroline made in a question of Roman history settled at once and for ever her claims as an instructress in the estimation of her irrepressible son." At the age of seven, therefore, he was sent to a school at Wandsworth, kept by a Monsieur Pampellonne, and then much in vogue among the aristocracy. Eighteen months afterward he himself decided to go to Eton, and to Eton he accordingly went, for even at that early age he was completely master of his own movements. Of his life at Eton, Mr. Trevelyan says :

"Though saddled with the incumbrance of a private tutor, Charles Fox was highly popular among his schoolfellows. There was that about him which everywhere made him the king of his company, without effort on his own part, or jealousy on the part of others. Young and old alike watched with hope and delight the development of that fascinating yet masterful character. Lord Holland was proud and glad to admit that the son bade fair to be 'as much and as universally beloved' as ever the father was hated. When the boy was still in his fourteenth year, the Duke of Devonshire, who was not a man to sow compliments broadcast, concluded a letter, addressed to the paymaster on high matters of state, with the words 'Commend me to your son Charles for his

sagacity.' Never was there a more gracious child, more rich in promise, more prone to good, when, in the spring of 1763, the devil entered into the heart of Lord Holland. Harassed by his dispute with Lord Shelburne, and not unwilling to withdraw himself and his new title for a time from the notice of his countrymen, he could think of no better diversion than to take Charles from his books, and convey him to the Continent on a round of idleness and dissipation. At Spa his amusement was to send his son every night to the gaming-table with a pocketful of gold; and (if family tradition may be trusted where it tells against family credit) the parent took not a little pains to contrive that the boy should leave France a finished rake. After four months spent in this fashion, Charles, of his own accord, persuaded his father to send him back to Eton, where he passed another year with more advantage to himself than to the school. His Parisian experiences, aided by his rare social talents and an unbounded command of cash, produced a visible and durable change for the worse in the morals and habits of the place."

While still at Eton, Fox attracted great attention as a declaimer; and, in fact, long before, as Mr. Trevelyan says, he "could get quite as many words into a minute as the conditions of human respiration would allow." He often obtained leave to run up to London when an interesting debate was in progress in the House of Commons, and his father regarded him as already in training for the career which he subsequently followed. In 1764, at the age of fifteen, he left Eton for Oxford, and entered at Hertford College, then almost exclusively patronized by young men of family. Lord Malmesbury, who was in the same set as Charles Fox, though not in the same college, tells us that the lads who ranked as "gentlemen-commoners" enjoyed the privilege of living as they pleased, and were never required to attend either lectures, or hall, or chapel. "The men with whom I lived," he says, "were very pleasant but very idle fellows. Our life was an imitation of high life in London. Luckily, drinking was not the fashion; but what we did drink was claret, and we had our regular round of evening *caf  *-parties, to the great annoyance of our finances. It has often been a matter of surprise to me how so many of us made our way so well in the world, and so creditably."

There was less reason for surprise in the case of Fox than in most of the others, because, though dissipated, he was not idle. "He read," says Mr. Trevelyan, "as hard as any young Englishman who does not look to university success for his livelihood or advancement will ever read for reading's sake. . . . He loved Oxford as dearly as did Shelley, and for the same reasons, and quitted it almost as much against his will.

By his own request he was permitted to spend a second year at college, where he resided continuously, both in and out of term-time, whenever his father could be induced to spare his company. He remained at Oxford during the long vacation of 1765, reading as if his bread depended on a fellowship, and was seldom to be seen outside his own rooms, except when standing at the bookseller's counter, deep in Ford or Massinger."

All too soon this life of wholesome and studious application was interrupted. In the spring of 1766 he was taken from Oxford by his father, and in the autumn the entire family started for the Continent, making their way slowly to Naples, where they spent the winter. Lord Holland returned to England in the spring of 1767; but Charles remained away for two years, perfecting himself in French and Italian, devouring Dante and Ariosto, visiting Voltaire at his villa by the Lake of Geneva, and amusing himself (in company with his friend Lord Carlisle) in ways which Mr. Trevelyan describes with discreet reserve in the following paragraph:

"The history of their proceedings may be read in the fourth book of the '*Dunciad*.' Lads of eighteen and nineteen, who had been their own masters almost since they could remember; bearing names that were a passport to any circle; with unimpaired health, and a credit at their banker's which they were not yet old enough to have exhausted, made their grand tour after much the same fashion at all periods of the eighteenth century; and it is unnecessary to repeat what Pope has told in a manner that surpasses himself. Traveling with eight servants apiece; noticed by queens; treated as equals by ambassadors; losing their hearts in one palace and their money in another, and yet, on the whole, getting into less mischief in high society than when left to their own devices, they—

'. . . sauntered Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground;
Saw every court; heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair;
Tried all *hors-d'  uvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,
Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined.'

Fox threw into his follies a vivacity and an originality which were meant for better things. Looking forward to the day when, as arbiter of dress, he was to lead the taste of the town through all stages from coxcombry to slovenliness, he spared no pains to equip himself for the exercise of his lofty functions. He tried upon Italian dandies the effect of the queer little French hat and the red heels with which he designed to astonish his brother-macaronies of St. James's Street; and, before he and his friend left the Continent, the pair of scapegraces drove post all the way from Paris to Lyons in order to select patterns for their embroidered waistcoats."

From these gay follies and dissipations Fox

was summoned in 1768 to take his place in the House of Commons as representative of a borough which his father had hired for him, says Mr. Trevelyan, as he might have hired a manor for him to shoot over in the autumn. "He remained on the Continent during the opening session of the new Parliament, which met in May [1768] in order to choose a Speaker and transact some routine business; and it was not until the following winter that he made his first appearance upon a stage where, almost from the moment of his entry, he became the observed of all observers."

At this stage of his history, having brought his hero to the threshold of his entrance into public life, Mr. Trevelyan suspends his narrative of Fox's actions in order to describe "the society in which he moved, the moral atmosphere which he breathed, and the temptations by which he was assailed." Many books have been written upon the social aspects of the eighteenth century in England, and numerous essays have been devoted to illustrating as many special features of it; but, on the whole, we know of nothing which for vividness and picturesqueness, for clearness of outline and precision of detail, equals the two long chapters that Mr. Trevelyan has devoted to this subject. Perhaps the best writing in the book is contained in these chapters; and, where every paragraph invites quotation, it is difficult to make such a selection of passages as will convey to the reader an idea of the interest and variety of their contents.

Before laying in the colors upon his canvas, Mr. Trevelyan very properly points out the necessary qualification with which his descriptions must be accepted—the fact, namely, that the life which he depicts was led, not by the English people—fortunately for mankind the great mass of a nation is never so deeply contaminated—but by the aristocracy; "a few thousand persons who thought that the world was made for them, and that all outside their own fraternity were unworthy of notice or criticism." Aside from this, the picture is so carefully drawn and so copiously buttressed with facts that it may be said to carry its authenticity upon its face.

Speaking of the inevitable influence of what he saw around him upon a nature so impressionable as Fox's, Mr. Trevelyan says:

"There is no form of personal example more sure to be observed and copied than that which a political leader presents to the younger portion of his followers; and it may well be believed that Charles Fox, entering public life at an age when in our generation he would still be a freshman at college, was not likely to get much good by studying the patterns in fashion among the party to which Lord Holland ordained that he should belong. Youth as

he was, and absolutely in the hands of a parent whose fascinating manners aided and disguised an uncommon force of will, and to whom every corner of the great world was intimately known, he had little choice in this or in any other vital matter. His bench in Parliament was ready for him, and his niche in society. Few have had the downward path made smoother before them, or strewn with brighter flowers and more deadly berries. He was received with open arms by all that was most select and least censorious in London. Those barriers that divide the outer court from the inner sanctum—barriers within which Burke and Sheridan never stepped, and which his own father with difficulty surmounted—did not exist for him. Like Byron, Fox had no occasion to seek admission into what is called the highest circle, but was part of it from the first. Instead of being tolerated by fine gentlemen, he was one of themselves—hand and glove with every noble rake who filled his pockets from the Exchequer and emptied them over the hazard-table; and smiled on by all the dowagers and maids of honor as to the state of whose jointures and complexions our envoy at Florence was kept so regularly and minutely informed."

Of what that society into which Fox thus entered was, we are not left without data for conjecture:

"The frivolity of the last century was not confined to the youthful, the foolish, or even to the idle. There never will be a generation which can not supply a parallel to the lads who, in order that they might the better hear the nonsense which they were talking across a tavern table, had Pall Mall laid down with straw at the cost of fifty shillings a head for the party; or to the younger brother who gave half a guinea every morning to the flower-woman who brought him a nosegay of roses for his button-hole. These follies are of all times; but what was peculiar to the period when Charles Fox took his seat in Parliament and his place in society consisted in the phenomenon (for to our ideas it is nothing else) that men of age and standing, of strong mental powers and refined cultivation, lived openly, shamelessly, and habitually, in the face of all England, as no one who had any care for his reputation would now live during a single fortnight of the year at Monaco. As a sequel to such home-teaching as Lord Holland was qualified to impart, the young fellow, on his entrance into the great world, was called upon to shape his life according to the models that the public opinion of the day held up for his imitation; and the examples which he saw around him would have tempted cooler blood than his, and turned even a more tranquil brain. The ministers who guided the state, whom the King delighted to honor, who had the charge of public decency and order, who named the fathers of the Church, whose duty it was (to use the words of their own monarch) 'to prevent any alteration in so essential a part of the Constitution as everything that relates to religion,' were conspicuous for impudent vice, for daily dissi-

pation, for pranks which would have been regarded as childish and unbecoming by the cornets of a crack cavalry regiment in the worst days of military license. The Duke of Grafton [the prime minister] flaunted at Ascot races with a mistress whom he had picked up in the street, and paraded her at the opera when the royal party were in their box. So public an outrage on the part of the first servant of the crown roused a momentary indignation even in hardened minds. 'Libertine men,' writes an active politician in April, 1768, 'are as much offended as prudish women; and it is impossible he should think of remaining minister.' But George III was willing that the Duke of Grafton should bring whom he pleased under the same roof as the Queen, so long as he kept such people as Rockingham and Burke and Richmond out of the Cabinet. Where the King gave his confidence it was not for his subjects to play the Puritan, or, at any rate, for those among his subjects who lived upon the good graces of the prime minister; and in the following August, when Miss Parsons showed herself at the Ridotto, she was followed about by as large a crowd as ever of smart gentlemen who wanted commissionerships for themselves and deaneries for their younger brothers."

The first step which Fox took, when, fresh from his travels on the Continent, he plunged into the flood of London dissipation, was to enter his name in the books of Brooks's:

"This society, the most famous political club that will ever have existed in England—because, before any noteworthy rival was in the field, our politics had already outgrown St. James's Street—was not political in its origin. In the first list of its members the Duke of Grafton and Lord Weymouth are shown side by side with the Duke of Richmond and the Duke of Portland. Brooks's took its rise from the inclination of men who moved in the same social orbit to live together more freely and familiarly than was compatible with the publicity of a coffee-house; and how free and familiar was the life of marquises and cabinet ministers, when no one was there to watch them, the club rules most agreeably testify. Dinner was served at half-past four, and the bill was brought in at seven. Supper began at eleven and ended at half an hour after midnight. The cost of the dinner was eight shillings a head, and of the supper six; and any one who had been present during any part of the meal-hours paid his share of the wine, in accordance with that old law of British conviviality which so long held good in the commercial room, and which has not yet died out from the bar mess. No gaming was allowed over the decanters and glasses, 'except tossing up for reckonings,' under penalty of standing treat for the whole party; and at cards or hazard no one might stake on credit, nor borrow from any of the players or bystanders. But with these regulations began and ended all the restraint which the club imposed or affected to impose upon the gambling propensities of its members. The rule about ready

money was soon a dead letter; and, if ever a difficulty was made, Mr. Brooks, to his cost, was always at hand with the few hundred guineas which were required to spare any of his patrons the annoyance of leaving a well-placed chair at the faro-bank or a well-matched rubber of whist. Gentlemen were welcome to go on losing as long as the most sanguine of their adversaries was willing to trust them; and when, at the age of sixteen, Charles Fox entered the club, which he was to render illustrious, he found himself surrounded with every facility for ruining himself with the least delay and in the best of company."

We are assured by Mr. Trevelyan that, if the habits of life which prevailed within the walls of Brooks's differed from those of the world outside, they did not differ for the worse. Society in those days was one vast casino; gambling in all its forms was rather a profession than a pastime to the leaders of the London world. "On whatever pretext, and under whatever circumstances, half a dozen people of fashion found themselves together—whether for music, or dancing, or politics, or for drinking the waters or each other's wine—the box was sure to be rattling, and the cards were being cut and shuffled. The passion for gambling was not weakened or diverted by the rival attractions of female society; for the surest road into the graces of a fine lady was to be known as one who betted freely and lost handsomely; and too often it was no bar to a young fellow's advancement if he contrived to be short-sighted at a critical moment in the game, and was above having a long memory with regard to his unpaid winnings." The effects of this greed for gain were more baneful than would have arisen from the mere losses of money.

"Trite and sordid details of the racing stables and the bill-discounter's back parlor perpetually filled their thoughts and exercised their pens, to the exclusion of worthier and more varied themes. The delicate flavors of literature palled upon those depraved palates; and even the fiercer delights of the political arena seemed insipid, and its prizes paltry, while sums exceeding the yearly income of a Secretary of State or the yearly perquisites of an auditor of the Exchequer were continually depending upon the health of a horse or the sequence of a couple of cards. 'The rich people win everything,' writes the Earl of March from Newmarket. 'Sir James Lowther has won above seven thousand.' 'The hazard this evening was very deep,' says the Earl of Carlisle. 'Meynell won four thousand pounds, and Pigot five thousand.' 'White's goes on as usual' (so Rigby reports to the Duke of Bedford in 1763). 'Play there is rather moderate, ready money being established this winter at quinze. Lord Masham was fool enough to lose three thousand at hazard to Lord Bolingbroke. I guess that was not all ready

money.' The greed of gain had no pity for the ignorance and weakness of youth, and spared neither relative nor benefactor, nor host nor guest. 'My royal visitor,' wrote Rigby, 'staid here from Saturday till Tuesday. We had quinze every night and all night, but I could get none of his money.' A lad fresh from his public school, if he was known to have parents who loved him well enough to stand between him and dishonor, walked into a London club like a calf eyed by the butchers. 'The gaming,' says Horace Walpole, in 1770, 'is worthy the decline of our empire. The young men lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath—"Now, if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions."'"

Nor were licentiousness and gambling the only vices with which the society of the period was gangrened. Wine, we are assured, did more than work or worry to expedite that flow of promotion to which modern vice-presidents and junior lords look back with regret:

"A statesman of the Georgian era was sailing on a sea of claret from one comfortable official haven to another at a period of life when a political apprenticeship in the reign of Victoria is not yet out of his indentures. No one can study the public or personal history of the eighteenth century without being impressed by the truly immense space which drinking occupied in the mental horizon of the young, and the consequences of drinking in that of the old. As we turn over volume after volume we find the same dismal story of gout, first dreaded as an avenger, and then, in a later and sadder stage, actually courted and welcomed as a friend. It is pitiful to witness the loftiest minds and the brightest wits reduced to the most barren and lugubrious of topics; talking of old age at seven-and-forty; urging a fellow-sufferer to stuff himself with Morello cherries, in order to develop a crisis in the malady; or rejoicing with him over the cheering prospect that the gout at length showed symptoms of being about to do its duty."

As is always sure to be the case, the profligacy of society was only too accurately reflected in the conduct of public affairs:

"The enormous expenditure which the habits and ideas of good society inexcrably demanded had to be met by one expedient or another; and an expedient was not far to seek when the same men, who, as a class, were the most generally addicted to personal extravagance, possessed a practical monopoly of political power. Everybody who had influence in Parliament or at court used it for the express and avowed purpose of making or repairing his fortune. . . . We, who look upon politics as a barren career, by which few people hope to make money and none to save it, and who would expect a poet to found a family as soon as a prime minister, can with difficulty

form a just conception of a period when people entered Parliament, not because they were rich, but because they wanted to be rich, and when it was more profitable to be the member of a cabinet than the partner in a brewery. And yet those who have not clearly before their minds the nature of that vital change which has come over the circumstances of English public life during the last hundred years will never understand the events of the eighteenth century, or do justice to its men—men who were spurred forward by far sharper incentives, and solicited by far fiercer temptations than ours, and who, when they held a straight course, were entitled to very different credit from any that we can possibly deserve. A minister of state in the year 1880, while he draws from the treasury a mere pittance compared with what, in two cases out of three, he would have made in the open market if he had applied his talents to commerce or to the bar, has less facilities for advancing his relatives and connections than if he were the chief of a law court, or a director of the Bank of England. . . . But it was worth a man's while to be Secretary of State under the Georges. At a time when trade was on so small a scale that a Lancashire manufacturer considered himself fairly well off on the income which his great-grandson now gives to his cashier, a cabinet minister, over and above the ample salary of his office, might reckon confidently upon securing for himself, and for all who belonged to him and who came after him, a permanent maintenance, not dependent upon the vicissitudes of party, which would be regarded as handsome, and even splendid, in these days of visible and all-pervading opulence. One nobleman had eight thousand a year in sinecures, and the colonelcies of three regiments. Another, as auditor of the Exchequer, inside which he never looked, had eight thousand pounds in years of peace, and twenty thousand in years of war. A third, with nothing to recommend him except his outward graces, bowed and whispered himself into four great employments, from which thirteen or fourteen hundred British guineas flowed month by month into the lap of his Parisian mistress. And the lucrative places which a statesman held in his own name formed but a part, and often the least part, of the advantages that he derived from his position. All the claims on his purse were settled, and all services rendered to him, honorable and dishonorable alike, were recompensed by fresh, and ever fresh, inroads upon the Exchequer. . . . If a comfortable berth was already occupied, at any rate the succession to it might still be worth the having. A paymaster of the works, or an auditor of the plantations, with plenty of money to buy good liquor, and plenty of time to drink it, did not live for ever; and a next appointment to the civil service in the last century might be discounted as freely as a next presentation to a living in our own. When every desirable office was filled two deep, there still remained the resource of a pension—a resource elastic and almost unlimited under a monarch who was never afraid of appearing before his Parliament in the character of an insolvent debtor."

Perhaps the worst result of these lax views regarding the public money was the opportunity which they afforded an unscrupulous Government in controlling the action of Parliament. George III was as systematic and shameless a corruptionist as ever Walpole had been; and it is somewhat startling to discover that so momentous a step as the war with the American colonies was taken by a House of Commons whose majority was secured by the most open, unblushing, and avowed bribery and intimidation, and included in its list scarcely a single really respectable and respected name.

Such was the state of society and politics when, in November, 1768, Fox, a boy of nineteen, took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Midhurst. The details given by Mr. Trevelyan of Fox's performances in the House are somewhat meager and scattered, and, as this early period includes none of the really important events in Fox's political career, the information which he does give may be very briefly summarized, in order to leave room for more interesting personal details. As was to have been expected from his antecedents and training, Fox enrolled himself at once and without hesitation in the ranks of the Ministerialists, and soon became known as one of the most heated and violent, as well as voluble, of their spokesmen. Seldom a night passed in which he was not upon his legs, and there was never a question discussed on which he did not speak at least once. In facility of language, readiness in debate, and brilliancy of rhetoric, he surpassed from the very outset men who had spent a lifetime in the cultivation of oratory; and he who, in the not distant future, was to stand shoulder to shoulder with Burke in the arduous struggle for constitutional liberty, won his spurs by assaults upon the party to which Burke belonged, whose volubility was only equaled by their rancor. Says Mr. Trevelyan:

"With health such as falls to the lot of one in ten thousand, spirits which sufficed to keep in good humor, through thirty years of opposition, the most unlucky company of politicians that ever existed, and courage that did not know the meaning of fear or the sensation of responsibility, there was nobody whom Charles Fox shrank from facing, and nothing which he did not feel himself equal to accomplish. He, if any one, was a living illustration of Emerson's profound remark, that success is a constitutional trait. He succeeded because all the world in concert could not have kept him in the background; and because, when once in the front, he played his part with a prompt intrepidity and a commanding ease that were but the outward symptoms of the immense reserves of energy on which it was in his power to draw. He went into the House of Commons, as into the hunting-field, glowing with anticipations of enjoyment,

and resolved that nothing should stop him, and that, however often he tumbled, he would always be among the first. And first, or among the first, he always was, alike in the tempestuous morning of his life and in the splendid calm of the brief and premature evening which closed his day of unremitting ill-fortune and almost unrequited labor."

From the moment of Fox's entry into politics, Mr. Trevelyan's work is rather a history of the time than a biography of a single man; and, instead of attempting to follow the broken and tangled thread of narrative, we will adopt the more promising method of bringing together the most characteristic of those personal details with which his pages are strewn so profusely.

We begin by remarking that, erratic and abnormal as was the public career of Fox, his private life was just as little conformed to ordinary rules and precedents. Yet, though, as a young man, his morals were of the loosest, and though he squandered with incredible rapidity a patrimony which seemed to place him above the vicissitudes of fortune, no one thought of classing him among the common rakes and spendthrifts of the day. "So exceptional a personage did he appear to his contemporaries that, in search of a comparison for him, they were in the habit of going back to Julius Cæsar; and it is not easy, even for a generation which thinks less about the Romans and knows more of the people who have come since them than the readers of the eighteenth century, to find any parallel for Charles Fox more recent than the young patrician who was worth proscribing at eighteen; who was a renowned orator at two-and-twenty; who led fashion almost from the moment that he assumed the toga; and who owed more money than Crassus ever gathered or Apicius squandered."

One of the ways in which Fox came to owe so much money is indicated by some extremely curious details which Mr. Trevelyan has disinterred from the old betting-book at Brooks's:

"The entries in its pages, most characteristic of the time and the men, standing, each in their proper order, between the covers within which they were originally written—uniform in their general character, but with variety of detail as inexhaustible as the circumstances of our national history and the changes in our national manners—form a volume which is to an ordinary collection of autographs what the 'Liber Veritatis' of Claude is to a portfolio of detached sketches by the great masters. Fifty guineas that Thurlow gets a tellership of the Exchequer for his son; fifty guineas that Mademoiselle Heinel does not dance at the opera-house next winter; fifty guineas that two thousand people were at the Pantheon last evening; fifty guineas that Lord Ilchester gives his first vote in opposition, and hits eight out of his first ten pheasants; three hundred to fifty

from a nobleman who appreciated the privileges of a bachelor that the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Cholmondeley, and two given commoners are married before him; five guineas down, to receive a hundred if the Duke of Queensberry dies before half an hour after five in the afternoon of the 27th of June, 1773: a hundred guineas on the Duke of Queensberry's life against Lord Palmerston's; a hundred guineas that Lord Derby does not see the next general election; and a hundred guineas, between two unusually discreet members of the club, that some one in their eye does not live ten years from the present date. . . .

"For ten years, from 1771 onward, Charles Fox betted frequently, largely, and judiciously on the social and political occurrences of the time. He laid two hundred guineas that Lord North would be First Lord of the Treasury in March, 1773, and twenty guineas that he would still be First Lord in March, 1776, 'bar death'; a hundred and fifty to fifty that the Tea Act was not repealed in the winter session of 1774; twenty guineas that Lord Northington, who took more kindly to water than his father, did not swim one mile the next time he went into the Thames or any other river; ten guineas down, to receive five hundred whenever Turkey in Europe belonged to a European power or powers; and a guinea down, to receive fifty, 'whenever Mr. Croft forgets two by honors in Mr. Fox's presence.' He was fond of wagers the settlement of which was dependent upon an antecedent condition. 'Lord Ossory betts Mr. Charles Fox 100 guineas to 10 that Dr. North is not Bishop of Durham this day 2 months, provided the present Bishop dies within that time. . . . Mr. E. Foley betts Mr. Charles Fox 50 guineas England is at war with France this day two years, supposing Louis the Fifteenth dead.' And Mr. Charles Fox himself bets a hundred guineas against the Duke of Devonshire having the Garter within seven years, 'the Duke to live, or no bet.' When the Perreaus were on their trial for forgery, Fox was concerned in five bets out of a consecutive group of six; and it is pleasant to remark that, even in his hours of sport, the young reformer of the penal code was on the side of mercy. Many pages together during 1774 and 1775 are half covered by his unformed but frank, resolute, and most readable handwriting; and no single name appears anything like so often as his, until, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, under the excitement of the downward and upward rush of consols, and of defeats on land alternating with victories at sea, Sheridan brought forth from its retirement the almost neglected volume, and turned it into something very like a private betting-book of his own."

Notoriously unlucky in his betting and gambling, and encountering losses which even at that period were the talk of the town, Fox had another at least equally successful method of separating himself from his money. Fond of all out-door sports, an excellent shot, proud of his endurance as a pedestrian, and a fearless horseman, he shared to the full in the national enthu-

siasm for racing, and, besides his ventures in the pools, had in training at one time no less than thirty horses of his own, whose frequent defeats led him to remark that his horses were as good as those of his neighbors, but that they never would gallop fast enough to tire themselves.

"The world," says Mr. Trevelyan, "never tired of gossiping about the young man's extravagance, was not in the dark as to the source which fed it. 'Ask Foley,' said Lord Lyttelton, 'ask Charles Fox what they think of modern infidelity; and they will tell you that the Jews themselves, that unbelieving race, have deserted the standard of skepticism, and, having borne the stigma of spiritual unbelief for upward of sixteen hundred years, are at this moment groaning beneath the effects of temporal credulity.' And, indeed, to an heir-apparent who had experienced the difficulties of borrowing on the reversion of a peerage, the all but unlimited credit which Lord Holland's younger son was unfortunate enough to obtain must have appeared nothing less than a prodigy. The poets of society attributed his success with the money-lenders to those powers of oratorical seduction which had so often beguiled the House of Commons into a scrape; and the golden youth of the day spoke with envy of one who had at his command

'Soft words to mollify the miser's breast,
And lull relenting Usury to rest;
Bright beams of wit to still the raging Jew,
Teach him to dun no more and lend anew.'"

Perhaps his success in this regard appeared less enviable to Fox himself when, in 1773, the birth of an heir to his elder brother Stephen brought about the crash which had long been impending. Commenting on the event, Fox philosophically remarked, "My brother Ste's son is a second Messiah, born for the destruction of the Jews"; but Lord Holland, recognizing perhaps the natural outcome of his own teachings and proudly resolved that no one should be a penny the worse for having helped his favorite son, took upon himself the whole of the liabilities and obligations. And when a settlement was effected it was found that, in about three years' time, seven hundred thousand dollars had been squandered by Fox in what Mr. Trevelyan somewhat mildly characterizes as "childish giddiness and misbehavior"!

Any honest record of the early years of Charles James Fox almost inevitably takes the semblance of a mere chronicle of vices and extravagances; but there was another side to his character which it is the special merit of Mr. Trevelyan's portrait that he brings it out with such clearness and geniality. During the period of his wildest dissipations, Fox was a hard, an assiduous, an indefatigable student. He was as deeply versed in history and constitutional law

as Burke himself, and his knowledge of the classics was equaled by few of his contemporaries. But, says Mr. Trevelyan—

"Charles Fox had nothing of a pedant except the acquirements. His vast and varied mass of erudition, far exceeding that of many men who have been famous for nothing else, was all aglow with the intense vitality of his eager and brilliant intellect. He trod with a sure step through the treasure-house of antiquity, guided by a keenness of insight into the sentiments and the circumstances of the remote past which, in an epoch of criticism far less in sympathy with either Athenian or Roman feeling than our own, amounted to little short of positive inspiration. With an appetite to which nothing came amiss, he possessed a taste that was all but infallible. He could derive pleasure and profit out of anything written in Greek or Latin, from a philippic of Cicero or Demosthenes to an excursus by Casaubon; but he reserved his allegiance for the true sovereigns of literature. That dramatist who is the special delight of the mature and the experienced was his idol from the very first. 'Euripides,' he would say, 'is the most precious thing left us—the most like Shakespeare'; and he knew him as Shakespeare was known to Charles Lamb and to Coleridge. 'Read him,' he enjoined on young Lord Holland, 'till you love his very faults.' He went through the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' more than once a year; and, while he counted every omitted digamma, and was always ready to cover four sides of letter-paper with a disquisition on Homeric prosody or chronology, there is ample proof that, as far as feeling and observation were concerned, he had anticipated that exquisite vein of criticism which is the special charm of the most charming portion of Mr. Ruskin's writings. Next to Homer among the ancients—and even above Homer, at the period to which this chapter refers—Fox placed Virgil, whose pathos (so he declared) surpassed that of all poets of every age and nation, with the single exception which, as an Englishman with the Elizabethan drama at his fingers' ends, he somewhat unwillingly considered himself bound to make. 'It is on that account,' he continued, 'that I rank him so very high; for surely to excel in that style which speaks to the heart is the greatest of all excellence.'"

Nor was his love of literature bounded by his admiration for the great authors of antiquity:

"Poetry was in his eyes 'the great refreshment of the human mind,' 'the only thing after all.' It was by making and enjoying it that men 'first discovered themselves to be rational beings'; and even among the Whigs he would allow the existence of only one right-thinking politician who was not a lover of poetry. Literature was 'in every point of view a preferable occupation to politics.' Statesmanship might be a respectable calling; but poetry claimed seven of the muses, and oratory none. The poets wrote the best prose. The poets had more

truth in them than all the historians and philosophers together. Much as he admired Johnson's 'Lives' (and, except the Church Service, that book was the last which was read to him), he never could forgive the author for his disloyalty to some among the most eminent of his heroes. 'His treatment,' cried Fox, 'of Gray, Waller, and Prior is abominable; especially of Gray. As for me, I love all the poets.' And well did they repay his affection. They consoled him for having missed everything upon which his heart was set, and to the attainment of which the labor of his life was directed; for the loss of power and of fortune; for his all but permanent exclusion from the privilege of serving his country and the opportunity of benefiting his friends; even for the extinction of that which Burke, speaking from a long and intimate knowledge of his disposition, most correctly called 'his darling popularity.' At the time when, for the crime of maintaining that the Revolution of 1688 had placed our constitution upon a popular basis, he had been struck off the Privy Council, and had been threatened with the Tower; when he never went down to Westminster except to be hopelessly outvoted, or looked into a book-shop or print-shop without seeing himself ferociously lampooned and filthily caricatured, there yet was no more contented man than he throughout all that broad England for whose liberties he suffered. He could forget the insolence of Dundas, and the chicanery of Sir John Scott, while intent upon the debate which Belial and Mammon conducted in a senate-house less agreeable to its inmates even than the House of Commons of 1793 was to the Whigs; and although it was less easy to efface from his recollection the miseries which were endured by humbler patriots than himself, yet the wrongs of Muir and Palmer and Wakefield and Priestley lost something of their sting to one who could divert at will the current of his indignation against the despot who imprisoned Tasso, and the roisterers who affronted Milton. And whenever things were for a moment too hard on him—when he returned to his country home fretted by injustice and worn by turmoil—his wife had only to take down a volume of 'Don Quixote' or 'Gil Blas,' and read to him until his mind was again in tune for the society of Spenser and Metastasio."

Another art of which Fox was a devoted admirer was that of the dramatist, and in his early manhood he was somewhat noted as an amateur actor, both in tragedy and in genteel comedy. As the years went on, however, and his position in the House of Commons became more absorbing and exacting, he gave less and less attention to what was "at best but an imitation of an imitation," and gave his undivided powers to an art in which his success had been as signal as that of Garrick on the stage. "For the pursuit of that art," says Mr. Trevelyan, "his long apprenticeship to the buskin was among the most important of his qualifications."

"It was no slight advantage to a great extempore speaker to have at hand an extensive and diversified stock of quotations from that branch of literature which is nearest akin to oratory; and for such a speaker it is essential that the voice, no less than the memory and the reasoning faculty, should be under absolute control. That laborious discipline in the theory and practice of elocution through which Fox was carried by his disinterested passion for the drama, but which no one who ever lived was less likely to have deliberately undertaken with an eye to parliamentary advancement, had gained him a command of accent and gesture which, as is always the case with the highest art, gave his marvelous rhetoric the strength and the simplicity of nature. The pains which he had bestowed upon learning to speak the words of others enabled him to concentrate his undivided attention upon the arduous task of improvising his own. If only he could find the thing which required to be said, he was sure to say it in the way that would produce the greatest possible effect. His variety of manner, we are told, was quite as remarkable as the richness of his matter. The modulations of his voice responded exactly to the nature of his subject and the emotions of his mind. When he was piling up his arguments, so correct in their sequence, and, as we read them now with cool and impartial judgments, for the most part so irresistible in their weight, every one of his massive sentences 'came rolling like a wave of the Atlantic, three thousand miles long.' If his cadences at times waxed shrill and even inharmonious, and his enunciation became almost preternaturally rapid, it was only when his hearers were so fascinated by his burning logic, and so entranced by the contagion of his vehemence, that he could hardly speak fast enough or loud enough to satisfy them. His deep tones, which occurred rarely, and then but for a moment, were reserved for occasions that necessitated a solemn appeal to the compassion or the justice of the assembly which he was addressing, and never failed to go straight to the heart of every one present. Feeling profoundly, thinking accurately and strongly, trained thoroughly in all the external graces of oratory, 'Fox during the American war, Fox in his best days,' was declared by Grattan to have been the best speaker that he ever heard; and Grattan, over and above his experiences in the Irish Parliament, had formed his taste on Chatham, and had lived through the great days of Burke, Pitt, and Sheridan, to hear Brougham on the 'Orders in Council,' and Canning on the 'Emancipation of the Catholics.'"

In 1770, on account of the services which he rendered the Ministry in one of the most memorable of the debates on the Wilkes controversy, Fox was appointed a Junior Lord of the Admiralty, and seemed to have taken the first step on that ladder of official station which his father ardently desired him to climb. It soon came to be observed, however, that the fiery and impetuous orator, who was so effective as a free lance, was somewhat galled and fretted by the restraints and

formalities of office; and at length, in 1773, after having previously given unmistakable evidences of an insubordinate spirit, he quarreled fiercely with Lord North, resigned his office, and vigorously opposed the marriage act by which George III endeavored to secure himself the power of preventing any such marriages on the part of his kinsmen as might happen to be disagreeable to himself. Says Mr. Trevelyan, in one of the most interesting passages in his volume:

"The feeling which inspired the most prominent opponent of the Royal Marriage Bill was no hasty or isolated impulse. It was intimately allied to a sentiment which, springing naturally in such a disposition as that of Fox, profoundly affected his literary judgment, altered the whole current of his later life, and at this particular period directed, and almost monopolized, his political energies. The member and the idol of a society whose mode of talking on the most delicate of topics was such as it is more seemly to condemn in general terms than to illustrate by selected quotations—and credited, as a young man, with living after the fashion in which an unmarried associate of March and Selwyn might not uncharitably be assumed to live—he never caught the tone of cynicism which was the fashion among the men of his circle; and still less was his secret and unspoken creed akin to theirs. He had been brought up in a home where intense and tender conjugal affection was rendered doubly attractive by the presence of good sense and that perfect good-breeding which is unconscious of its own existence; and his favorite books, from childhood upward, were those in which the image of such a home was painted in the brightest colors and gilded by the noblest associations. He loved Homer, because Homer 'always spoke well of women.' In the teeth of Athenian prejudice, which so good a scholar respected more than the prejudices of his own day, he could hardly venture to give the same reason for loving Euripides; but probably no one ever praised, read, recited, analyzed, and translated any piece of poetry so frequently, for the benefit of so many different individuals, as did Fox the passage where Alcestis, before her act of self-sacrifice, takes leave of her bridal-chamber. And his romance was of the heart, and not of the fancy. There have been few better husbands than Fox, and probably none so delightful; for no known man ever devoted such powers of pleasing to the single end of making a wife happy. When once he had a home of his own, the world outside, with its pleasures and ambitions, became to him an object of indifference, and at last of repugnance. Nothing but the stings of a patriotic conscience, sharpened by the passionate importunity of partisans whose fidelity had entitled them to an absolute claim upon his services, could prevail upon him to spend opposite, or even on, the Treasury bench an occasional fragment of the hours which were never long enough when passed at Mrs. Fox's work-table with Congreve or Molière as a third in company. . . . The secret of the certainty with which he pleased those of the other sex who were

best worth pleasing is clearly revealed in the letters addressed by the Duchess of Devonshire to her mother, and still more clearly in the letters which Fox addressed to the Duchess herself. His notion of true gallantry was to treat women as beings who stood on the same intellectual table-land as himself; to give them the very best of his thought and his knowledge, as well as of his humor and his eloquence; to invite and weigh their advice in seasons of difficulty; and, if ever they urged him to steps which his judgment or his conscience disapproved, not to elude them with half-contemptuous banter, but to convince them by plain-spoken and serious remonstrance."

With the catastrophe which seemed at the time to put Fox out of the political race, but which, by emancipating him from the ties that bound him to a party with which he never could have remained in cordial sympathy, actually set

him upon that path which has made him the peer of Burke in fame and in services to the cause of liberty, Mr. Trevelyan's work comes, for the present, to an end. We say for the present, because it is hardly possible that Mr. Trevelyan intends thus to put a period to his labors. The Fox of this early period possesses but a slender interest in comparison with the Fox who labored so nobly in behalf of the apparently hopeless cause of the American colonies, and who confronted Pitt in the most famous Parliamentary rivalry that the annals of history record. Readers who have followed Mr. Trevelyan thus far will close the volume with the hope and expectation of meeting him soon, again, in the second installment of a work which, if completed on the lines laid down, will form one of the standard authorities in its department.

SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

AS a schoolboy I had often longed—especially in school on hot summer afternoons—that I could only travel. And of all countries Greece interested me most. When at length I could indulge my wish I determined to visit ancient rather than modern Greece. One reason was that I knew the language better; another, that I believed I should see more Greeks.

I thought Syracuse a convenient place to start from. So I went there first, bought an outfit of the ancient fashion, purchased a slave (whom I immediately set free, without, of course, telling him so), and for a ridiculously small sum—only three drachmæ, I remember—took a passage in a ship bound for Athens with a cargo of wine and cheeses.

I left about the middle of March, in the year 423 B. C. On landing at Piræus I found myself hemmed in by a swarm of men and heaps of merchandise, which made free movement difficult. The quays were cumbered with pottery for exportation, and ships were delivering cargoes of fine woolen stuffs and carpets, paper, glass, salt-fish, corn, and ship-timber. With sad interest I watched the loading also of a cargo of slaves. In the background were long lines of wharves and warehouses, shops, and bazaars, betokening a large and various commerce.

The delight of some of my fellow-passengers at setting foot on land was unbounded, and expressed itself in tears and laughter, and vows and thanksgivings to the gods. I also quietly congratulated myself; for the tales I had heard

on board of pirates and kidnappers made me rather nervous when coasting; while the extremely deferential attitude of our skipper toward wind and waves inspired anything but confidence when in open sea.

On my way up to Athens I could not help reflecting what a happy arrangement it was of a seaport town to split and have the seaport four miles from the town. I was leaving behind me noise and roughness, the bustle and vulgarity of trade, the reckless riot of seafaring men, and escaping to a serener and purer air.

The day was closing as I reached the city. Never did I come so near to worshiping Athena as when I saw her glorious temple standing clear against the sky, and glowing in the saffron light of the setting sun. I had yet to become acquainted with the delicate beauty of the temple itself, and the marvels it contained. I saw but the crowned Acropolis, dominating city and plain, and could almost believe it was indeed the seat chosen of old and beloved by a goddess, who, touched by the devotion of a faithful people, had adopted the city laid submissively at her feet.

I bore a letter of introduction to an Athenian gentleman. I was told to expect from him the most generous hospitality, as he not merely accepted gladly the customary duties of a foreign friend, but was a man of wealth distinguished by public spirit. On my way to his house, in the street of Tripods, I took my earliest impressions of the city. What struck me then most was its flatness. No spires, no towers, no pinnacles, no

tall chimneys. The houses of the better class were not much higher than our garden-walls, and almost as blank, for they had no ground-floor windows which looked into the street. The effect would have been both gloomy and unsocial, if the temples and public buildings had not made ample compensation in their number and splendor, and if open squares here and there had not relieved the sense of moroseness.

I did not know then that to an Athenian the whole city was his house, and his house merely his private room. From choice he lived in public; but still he loved seclusion for his family, if not for himself. The house I entered showed externally not a sign of the life within. But in an instant my knock was answered by a porter who dwelt just within the porch, and I found myself in a narrow hall. The porter handed me on to a servant, by his manner obviously a domestic-in-chief, who came forward at the moment, and led me in silence to the master.

My first impression of an Athenian gentleman at home was picturesque and pleasant. In a small room hung with pictorial tapestry, and lighted by a single lamp placed on a tripod near the door, was a low broad couch, of dark wood inlaid with ivory. On this, the white folds of his dress, in striking contrast with the rich coverlets and the bright banded colors of the pillow he was resting on, lay a dark, handsome man, of clear but sun-tanned complexion; and in front of him was standing a boy, with long black hair, whose lithe figure was well set off by a simple flannel tunic, belted round the waist with a red scarf. Close by him was a small low table, on which were a silver goblet and jug, and near them a small flute. This was the picture that met my eye as I entered; and from sounds which had met my ear as I neared the door it was plain that I had surprised a father delighting himself after dinner in his son's essays in music and recitation.

My host's ready smile told me, before he spoke, that I was expected and welcome. With a kiss and a friendly pat on the head he dismissed the lad, who, though from shyness he hardly ventured to look up, bowed low to me as he took up his flute and ran off. After the interchange of a few civilities, I was conducted to my quarters. Two guest-rooms were assigned me, both opening on a covered cloister which bordered—as did the dining-room I had left—on a square court, in the center of which stood a rude, weather-worn statue of the tutelary deity of the family, facing an altar from which rose a tiny fountain of smoke. These rooms were very small, and had no other entrance for light than the doorway, which was closed only by a curtain.

In one was a bedstead supporting a woolen mattress laid on girths, on which were lying loosely blankets of colored wool. In the other were a chair, a stool, a cushion, and a lamp. This simple furniture was of singularly rich workmanship, and most graceful in design. I felt in luxury, though there were two or three articles absent which I was accustomed to require, one of which was certainly a table. It had been explained to me, by my friend to whom I owed this introduction, that being hospitably entertained at Athens would mean having separate rooms given me in the house, together with light, firing, and salt; that I might expect to be asked pretty frequently to the family dinner, and to receive from the family some occasional presents of wine, or fruit, or vegetables; but that I must cater for myself, and should enjoy entire liberty of action. This was exactly the position in which I found myself for some weeks, though my host, as time went on, asked permission to treat me more as a brother than as a guest. That evening I was summoned back to the dining-room, where supper had in the mean time been served on a light portable table. An hour was spent in conversation, and I went to my couch.

At daybreak I was aroused by the entrance of a slave bringing bread and wine, which he placed on a small table by the side of my bed. This I took as a hint to rise. I was fortunately in one of the few wealthy houses that could boast of a private bath, so that the desire toward the tub was pretty liberally met. I found my host up and carefully dressed. He had already been out to make a call on a friend, and was now ready for the usual morning walk. Before leaving England I had been told by Mr. Mahaffy, who had been in ancient Greece some time before, that I should find many ways of thought at Athens strikingly modern. I was reminded of this when my host, without a hint from me, or any knowledge whatever of my tastes, supposed as a matter of course that I should like to see the sights of Athens, the Pantheon, and the other temples and public buildings, and asked me if I cared for statues and paintings, and architecture. Under his guidance I had my first acquaintance with the masterpieces of Pheidias and Polygnottus. He was not learned in art, but he was proud of the glories of his city, and had a genuine delight in beauty.

He said he felt happier, more serene, more religious for having beautiful forms about him; and that the gods also were pleased to dwell in fair houses. He thought it showed a high wisdom in Pericles and Cimon to devote public money to such ornament, as Athens thereby gained a name among cities everywhere—his "everywhere" was rather limited, perhaps—and

her citizens must needs be elevated by the daily contemplation of what was fair and noble.

As, toward noon, we passed through the market-place on our way home, it was evident that others besides ourselves thought their morning's work to be over. The bankers were clearing their tables and locking their cash-boxes; stalls were being covered up from the heat and dust, and the market-people were already settling themselves in sheltered corners, to eat and drink, or to sleep.

Breakfast was awaiting our return; and I was not sorry to find it a substantial meal. Fresh fish, soup, vegetables, bread, cheese, fruit, and honey-cakes in succession were brought in; and there, lying beside them in the cool dark little dining-room, my host and I discussed the rival merits of the statues of Athena, compared the place of assembly with the theatre of Dionysus, talked over the frescoes in the market-place and in the Propylæa, and forgot the glare and dust outside.

Breakfast over, it was hinted to me that sweet and healthful was the mid-day sleep. So I retired to my private quarters and fell in with Athenian custom.

After the *siesta* I was studying with grave attention the features of the tutelary of the house, whom I have before described as standing in the court, when my host approached from the inner part of the house, which I afterward found to be a second court behind ours, where the women-folk dwelt apart. It was now late afternoon, and he proposed a stroll toward the Gymnasium. I had heard much of this national institution, and was glad to see it under such good escort. We turned our steps toward the Lyceum, our slaves of course in attendance. I need not describe the building, as we have all read Vitruvius. But I wish I could so describe the scene within that my readers might see it as distinctly as I can recall it. We Englishmen can understand well enough the interest of watching games in which we once excelled, and of looking on at feats of strength or skill which we used to practice. It comes natural, therefore, to us to imagine the middle-aged and elders of Athens often looking in to see their youngsters trained to manly vigor and activity. Up to eighteen years of age themselves had wrestled, and run, and boxed, and leaped, and thrown quoits with as much energy, I suppose, as we give to cricket, and rackets, and football. We do not all of us care to watch the feats of the Gymnasium, for the reason that some of us were born in the pre-gymnastic age in England, and so can not truly criticise them or enter into their spirit. Indeed, we do not all set a high value on them; and many of us would prefer to see our sons handle a bat or an oar well, or ride

well to hounds, or excel in skating, shooting, or any of our own sports. But given that we had all been trained in a regular course of athletics, and all our lives called them "thoroughly English," and that we were accustomed to think our national superiority due to our preëminence in such training, I suppose we might, if time had to be killed—as it always had to be at Athens in the afternoon—frequent a gymnasium daily, even when there was no match on. I was not surprised, therefore, to see groups of men all over the grounds, eagerly watching the jumping or the quoit-play, or the spear-hurling. Here and there two or three youngsters were practicing by themselves apart, under no instructor. Where a crowd was, you knew that a contest of more than usual interest was going on.

That the lads were stripped for their exercise seemed suitable with the conditions. But the sight of them, all oiled and sanded, made a strange impression, as of animated terra-cotta statues.

Colonnades for the accommodation of spectators were an obvious necessity, when few gentlemen wore hats of any kind, and the sun was strong. Stone or marble seats were ranged about, in the open air or under cover, in one of the many rooms, large and small, which opened out of the colonnades. Some of these benches were of that semicircular form which a talkative people would naturally hit upon, and which we see among ourselves in village inns, survivals of a time when the villagers met to talk, and "news much older than the ale went round," before men had invented the sociable custom of retiring apart, each behind his newspaper.

I was certainly surprised at first to find so many people assembled there, and thought it must be a field-day or a festival. But I soon found that all Athens men turned out in the afternoon as regularly as Oxford or Cambridge men. Indeed, the most striking feature of Athenian life was its leisure.

Business was over by noon. And as all outside work was done by slaves, and the shopkeepers were nearly all either freedmen or resident aliens, a large number of even the very poor Athenian citizens had the better part of their day free. And this produced a certain sedate and self-possessed bearing in them all. To walk fast or talk loud in the street was looked on as vulgar. Of indolence as the fruit of this *insouciance* there was plenty; but still the general level of intelligence and activity of mind was high enough to make indolence disreputable. They regarded their leisure as a mark of freedom and high privilege. This self-conceit had its disagreeable side, but I doubt if they were not the better for having time to call their own:

especially as rich and poor at Athens shared the same amusements.

But to return to the *Gymnasium*. To all the youths under eighteen it was a practice-ground that they attended regularly, the boys in charge of their slave servant, the elder fellows by themselves, though doubtless some of them disliked the grind, and preferred a quiet quail-fight when they could get it on the sly. Full-grown men who had not lost all taste for strong exercise found there an opportunity of keeping up their muscle, or at least of taking a constitutional, with the luxury of a bath afterward. To the citizen whose athletic days were quite over it was a lounge and a club.

This was my first introduction to society, and a very pleasant way of getting to know people I found it. My host was in his element. Being a man of position and a friendly man, with a strong interest in politics, and a liking for free and genial conversation, he thoroughly enjoyed this concourse of talkers. One would pull his cloak as he passed and tell him a bit of news; another in a low voice would ask his advice in a case of difficulty; a group of gentlemen as he approached would hail him, and make room for him on their bench, and draw him into their discussion.

They welcomed me among them with great politeness, explained to me everything that was going on, and asked many questions about the training of the youth in my country. As at that time athletics had not been introduced into schools or universities, I did what I could to exalt our national games. Football rather took their fancy, especially as I described it, as far as possible, in Homeric language. I did the same with a university boat-race, and the Derby, and had a very excited audience. I then rashly tried my hand on a cricket-match, and, I am afraid, effaced the excellent impression I had made of our national spirit and good sense. Perhaps, as it struck me afterward, my constant mention of the eleven called up ludicrous associations;* but at all events, they seemed to think that the whole story was meant as a joke, and just then a seedy-looking bystander, pouncing on my admission that we did not train our youth on any system, launched forth into an oration, and crowded over all foreigners for a good twenty minutes, and so got a crowd about us, which I was glad to escape from at the first opportunity. I heard afterward that he was a rhetorician of the baser sort looking out for pupils.

I would here remark on the excellence of our public-school education, which could enable a

foreigner like myself so easily to associate with cultivated Greeks. My only difficulty arose from my having read so much Greek literature of a later date than the time of my visit. I often detected a pleasant smile at my use of a word from the later poets or orators; and I was frequently obliged to accept an ironical compliment to my inventive genius, and check myself as I was on the point, with a scholar's instinct, of justifying myself by quoting what was, of course, future authority.

After this it was seldom that I did not go in the late afternoon to one or other of the *Gymnasias*, and I soon had many friends. The *Academeia* was the pleasantest, as it lay among olive-woods, and was also planted within its walls with olive- and plane-trees, and, being some little distance from the city, it was not so crowded. I tried to get some of my friends to take their constitutional in the country sometimes for a change, and once I succeeded in dragging three of them to the top of Lycabettus—the Arthur's Seat of ancient Edinburgh. To me the walk was delightful, but they abused me all the way there and back, and no one could imagine why we should have taken so much trouble for nothing, while not a few thought it in bad taste. I tried after that to find a companion who would make a day's excursion with me up Hymettus—about equal to Snowdon from Capel Curig—but I was obliged to do it by myself after all, and, not wishing to be thought eccentric or ill-bred, I took care not to talk about it. After this I was not astonished to hear that several able generals held the *Gymnasium* to be but a poor training-school for soldiers.

I spent a good deal of time in simply walking about the city. It was interesting to notice even the smallest incidents of the daily life of a people so like and yet so unlike ourselves. The urchins playing with knuckle-bones on the door-steps, or driving their hoops between your legs; the young gentlemen being fetched from the day-school by their attendants, who matched, I observed, the strictest governess of a ladies' seminary in their repeated orders to their pupils to walk properly and not look about them; the novel street-cries, the wine-carts going their rounds—all these amused me. The streets were not only narrow and dirty, but ill-flavored. The poorer houses were generally built partly of timber, and of two stories, the upper overhanging. I had to be wary, as dirty water or broken crockery followed pretty quick after the warning, "Stand aside!" They might have paved the streets with the enormous quantity of potsherds lying about, and I very often wished they had. It was always a relief to emerge into one of the open spaces, and of these the *Agora* was the one I most frequently

* "The Eleven," at Athens, be it known, if unknown, were the Commissioners of Police.

made for. During market-time, i. e., from nine till noon, it was full of life, and presented a fine field for the study of manners.

The marketing was done by slaves. A head slave, with the power of the purse, and a train of drudges to carry home the forage, naturally thought himself at this hour a man of importance. Very often he looked it too, for the fortune of war and the cleverness of pirates had often made a slave for life of a man of birth and rank. And it was fortunate for such a man if he found himself at Athens, for there a respectable slave, especially if his master detected any refinement in him, was generally well treated. Such a band of foragers was, of course, eagerly watched by the stall-keepers, who were very adroit and shifty in their manoeuvres to catch customers. The art of bargaining was well understood on both sides, and the price was seldom fixed until after a protracted skirmish. The fishmongers were an exception. They, I observed, had generally the command of the situation, for not much meat was eaten—scarcely ever, indeed, unless there had been a sacrifice—and, fish being almost universally the chief dish at table, the supply, at all events of fashionable fish, was usually short of the demand. This made the fishmonger a careless and often insolent tradesman. It was easier, they said, to get an answer from a state official than from a fishmonger. Perhaps, too, their self-importance was fostered by gentlemen coming to choose their own fish. The inspectors of the market were very strict over this trade, and, in order to secure the sale of none but fresh fish, forbade altogether the use of the watering-pot; and a very good story was told, when I was there, against a certain fishmonger who was subject to fainting-fits, and could be brought round only by having pitchers of water thrown over him. As he always collapsed close to his stall, his friends, in following the laws of humanity, broke almost daily the law of the market.

The stall-keepers, of course, cried what they had to sell; but the usual rule of market-cries was often reversed by a slave announcing in a loud voice what he had come for. It was not unusual to hear a man come into the market and sing out, "Who wants to undertake the supplying of a dinner?" This demand would bring up five or six men who had been loitering under the porticoes. They were a strange lot, these cooks or caterers, or whatever else they called themselves. They all either were or pretended to be foreigners, and spoke either Doric or broken Attic. I had no occasion to engage the services of one of these gentlemen, but I was told that when you did you engaged a tyrant, whose laws of high art it was very rash to defy.

So far was comedy; but a very serious and solemnizing spectacle might be seen close by, especially as it drew near to the end of the month, at the tables of the money-lenders. I heard these men described only by their natural enemies, the borrowers, of whom I had many among my chance acquaintances, but I must say that their faces tallied with the description. They sat at their tables with a severe four-and-twenty per cent. look, which should have been sufficient warning. I was told that they did a little legitimate banking trade, but the clients oftenest at their tables, so far as I observed them, were young men who negotiated in a whisper, and looked uneasily over their shoulder if any one passed too near.

But the market square held more than the market. It was during the forenoon the very center of Athenian life. It was exchange, bazaar, park, garden, esplanade, kursaal, reading-room, club, and whatsoever in any place is the common meeting-spot for men of business or men of leisure. Being close to the law courts, it was also Westminster Hall to orators and their clients and witnesses. Having colonnades running round it furnished with stone benches, it was a convenient place for gossip, or for walking up and down in pursuit of an appetite for breakfast. It was here that you heard and discussed the news, war news just brought from Piræus by special messenger,* or city news—who had got office, who had been cast in a lawsuit, what plays were being rehearsed, what new edicts to be put in force; domestic news about relations, friends, crops, purchases, births, deaths, and marriages. The shops in the neighborhood were also filled with loungers, especially the perfumer's, and the barber's, and the shoemaker's. It was in the market-place and its neighborhood that all business was transacted. Here the Athenians realized their common citizenship, and got their common sense. By daily intercourse here, rich with poor, they rubbed down their angles, acquired a public spirit, and by interchange of ideas, controlled by free and sharp criticism, developed a public opinion. It was in the market-place that one felt for the pulse of Athens.

Close by, as I said, were the law courts, and I often found it good fun to look in there, and it seldom required much knowledge of law to follow the proceedings. Indeed, it often struck me that I knew quite as much as their honors the jurymen. "The sovereign people sitting in justice" had once seemed to me a grand idea, and doubtless the thing had served its purpose as a safeguard of growing liberties; but to see the

* There was some fighting going on in 423, along the Macedonian coast, though it was a year of truce.

average citizen honestly trying to be wise, or dishonestly trying to look so, I confess had another effect upon me. It was amusing to watch their expression of grave attention while an orator was laying before them the weakest and wildest evidence; or perhaps flattering their logical faculty by exhibiting a strong chain of reasoning, while all the time, as the rogue very well knew, it was hanging by a rotten fallacy. But, if persuasion be the end of oratory, the orators had mastered their art.

The scenes in court, also, were excellent fooling. The defendant was exhibited weeping, and how well and naturally he wept! Women and children were grouped, with a fine eye for dramatic effect, in various attitudes of abject misery. One heard splendid abuse, too, strong and abundant personalities, as the orators drew freely on the vast resources of a vigorous and expressive language. What one did not meet with in court was high legal ability. The orators were too shrewd and practical, if they possessed it, to throw it away on an ignorant and prejudiced tribunal. But, if a qualified judge had replaced these panels of citizens then sitting *in banco*, in what other profession could many of them have earned fourpence-halfpenny a day? That was the question.

The poorer folk seemed to me to resemble our villagers, not only in their simple way of living, and in their readiness to help each other, but also in the freedom which they gained by having no class between them and the gentlefolk. Fashion had little or no influence upon them, and they lived their own life free from criticism, and free from the ambition of rising. But they were unlike our poor villagers in this, that the head of a family knew his worth and privileges as a citizen, and gained a certain dignity by the knowledge. Though he certainly was not enriched, he was raised socially by the existence of the class of slaves.

The habits of the rich were essentially such as are formed by city life, with leisure and intelligence. Dinner-parties were almost daily events. You were invited without ceremony, and went without preparation, or no more preparation than was implied in providing yourself with a gown. Men were sociable and disliked dining alone, just as they disliked sitting or walking alone.

Here I saw the strongest likeness to university habits, and the likeness was not in mere sociability. I was present at not a few dinner-parties which seemed to me, in the tone of conversation, in the range of topics discussed, and generally in intellectual and social merit, not greatly to differ from a graduates' dinner-party at Cambridge. The customs, of course, were very different: having your feet washed by a

attendant on your arrival, lying propped on your elbow to eat and drink—though I had done that at picnics—pouring libations to the good Genius, being called upon to recite, or sing a medley song, verse and verse about, were novelties, but one fell in with such usages easily enough. Once, I remember, when over our wine, the sprig of myrtle was passed to me in token that it was my turn to entertain the company with a song or recitation. I recited to them some iambics of my own—a translation of "To be or not to be," which I had written some time before for the Porson prize. When I had ended, a brisk discussion arose on the question out of what tragedy they came. Some believed they had the ring of Sophocles, others declared that they remembered the phrases as certainly those of Euripides, but no one could fix on the precise play, nor could I.

Wine-drinking always followed the dinner, and bore about the same relation to it that it did formerly with us. As there were no ladies to join in the drawing-room, it was more difficult for the host to choose a moment for asking significantly if you would take any more wine. Excess, therefore, was often, I am convinced, an accident of the situation. Sometimes, of course, a carouse was the final cause of a wine-party, especially among the youngers, as it doubtless has been of supper-parties in other abodes of divine philosophy. I was told that on such occasions the usual hard custom which excluded ladies from social entertainments was sometimes relaxed, but I have no personal experience of such a wine-party recorded in my note-book.

The absence of women from all social meetings did not, on my arrival at Athens, at once strike me as strange. I suppose this was because I was fresh from university life. I was so much used to meeting men only down the river and at the racket-courts, at the Union, and at wine- and supper-parties, that I did not miss female society, especially as the society in which I did find myself was, in its freedom, in its true liberty, equality, and fraternity, so wonderfully like that which I had just left. But I noticed the blank more and more as the days went on, and then I began to estimate the effect on social life of excluding the women. It was plainly visible in a certain roughness of feeling, in the absence of that tenderness which produces pity and sympathy with weakness, and restrains men from selfishness and cruelty. There was not much respect shown to age at Athens. Poverty provoked rather than disarmed ridicule. Tales of cruelty might arouse dangerous bitterness, especially if it affected Athenian citizens, but the cruelty did not in itself excite abhorrence. A man who was hard and brutal toward his slaves was called a stern master, but no one remonstrated.

Intellectual refinement was certainly prized highly enough, and the civic virtues were actually worshiped, but, to my thinking, Greek civilization was still incomplete, through lack of that sensitiveness to one side of morality which I could not help believing that the influence of women in daily life would have helped to develop. I found many thoughtful Greeks holding the same opinion.

I frequently heard the subject of the position of women discussed as part of a larger question just then interesting the mind of Athens. This was the question of Past *versus* Present. In politics no one seemed for a moment to doubt—with the exception of a few recluse thinkers—that the present institutions of Athens were perfect, or that in political knowledge they had left their ancestors a long way behind. But the case was far different in the matter of social usage. Here there was distinctly an old school and a new school—a Conservative and a Liberal camp. Of course on these matters prejudice spoke oftener, and, I need not say, very much louder, than reason. Banter and satire were weapons more used than argument. But there was still a great deal of good, thoughtful talk over it to be heard at the Gymnasium, and in private houses after dinner. In listening to these discussions I had constantly to remark upon how small an amount of ascertained historical fact the arguments of the most learned disputants were based. There was a constant appeal to the authority of great names, but a most provoking vagueness in reporting their testimony. But there was certainly one exception to this. When Homer was cited, his very words were given, and were received by all with a certain pious respect which usually silenced controversy. I soon learned to quote Homer when I was getting the worst of an argument.

Now, it was not difficult to make Homer support a theory that women had much to do with the affairs of the world, and ought not to be shut up by themselves in the back premises and seldom seen. He was often hurled with tremendous effect against those who maintained that women had no minds, and were properly employed in cooking, weighing out the wool, weaving, and guiding the house. But again it was retorted, "Pericles hath said that those women are the best of whom you hear the least for good or evil."

The stage naturally reflected and intensified the controversy. Euripides, who had just brought out his play of "Ion" when I was at Athens, was claimed as a strong ally by those who held women inferior. It was true he seldom wrote a play* without putting into some one's mouth a sharp sarcasm against women, which was caught up and gave another brickbat to the hands of

their revilers. But, curiously enough, it escaped notice that he delighted to bring on the stage types of noble women who refuted these sarcasms. However, Euripides never had a fair chance with that clever, reckless scoffer Aristophanes always at his heels. It was no use contending that really he was strongly on the women's side, and was trying to teach their husbands that they were hiding the light that would brighten their whole house. He, or, what was the same thing, one of his women-hating heroes, had said that women were a bad lot, and that was enough.

After all, I could not see that the stoutest advocate for the emancipation of women gave them half an inch more freedom than his neighbor. He might believe in the ability and intelligence of women; he might prove conclusively to others that women had once held a higher position in Attic society, and had a real influence upon daily life. He might go further, and, speculating on the cause of this, convince himself that, in the absorbing pursuit of political interests, his fellow-citizens were growing selfish and despotic, contemptuous toward all force that was not keen and practical; but, all the same, he was a despot in his house and selfish in his pleasures. It may have been that he lacked the courage to face a torrent of ridicule; but it may have been also that he doubted in his secret mind whether society, as he knew it, was quite ready for his wife.

I fancied that my host was one who thought thus. He was too kindly a man to be a tyrant anywhere, and I recollect that in my hearing he once compared the rule of a husband over his wife to that of a constitutional ruler over citizens free and his equals. Also, as we became more intimate, I found that he loved family life; still he jealously guarded it from public view. When he entertained his friends at dinner, his wife did not appear, but when we were alone she generally breakfasted with us, she and her three children, sitting at tables, while we reclined; and not unfrequently she dined with us. She was very gentle and simple-minded, but in no respect shy or awkward, but, on the contrary, self-possessed and rather stately. He treated her with kindness and courtesy, told her the news, with a little reservation where necessary, and she took her part very easily and naturally in conversation. I do not think her life was dull. It is true that, so far as my observation went, she never, while in Athens, went out unless to attend religious festivals, processions, and sacrifices, but they had a house in the country where they spent part of the year. There she enjoyed more liberty, and probably she no more wished to frequent the Agora or the Gymnasia than our ladies wish to go on 'Change, or have the *entrée* of our clubs.

* I may as well say that copies of many of these plays have been since published in England.

Festivals were very frequent. Their usual programme was a religious ceremonial in the morning, and high spirits in the evening. The ceremonial was often made imposing by a procession with choral hymns, in which high-born ladies, youths, and maidens took graceful part. No people who do not wear flowing robes, and can not sing as they walk, should dare to have a procession. Sacrifices and prayers were offered. It was difficult certainly for a foreigner to understand the attitude of the Greek worshiper toward his gods. I learned by observation a good deal about his ritual—little about his worship.

The great Dionysia had taken place in March, some days before my arrival. On the whole, I was very glad to have missed it; for I am afraid that, had I taken my first impression of Athenian life when it was in drunken riot, I could never have laid ill-prejudice aside. Hating noise, buffoonery, and vulgar revelry, I was grateful to the sea for not having been, to Greek judgment, navigable in time to set me down in the midst of the debauch that was going on in honor of that disreputable person whom Athens delighted to honor as the giver of wine to men. As it was described to me, the city by sunset must have been unbearable. The dismal merriment of English fairs and race-courses, the stupid pleasantries of a carnival, the heavy-headed drunkenness of a harvest-home, and the light-headed orgies of richer young Bacchanals, were all brought together within one city's walls. The earlier part of the day, beyond doubt, had shown a spectacle such as few cities could present, and for this I had greatly wished to reach Athens earlier. The vast amphitheatre on the slope of the Acropolis was empty when I saw it. To have seen that hillside a serried mass of men and women, and to have sat among them and watched them as they shaded their eyes from the glare to catch the form of a hero whose name they had known from childhood, and leaned forward to lose no word that could help to make the story plain, the story they had heard so often from their nurses, of those days of old when the gods walked the earth like men, and loved the founders of their race, and helped them to overthrow their enemies, and to build the city—to have seen this, sitting there under the blue sky, beneath the shadow of the Acropolis and its temples, with Hymettus, and the gleaming sea, and the far-off peaks by Salamis in view—to realize thus the religious power of a Greek drama, would have been a memorable experience. An English traveler, Mr. Jebb, who was at Athens some years before me, has thus vividly recorded the impression left on his mind by such a scene:*

"We are in the theatre of Dionysus at the great festival of the god. There is an audience of some twenty-five thousand, not only Athenian citizens and women (the latter placed apart from the men in the upper rows), but Greeks from other cities, and ambassadors seated near the priests and magistrates in the places next the orchestra. We are to see the 'Eumenides,' or 'Furies,' of Æschylus. The orchestra is empty at present. The *scene*, or wall behind the stage, represents the temple of Apollo at Delphi. It has three doors. Enter, from the middle or 'royal' door, the aged priestess of Apollo; she wears a long striped robe, and over her shoulders a saffron mantle. Pilgrims are waiting to consult the oracle, and she speaks a prayer before she goes into the inner chamber of the temple to take her place on the three-footed throne, round which vapors rise from the cavern beneath. Then she passes into the shrine through the central door.

"But she quickly returns in horror. A murderer, she says, is kneeling there, and the ghastly Furies, his pursuers, are asleep around him. As she quits the stage by the side door on the right, two figures come forth by the central door, as if from the inner shrine. One of them wears the costume of the Pythian festival at Delphi—a long tunic, gayly striped, with sleeves, and a light mantle of purple hanging from the shoulders. In his left hand he has a golden bow. This is the god Apollo himself. The other figure is clad with much less splendor; at his back hangs loosely the *petasus*, a broad-brimmed hat worn by hunters or shepherds or wayfarers; in one hand he bears a long branch of laurel, the symbol of the suppliant, in the other a drawn sword. This is Orestes, who has slain his mother, Clytemnestra, the murderess of his father, Agamemnon, and has sought refuge with Apollo from the pursuing Furies. A silent figure moves behind these two; it is the god Hermes, carrying in his hand the herald's staff, decked with white ribbons. Apollo bids Hermes escort Orestes to Athens, to seek the judgment of the goddess Athene.

"The ghost of Clytemnestra now moves into the orchestra, and mounts the stage. She calls on the sleeping Furies within, and then vanishes. They wake to find Orestes gone, and dash on the stage in wild rage—haggard forms with sable robes, snaky locks, and blood-shot eyes. Apollo appears, and drives them from his shrine. Now the scene changes to Athens. Meanwhile the Furies have taken their station as chorus in the orchestra; and, in grand choral songs, declare their mission as Avengers of blood. Athene assembles a Court of Athenians on the Hill of Ares (the real Hill of Ares was not half a mile

* "Greek Literature," by Professor Jebb.

off, on the southwest side of the Acropolis), and thus founds the famous court of the Areopagus. The Furies arraign Orestes; Apollo defends him. The votes of the judges are equally divided. Athene's casting vote acquits Orestes. The wrath of the Furies now threatens Athens. But Athene at last prevails on them to accept a shrine in her land—a cave beneath the Hill of Ares—and the play ends with this great reconciliation, as a procession of torch-bearers escort the Furies to their new home.

"Thus a Greek tragedy could bring before a vast Greek audience, in a grandly simple form, harmonized by choral music and dance, the great figures of their religious and civil history: the god Apollo in his temple at Delphi, the goddess Athene in the act of founding the Court of Areopagus, the Furies passing to their shrine beneath the hill, the hero Orestes on his trial. The picture had at once ideal beauty of the highest kind, and, for Greeks, a deep reality; they seemed to be looking at the actual *beginning* of those rites and usages which were most dear and sacred in their daily life."

I staid at Athens until nearly the end of the year. I saw many men now famous. One could meet Sophocles and Euripides almost any day in the Academeia, musing on a bench, tablets in hand, or pacing beneath the olive-trees. Aristophanes was oftener to be found surrounded by a few choice friends. His gray, observant eyes would rest for a while on the scene around him, and then be lighted suddenly by a thought, which, being altogether irrepressible, would set all his friends off laughing. Cleon, too, I had no cause to dislike him, but I never saw him without wishing I had; but it was better, perhaps, as it was, for he looked an awkward fellow to quarrel with. Who could help knowing Alcibiades—the lion's whelp whom the city, having brought him up, was bound to humor? He was the spoiled child of Athens. His follies—as they said—were only Athenian virtues run wild, and his virtues Athenian too, but cast in the heroic mold. And friend Socrates. I little knew then the marvelous spiritual power yet to go forth out of that strange life. The first time I saw him he was sitting by the roadside, in a day-dream, near the fountain of Callirrhoe, tracing idle figures in the dust with the point of his stick. I stopped for a draught of water. He looked up and asked me if I drank because I was thirsty, or for any other reason. As I turned in surprise at the question, he got up from his seat and joined me along the road, pressing me for a reply, till from that he led me on—but any one can guess what happened to me. After that I saw him every day, but never again alone.

I might speak of others; but my personal recollections of the celebrated men I met have already been published in a dictionary of Greek biography, which is now in every library. I might relate, also, many personal adventures. One I will mention because it is illustrative. One morning, very early, on entering the Agora, I saw that something unusual was going forward. A number of public slaves, armed with bows, were pushing the market-people about, pitching their wares unceremoniously off the stalls, back into their baskets, and clearing them out of the square bodily. A painted rope, still wet, had in the mean time been carried behind the group in which I was standing, and we all were forced along, under penalty of getting our white cloaks striped with red paint. Not liking this, I looked about for escape, but the side streets were all blocked by hurdles, and, finding that my companions enjoyed my dilemma, and took their own shepherding good-humoredly, I submitted to be driven along until I found myself within the Pnyx. I had no right there, I knew; but I took advantage of the irregularity of my summons to attend the Athenian House of Commons. I can not fully describe the proceedings, for I was too far off to hear all. There was a solemn lustration by the priest; after it a prayer which sounded to me very like an imprecation, and incense; and then the business began. No important question, I knew, could be before the people, as I should certainly have heard of it. So I amused myself by looking about me. It was a monster meeting in the open air, conducted with tolerable decorum and solemnity. There was no occasion that day for a ballot, and the votes were taken by a show of hands. To see eight thousand hands go up, with one movement as it were, certainly made unanimity expressive. This happened three or four times. Then the people wanted a debate. In answer to a crier's invitation, an orator—who looked very small in the distance—slowly mounted the stone platform. He was a practiced speaker, and his voice was heard clearly over the whole vast area. Another who followed was not so well prepared, and the sovereign people showed some impatience. There were no seats, and the sun was blazing down on my head, but I was afraid of incurring some unknown penalty if I deserted. At last fortune was friendly. A noisy fellow in my neighborhood, who had been shouting, and offering to fight all who differed from him, was suddenly clapped on the shoulder and marched out by the bowmen, after some slight resistance. In the confusion I slipped out too and went home to breakfast.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.*

V.—DRESS.

"At least put off to please me this poor gown,
This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed:
I love that beauty should go beautifully:
For see ye not my gentlewoman here,
How bright, how suited to the house of one
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully?"

IN previous papers the decoration of dwellings has fallen under notice, and now will be considered how far the same art principles apply to the adornment of the human body. One point of distinction may be premised, that, whereas a dwelling-house is constructed by man, our fleshly tabernacles have been made by God: the body, as taught by some old writers, is a temple, though perchance in ruins. And, without pursuing this idea in its consequences, it is an admitted fact that the human frame is the most beautiful form, the most perfect piece of construction and mechanism in creation. And a preliminary lesson should be, that this divine framework deserves to be treated reverently; a truth too often forgotten in the caprice, frivolity, and falsity of the world's fashions. And another introductory thought is that, while man is the most complete of created beings, he is the only animal not provided by nature with clothing. We all know how many have been the devices for supplying this need, and, speaking generally, it can be said that the best dress is that which accords most nearly to right reason and good taste, which conforms most closely to the conditions of nature, to the proportions and functions of the body, which enhances its perfections and adds to its beauty without hindrance to its utility. And thus, in dress, we at once arrived at the axioms already laid down for the decoration and furnishing of a house: utility must underlie ornament, organic form and structure must sustain and justify superincumbent draperies. Moreover, in dress, as in other surface decorations, the bodily construction must be confessed and pronounced; the design or pattern in scale and line of composition must be in proportion, balance, and symmetry, preserving in the midst of the details breadth and simplicity. In fine, in dress and draperies, nature and art alike teach that grace flows out of law and order, and that beauty finds alone its safe foundation in truth.

The philosophy of fashion may be briefly stated. Fixity, as in the Quaker's costume, is

false to nature, and is neither feasible nor desirable; the mind loves variety, and a monotonous sameness palls on the senses. Finality is found nowhere in creation; in the animal and vegetable kingdom alike, rudimentary beginnings develop into perfected forms; and so, also, notwithstanding disturbing retrogressions, a progress from savage to civilized times is established, by a kind of Darwinian selection, even in dress. And an interesting and not unlooked-for analogy may be pointed out between architecture and the art of dressing, between the structures raised for man's dwelling and the costumes contrived for his clothing. Each art arose equally out of necessity; man coming into the world drapeless and houseless, the readiest expedients were at first resorted to; but little by little appliances grew, till plain utility gave place to ornament and beauty. The house was decorated with a carved or painted frieze, and at the same time bodily garments received the ornament of a border or fringe. Moreover, the house, as it became homish, was furnished and draped; and so, as by natural evolution, the draperies on the walls and the dressings on the backs of the inmates grew in agreement. Thus it may be more easy to understand how, when at length the world had developed into "an art epoch," the house, palace, temple, and church, the internal fittings, the decorations, furniture, draperies, and paintings, and lastly, yet not least, the dress of the living tenants were found, one and all, for better or for worse, in absolute accord. Hence costume becomes of grave significance, and therefore do antiquaries, historians, and ethnologists study dress as an index to civilization and as part of the physiognomy of races. And the costume of society, as we have seen, is subject to fashion. Yet fashion, writes an accomplished critic in the "Quarterly Review," to whom the present writer acknowledges indebtedness, has laws and boundaries of her own, deep-seated in the nature of things; she always preserves certain balances and proportions; thus, "when the farthingales were large the ruffs were enormous, when the waists were short the foreheads were low, when the sleeves were wide the coiffures were wide also, and, moreover, when the sleeves were tight the heads were small," and so on. "Of course, in the time of transition, when a struggle is taking place between the plumage that is casting off and that which is coming on, some apparent confusion may occur, as all birds are shabby in their molting-season." The once single-minded sect called "the

* Continued from "Journal" for November, 1880.

Friends" would seem to be now passing through the "molting-season": in dress they are divided between the Church and the world. "But the worst discrepancies are occasioned by the class of foolish women who have not the sense to be off with the old love before they are on with the new, and try to combine the old chrysalis with the new wings."

Persons there are of finer instincts who still look to the possibility of costumes which shall be artistic and beautiful, and at the same time utilitarian. And painters often show the way by eschewing or evading prevailing fashions, which, in their singularity, will surely appear monstrous in the eyes of posterity. Sir Joshua Reynolds and other great portrait-painters had a mode of generalizing costume, which thus served as a kind of everlasting drapery, suited more especially to those mortals who pose themselves for posthumous fame. And Mr. Watts, R. A., in an eloquent paper to a contemporary, throws out ideas which serve to correct prevailing errors. He deplores, "as one of the most striking points of difference between ancient or mediæval and modern life," the present want of "the untiring interest, the pains, the love bestowed formerly upon the perfecting and decorating of almost all the objects of daily use, even when the service required was most material." And, coming to the ordinary modes of attire, he complains that "the human form, the noblest and most interesting study for the artist, is distorted in the case of men's dress by the most monstrous garments, and in the case of women's dress by extravagant arrangements, which mar simple nobility and impede refined grace of movement." And then he urges that, in our public schools, the sense of beauty should receive such cultivation that "the educated gentleman would no longer encourage by admiration the vagaries of female fashion. . . . The eye must appreciate noble form and beautiful color before the jar consequent on the sight of ugliness is felt, which feeling would, as a rule, prevent its existence. In modern life the cultivation of the eye is sacrificed to all kinds of meaner considerations." The materials out of which paintings are composed, the picturesqueness of costume, the unbought grace of life, no longer exist in society, and hence "daily and social life loses with its former ceremonies almost all dignity and grace, and so art of the highest kind is deprived of its very breath, and must die. . . . It must be remembered that the artist, no less than the poet, should speak the language of his time; but, if the visible language by which alone the artist can make his thoughts intelligible is out of tune with beauty, the painter is forced to invent his language." The sense of beauty is passing away as a natural possession, refinement of taste

gives place to habits of mind accounted more robust and healthy, and the ways of relaxation and pleasure are so unlovely and gross that a beauty-loving art no longer ventures to reflect outward life or the manners and costumes of either the higher or the lower classes. Hence the artist, in his utterance, "is obliged to return to the extinct forms of speech, if he would speak as the great ones have spoken." Dress is itself a language; it tells of the mental state of the wearer; in all times it has been the visible sign of the actual civilization. The artist in our day surely has a crying grievance; he can not find in town or country a man or woman in a condition fit to be put on canvas or in marble. People, in wearing an ugly dress, do injustice to themselves and an injury to others. Let the question be asked how they will look in a picture; let them try in their own persons to be a picture.

A few examples may be given of scenes at home and abroad rendered wholly unpaintable by reason of the absence of beauty of character and personality in costume. A dinner of the staff of writers on a leading journal takes place on the banks of the Thames, the guests number somewhat short of a hundred, and among the company are men of state, clergymen, lawyers, doctors of medicine, all picked men, ample in development of brain, and marked in intellectual countenance; and yet the dinner-table could not have been painted, there was nothing artistic to invite the eye or the pencil; not only was there no color, but all lines of composition were absent; the most that could be said in favor of the coats was that they were easy to the wearers, but instead of expanding at the chest amply they were contracted by a button, while the neck was throttled; the hands, which, for literary men especially, are delicate and skilled instruments, were negligent; and the heads, the organs of thought, looked supremely indifferent to the impression made on the spectator. All this may be very much as it should be, except for the purposes of a picture. Titian would have turned away in despair, and Veronese might have left the banks of the Thames for the shores of the Adriatic. How vastly more scenic were the tables at which Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Sheridan sat! A few weeks later the writer happened to be present at an evening gathering of German artists, their wives, daughters, and friends at the "Malkasten," or "Paint-box" Club, most pleasantly located in the famous Jacoby Gardens, Düsseldorf. Here, at any rate, something pictorial might have been looked for, but the idea seemed to be to drop "the shop"; the figures that walked the bowery paths beside the babbling brooks had not assuredly stepped out from pictures, and certainly the artists ran

no risk of being mistaken for their models. The men, as in England, appeared to shun the suspicion of taste or sentiment; they affected *deshabillé*, and rejoiced in negligent disorder; in their favor it may be said that they looked as if they never gave a thought to what they put on; and yet, when the music sounded, the dirty browns of wide-awake hats struck discordantly against the pure sky of starlight. An incongruity no less harsh marred a religious procession along the banks of the Rhine at Stolzenfels: the country lasses were clad as Manchester factory-girls. The scene changes next to Cologne Cathedral, at high mass, Sunday morning. The music sounds divinely, the choir of the church rises as a canopy of color, illuminated by frescoes and tapestries, and jeweled with painted glass; but the heavenly pageant was brought down to the grossness of earth by a motley crowd, "black as Erebus." The dress, of course, had no pretense to Christian grace or comeliness, and scarcely did it affect Vanity Fair. The same evening the waters of the Rhine shone as opal in the mingled light of sunset and moonrise, and on the bridge of boats which crosses the river passed in black shadow the moving panorama of the city population, a sight abhorrent to artistic eye. The picture was absolutely colorless, and even as to light and shade the figures cut as dark silhouettes against the sky and background. Costumes, though pictorial, are costly, and the lower orders make a willing sacrifice of taste in the cause of utility, convenience, and economy; and yet what could be less costly or more comely than wreaths of the oak, the vine, and the wild convolvulus as twined by Rhine peasants round their heads? But in England and on the Continent, for the most part, the phases are alike; the lack of money and education induces cheap show, flash tinsel, and common imitations machine-made. As for the men, it is well when they care to be just clean and tidy; and as for the women, they do wisely in putting decently upon their shoulders the warm and comfortable fabrics of modern manufacture; and then as to the girls, who naturally desire to please and make an impression, we must try to excuse the tawdriness and vanity, not to say vulgarity, of untutored youth. The fact is, that from an artistic point of view the state of things is as bad as it well can be, and might seem all but hopeless. There is no desire to mend it; there is no consciousness of doing wrong. The unspoiled peasant, nature's nobility, will become extinct like the dodo, and artists already are driven to seek costume and native charm among the beauty and grandeur of mountains and valleys inaccessible to civilization.

Fashions have wandered so widely from es-

sential truths that it may not be unsalutary to revert to some of the fundamental principles to which dress should conform. On the utilitarian side of the question are the proportions of the human figure, health, sex, age, height, size, climate, season of the year, economy, ease, convenience, and decorum. And out of these actual conditions grow the more expressly art elements of beauty of form and harmony of color. As to the human figure, we unhappily all know in how many ways dress has marred and mutilated its proportions, and at the same time equal outrage has been committed on sanitary laws. Dr. Richardson delivered a lecture on dress with the purpose of showing what reforms are required in the interests of health, and some of his incidental remarks may be here fitly quoted. He appropriately premised that the character of dress stands in such close relations to the character of the person who wears it that it is hard to touch on the one without introducing the other. All kinds of sympathies are evoked by dress; political sympathies are on the most intimate relationship with it, social sympathies are indexed by it, artistic sympathies are a part of it. The lecturer did not deprecate good fashion in dress; on the contrary, he deemed it the duty of every one to cultivate good fashion, and he thought that every woman ought to make herself as becomingly beautiful as she possibly could. Good health and good fashion would always go well together. The errors of fashion in dress arise, as a rule, from the fact that the fashions are dictated and carried out by vain and ignorant persons neither skilled in art nor in the rules of health. What is wanted in the reform of dress is good fashion for both sexes in social intercourse and in every-day life. The lecturer denounced corsets, waistbands, garters, and tight shoes. The dress should be loose, and the weight of it borne by the shoulders. The argument broke down only when the doctor came to the specification of the precise reforms required. "Let the mothers of England," he said, "clothe the girls precisely as they clothe the boys, permitting knickerbockers if they like, but let them add the one distinguishing mark of a light, loose, flowing gown, and the girls will grow into women as vigorous, as healthy, and as well-formed in body as their companions of the sterner sex." But "knickerbockers" for girls surely savors full much of the "Bloomer costume," which years ago was deservedly hooted out of London by the boys in the streets.

As to a distinctive dress for the two sexes, there can be no question as to its propriety and desirableness. We find that, when Nature clothes with her own hand the nobler animals, she puts some indicative marks upon the sexes. The

flowing mane of the lion, the branching antlers of the stag, the bright head-gear and wing-trappings of many birds, distinguish with intention the male from the female. To merge the traits of sex in costume, as at present attempted, is contrary to the order of creation, to the true instincts of the human mind, and to the practice of all peoples. It is not needful to enlarge; suffice it to add that modesty planted by nature in the heart makes her presence known specially in decorous attire. Let man's dress be manly, and woman's dress womanly.

Conditions of age, good looks or otherwise, demand self-knowledge and discriminating tact and taste. The time comes when angles take the place of curves, and what shows beauty to advantage may not prove the best foil to its contrary. Certainly "a costume expressly adapted for the display of natural charms is hard upon those who never had any to begin with, or who have parted company with them some time ago. . . . And, if all ages are to dance to one tune, it should be a minuet and not a jig; and, if there is to be but one standard of garb, we are bound in duty to consider the grandmother first." A lady wise in her generation should decide unmistakably what are her points and paces, and dress accordingly; but, instead of cautiously meeting the urgency of the case, she usually acts on the pleasing but hazardous assumption that she is sister of the Graces. One art is appropriate to a Venus, another to a Dutch-built craft; and most will have occasion sometimes to call in aid the art which conceals art or veils Nature when not at her best. The present fashion of dressing close to the figure is unwise, to say the least of it; ladies may be seen every day on railway platforms in garbs which almost defy motion, struggling forward to catch a train, and displaying outlines, modelings, and movements the reverse of graceful and lovely. And like mistakes are made by men also: this season might be seen in the Düsseldorf Exhibition a gentleman who dressed in the fond belief that he combined in his own person Apollo and Hercules, and on fine afternoons he showed off his figure accordingly, to the satisfaction of himself and his admirers. But others not so highly favored by nature are prudent to call to their assistance subterfuges and disguises. Color is often a crucial trial with both sexes, and when the hair passes from auburn into pronounced red the problem to be solved becomes delicate and difficult. One expedient is to thrust into the midst of the hair a red camellia or a full-blown poppy; and thus the obnoxious color may be reduced to comparative innocence and neutrality. Other foils will suggest themselves; sometimes ladies have to contend against un-

comely complexions; and two sisters, whose hair and skin were suggestive of curry-powder or brick-dust, hit upon the daring device of dressing in hot hues of mustard and cayenne pepper; the combination was fiery and alarming, threatening spectators with ophthalmia. Nature, when she has only beauty to deal with, makes the converse arrangement; the old and new red sandstone formations are draped with green verdure, and in like manner the flower of the red geranium is thrown up by green, its complementary color. Of course, in dealing with the face and figure, each case will have to be treated according to personal exigencies.

And scarcely of less import than sex and age are the height, size, and general proportions of the figure. Tall and stumpy people can not with impunity be dressed in one pattern; the stately lady sweeping through marble halls can gracefully carry queenly robes that would crush the pretty little lady dwelling in a cottage. The present inclination is to treat dress as drapery, and to consider the one as simply utilitarian, and the other, as if of necessity, supremely artistic. The points of the figure are used as pegs whereon to hang out decorative fabrics, and possibly Sartor Resartus might stigmatize our living ladies as lay figures, and our intelligent men as stalking clothes-horses. Some dresses are for sitting or standing only, some for walking, while others reduce the free action of the figure to physical endurance. A lady making a morning call was asked to take a seat, but she begged to be excused because having on "a walking costume" she could not sit down. Yet Nature in building up the human framework had a more extended scheme, which fashion would do well not so relentlessly to thwart. As to the length of a dress, that will much depend on whether the feet are of a beauty deemed to be worth displaying; if inviting to cast a glimpse on, they will probably be permitted "like little mice to peep in and out," hence some ladies wear "gowns always short when other people's are long, and go about holding them up above the highest water-mark in fine weather." The shoulders, which call for at least as much anxious care as the feet, admit of varied decorations, as with scarf, shawl, mantilla, veil, robe, toga. "A black scarf carries an air of respect, which is in itself protection. A woman thus attired glides on her way like a small, close-reefed vessel, light and trim, seeking no encounter but prepared for one. Much, however, depends on the wearer; indeed, no article of dress is such a revealer of the character. Some women will drag it tight up to their shoulders, and stick out their elbows in defiance beneath. Such are of the independent class with strong opinions. Others let it hang loose

and listless like an idle sail, losing all the beauty of the outline—both moral and physical. Such ladies have usually no opinions at all, but none the less a very obstinate will of their own." A real lady hits by intuition the happy mean; she does not "put on a turban to drink tea with two people, or an innocent white frock for a party of two hundred"; she does not appear as a milliner popped out of a band-box, or as an artist just stepped from a picture, or as an antiquary kept usually as a curiosity under a glass case; she moves at respectful distance from the extremes of fashion, and, though society does not "know what she has on," she is not in danger of being mistaken for either Aspasia or Queen Anne. What she wears, though perchance homely, is always good; not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her; "she deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony." And the secret of her success simply consists in her "knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not."

Of all the unities in dress, that of color is the most imperative; and the whole question involves such difficulties and nice distinctions that another occasion must be sought for their solution. Often the color of the hair, of the eyes, and the complexion will strike the key-note for the dress, especially that of the head, neck, and shoulders. A blonde and brunette obviously call for diverse dispositions. And then, again, conflicts arise between bright positive colors and broken neutral hues; each system has its attendant advantages and disadvantages. A shimmering silk has been likened to a sunny shoaling sea of lovely blue playing into green, spangled with drops of dew. And minds sensitive to half shades and shadows find a fanciful suggestiveness in such transitional and gliding notes, for as "songs without words," so are colors without names. Other tastes take a more sensational turn; and of late a despairing rush has been made at the colors of the rainbow, and little girls may now be seen skipping along red as lobsters, prawns, and pillar letter-boxes. Such alarming garments might serve, like the scarlet cloaks of the old women on the Welsh coast, to frighten away the enemy. Yet unity, however violent, is at least saved from discord, and one note oft repeated seldom fails of attention. Sometimes sisters come to a family agreement as to color; three perhaps dressing in blue and two in pink; and when all five are seated in their drawing-room of blue and gold, the effect is cheerful yet not irritating. In the Dresden Gallery the eye is caught by a modern picture of

three sisters, the daughters of a townsman, all dressed in pink; and, as if the artist had not enough of the one color, he has added to the figures a pink background. When sisters sing a duet or trio, it is a commonplace remark, "How charmingly the voices of sisters blend in harmony!" and evidently a like thought led the Dresden artist to play on one key of color, not caring to accentuate a climax, but content with the repose of a dying cadence. A kindred arrangement, which at any rate has the recommendation of ease and safety, was recently carried out successfully in a large choir at a German festival. Five hundred girls all wore varying tones of blue and turquoise greens, passing into bluish whites as the high lights. Under such a disposition, of course, the harmonies could hardly be broken by discords, and the collective pictorial effect was comparable to a bank of spring or summer flowers, the faces of pearl and rose with the brown and the gold of the hair rising in brilliant relief, as from calyxes or leaves of shadowy green. When the choruses of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" sounded, fancy might recall the singers and minstrels placed by the Italian painters in the upper sky—so great is the glory of color and sound in unison.

The revolutions in dress within modern times, which avowedly are momentous, have in some measure corresponded to the changes from hand-labor to steam-power, and from stage-coach traveling to railway transit. Man, as the bread-winner, is like a wheel or axle, part of the general social machinery, and in dress shows himself as perfect a piece of unadorned utility as a steam-engine. Yet some of the attendant consequences are not inartistic. Manufacturing firms find the use and the profit of beauty, and in matters of dress they improve fashion by producing at reasonable cost good designs, often adaptations from antique work; and thus, as in cheap literature by means of printing, the best ideas of our ancestors are brought into the possession of the multitude. And the higher classes, who can indulge in costly tastes, have the choice of rich materials, which fall into graceful folds and clothe the figure in lines and masses that compose harmoniously as drapery posed for a sculptor. Never, perhaps, has there been better opportunity for dressing artistically than at the present moment, whether as to quality of material, beauty of design, or variety of color; and many ladies cultivate the commendable habit of drawing and composing their own costumes, and thus personal guarantee is given that the dress they wear reflects their characters and expresses their ideas of the true, the beautiful, and the good. For the laboring and lower classes the actual state of things is scarcely so favorable. The honest en-

deavor to make in expenditure the two ends meet is combined with the ambition to be smart and to dress as the upper classes; and thus recourse is had to cheap and flimsy materials, to base imitations and gaudy colors. And such flash displays are the more to be regretted, because the once quiet and respectable appearance of the lower and middle classes is fast becoming a thing of the past. And in very deed the motley crowds in the streets of our great cities on bank and other holidays present a melancholy spectacle. And the outward demonstrations are censurable because, with the same or less outlay, by the choice of forms and colors in simple, unobtrusive harmony, the peoples of our towns and country might make an appearance befitting allegiance to the laws of nature and of God. On all sides and in all conditions of life do we see abundant signs of how, with taste, it is easy to keep right, while without taste to go wrong is certain.

It were almost impossible to make too much of the reforms which in recent years have arisen from the practice among artists of designing fashions for themselves. And amateurs there are so thoroughgoing that, holding in contempt the anachronisms of former days, which permitted the placing of a classic portico before a Gothic structure, begin at the very beginning by building a house in some approved English style, and then proceed to decorate and furnish the rooms in accord, and as a finishing stroke dress the household to the same pattern. And the question now asked is, not whether a gown will wear and wash, but whether it will paint. All this is much as it should be, and, indeed, always has been, in the best and truest art periods, for dress is but part of a greater whole—a means and a medium whereby man and woman are brought into harmony with the surroundings of life and of nature. Yet it may be feared that matters are being pushed rather far; there has grown up what may be called "pre-Raphaelitism in dress"—a mediævalism which, transmuting forms and colors alike, eschews classic and renaissance harmonies, and affects Gothic angles and scraggs. And when the figure happens to be bony or a little ancient the effect is a sight indeed, yet by securing notoriety it may serve to save the wearer from oblivion. In contrast are a few who recline gracefully in long, sinuous robes and pose themselves statuesquely. In other cases, draperies having taken the place of dress, they are pitchforked on the back anyhow, and the figure is reduced to a mass of material. At other times, the wish to bring the whole household into harmony induces a lady to appear in the pattern of a wall-paper, or to match her dress with the cups and saucers on the tea-table. Others, again,

of a more dissipated turn, make a random dash at harlequins, and cut up their persons into patches, each apart to be admired and wondered at for wealth of material. The Bohemian lives of some artists—seldom in the first rank—naturally pass from manners to costumes; "tall talk" finds its replica in "loud dress," and, wishing good-by to the "senatorial dignity" applauded by Reynolds in the portraits by Titian, such circles in a free-and-easy way fall into sloppy, negligent attire—the garb of genius, doubtless, especially when in a garret! The bandits in the landscapes of Salvator Rosa are of the same company. The general impression produced by such æsthetic phases of life is that of a perpetual picnic, or of a continuous fancy ball, or of a ubiquitous sketching party. It is a pity pre-Raphaelites and others can not take as models for dress the saints as they appear in early Italian pictures.

A gentleman said to a friend, "I like to dress as if I were going to have my portrait painted, or as if I were about to meet the lady who might be my wife." And the requirements of distinguished portrait-painters, such as Holbein, Vandyke, and Reynolds, are no bad criterions of the costumes most becoming. The great artists select, and then improve on, what is best and therefore most enduring in the dress of the period, and by affixing their sign-manual establish patterns and precedents good for all time; while inferior limners, such as Lely and Kneller, pandering to vanity, paint what passes away. Holbein seems to have held that "fifty years and upward was the only sensible time of a woman's life, and those who had the misfortune to be younger must make the best of it." With Vandyke came in "the airy, ringlety style of coiffure; it did well for faces like trim little villas, which may be overgrown with creepers or overhung with willows; but fine features, like fine mansions, want space around them, and least of all can the smooth expanse of the forehead be spared." The next epoch is adorned by Reynolds, who, "like Holbein and Vandyke, put his stamp upon the times, or, rather, as a true artist and philosopher, took the aggregate impression which the times gave"; and "for the most part we go through a gallery of his portraits with feelings of intense satisfaction that there should have been a race of women who could dress so decorously, so intellectually, and, withal, so becomingly." But one fallacy in dressing in everyday life as for a portrait is, that a lady can not always command the same curtains and tapestries as a background; and thus, when she next graces an evening assembly, the pink of her perfection may prove wholly out of place.

There is no surer sign of birth and breeding than in the form, movement, and keeping of the

hands, and as in life so in art, here is the test of taste and skill. The hands, of course, as the head, need a set-off, and the wrists invite, like the neck, to ornament, such as cuffs or bracelets. Specially demanded is freedom for the turn of wrist, the play of the fingers, and the action of the forearm. The hand is an instrument of expression, and it should be made to speak. The hand must use the same language as the head; the two are in mutual accord and coöperation, and the accessories of dress should but enhance nature's gifts of intellect and beauty.

So dress has to carry out the general design

of nature: of character, nature sketches the outline; it is for art to complete the picture. Beauty of form, concord in composition, harmony in color, constitute the perfect painting, and a figure will be faultless in draping when brought into like agreement. Nature loves law and order, lays her foundation in simplicity, and builds in beauty. So dress has to accord with the ways and works of nature, for: "behold the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these."

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON (*Good Words*).

POLITICAL SOMNAMBULISM.

ARE not nations liable to an infirmity analogous to somnambulism? Are they not often seen walking confidently, or even rushing along eagerly, with their eyes shut—that is, not prepared by any kind of political education to see what is before them, or against what objects they may bruise themselves? The question might be asked at any time, but it is particularly seasonable at a moment when the nation seems unusually confident and ready for rapid motion.

Democratic states are especially liable to this infirmity, and of democratic states especially those which are in the first stages of democracy. Where the government is in the hands of a class there are other dangers, but there is not this particular danger of public action being taken wholly without due knowledge or consideration. Even a democracy, if you give it time, may perhaps learn caution, or educate itself politically. But a state where the democracy is young and sanguine, and where no one is taught politics, is a somnambulist state, and, if it has at all a difficult road to travel, is exposed to the greatest dangers. Do not these conditions meet in England at the present time?

Assuredly the spirit of innovation was never at any former time so utterly unrestrained. Reformers now—and we are all reformers—have ceased to admit that any institutions are too fundamental to be touched. The time was when all the greater questions were closed for Englishmen by the happiness of an exceptional position which made it unnecessary for us to discuss them. We had a perfect constitution both in state and Church; the kingdoms might rage and the people be moved; we were sheltered from all such agitations. But now insensibly we have drifted into other latitudes; we seem now quite

prepared to raise, even without necessity, the very questions which our ancestors considered it the great masterpiece to suppress. Do we trust to our national genius for politics? I hope not. I like to hear foreigners speak of this genius, but I do not like to hear English people congratulate themselves upon it. How many exceptional advantages have we enjoyed! How little have we been exposed to the particular trials which have impeded the progress of Continental countries! When we consider this, we may well doubt whether we have any right to set down our prosperity to any peculiar wisdom of our own. Besides this, the political talent, which undoubtedly appears in some pages of English history, was the talent of our old governing classes. They acquired it by long practice in government, and by many mistakes which English history records not less plainly. What reason have we to suppose that the new governing classes have any such talent? To judge by the last two general elections, they are beginning their politics, as might be expected, at the beginning. If they have the talent it remains to be developed, and it will be developed probably in the usual manner, by monstrous mistakes committed, and great calamities suffered in consequence. Their advent to power is already marked by the total disappearance of all the old political maxims which embodied the wisdom of their predecessors. All those misconceptions of the nature and objects of government which we used to ridicule in the French, and hold ourselves superior to, are now taken for granted, as if they had never been questioned, and assumed as incontrovertible axioms in the popular discussion of the day. We have been suddenly converted to all the fallacies we used to take a pride in detecting.

All the ideology, all the "metapolitics," to use the expression of my friend Stein, the inveterate confusion between politics and philosophy, or between politics and religion—all this has now become naturalized in England. And, indeed, how could it be otherwise? Those mistakes are inevitably made by beginners in politics, and we have transferred the control of affairs into the hands of beginners.

Nominally, indeed, we have all admitted that the newly enfranchised classes ought to receive some sort of education to prepare them for their political functions. And yet nothing has been done for this object. We seem to have set our minds at rest by one of the worst of those rhetorical sophistries by which we drug ourselves, the sophistry of speaking of the suffrage as being itself an education. The suffrage, I maintain, is no education at all; it has no tendency whatever to make people wiser. Conferred on those who are entirely untutored, it can do nothing but develop and give substance to error and misconception. *Ex stultis insanos facit.* Education is no such easy popular process. It does not consist simply in drawing attention to a subject, but involves discipline, the detection of mistakes, continuous effort and personal responsibility on the part of the learner.

But it is not only in the newly enfranchised classes that this novel political tone may be observed. Almost as much metapolitics may now be detected in the political discussion of the middle classes. In the newest phase of fashion all political questions are dispatched summarily—alike in drawing-rooms and at workingmen's clubs—by direct deduction from the vaguest general propositions, precisely as in the most primitive periods of science. Neither the workingmen nor those new-fledged politicians, the ladies, and scarcely, it seems to me, university-bred men themselves, admit or conceive either that there is any difficulty in these questions or any great danger of misapprehending them, and still less that they absolutely require careful study. We have caught the tone of the Parisian *salons* of the last days of the old *régime*, when ladies and gentlemen settled, without the least misgiving, and without a suspicion that they might not have immediately at hand all the materials for forming a decision, the most momentous questions, when, as M. Taine says, "the questions of the existence of God and of the immortality of the soul came in with the coffee!"

I confess I hardly understand what view is taken by those politicians who nowadays seem eager to put all the largest, most momentous, and most difficult questions before the people for an immediate decision. Do they suppose the people to be inspired? Or perhaps that they

have a simple common sense which in the most intricate questions unerringly finds the right conclusion? This is almost the infatuation of Robespierre. It brings to mind his famous *dictum*, "Let us begin by laying it down that the people are good, but that its delegates are corruptible!"

I often think of a remark I once heard made by a workingman at a club; it rises to my mind whenever I want a measure of the competence of the great mass of workmen to judge of large national questions. It was at an early stage of the great Eastern controversy, and he settled the question of our relations with Russia in this way: "I do not know how you feel," he said, turning to the audience of workmen, "and I do not know how it is, but, whenever I hear the Russians mentioned, I feel the blood tingling all over me." He spoke as if he thought this instinctive feeling might be fairly taken as an intimation of the proper steps to be taken, and, when I expressed alarm and horror at such a mode of handling the question, I thought I could observe that many among the audience were surprised at the impression it had made on me. But I carried away a conception I never had before of the utter childishness with respect to great public matters not immediately affecting themselves in which vast multitudes of people live. It will be answered that the working-classes respond with remarkable enthusiasm to any appeal made to their moral feelings. No doubt their minds are in a fallow state, and will yield any crop easily. That very man, who could not bear to hear the Russians mentioned, has, I dare say, since given his voice just as eagerly in their favor. But there is little comfort in this reflection. Without information, still more without a just way of conceiving political questions, they are just as likely to vote wrong when their good feelings are roused as when they are under the dominion of their animal instincts.

The notion seems widely spread that in politics good feelings and good intentions are the main thing, and almost the only thing; that if a people once has these, it will go right in the main, as if the difference between good politics and bad politics were, as Mr. Bright seems to hold, almost entirely moral and scarcely at all intellectual. And yet one of the principal lessons of recent history is the infinite deceivableness of the generous, impulsive, popular mind. No one questions the generous ardor of 1789, or that, when the Revolution entered upon its career of unprincipled conquest, many Frenchmen really thought they were setting free and benefiting the countries they overran; no one doubts the sincerity of that worship of Napoleon to which Béranger gave expression. The people had good intentions, but Napoleon was clever enough to

deceive them. And so, when thirty years later universal suffrage was given to that nation, when for the first time the voice of the French people was really heard, it called Louis Napoleon to the head of affairs, and established a system of which we have seen the results. These are instances of what I call somnambulism; they show the essential importance of a real knowledge of surrounding realities, of open eyes, and of a clear sight of the road along which the nation must walk, and the total insufficiency in politics of mere good intentions.

It is indeed hard, nay, impossible, for a whole people to have such real knowledge. The masses, as a matter of course, have not leisure to acquire even the information, and still less the just way of thinking, which are necessary for a sound political judgment. What they might in some degree acquire is, as I have said, the knowledge that there is such a knowledge, the distrust of their own instincts, of their higher as well as their lower instincts, the distrust of empty rhetoric, and the power of discerning in others that political judgment they can scarcely have themselves.

But perhaps some considerable time will yet pass before the working-classes take full possession of their power. In the mean while everything still depends on the middle class, in which are included most of the best educated men in the country. This class has hitherto shown prudence, and has even been renowned in the world for political sense and tact. But the conditions are greatly changed when radicalism becomes for the first time triumphant, and takes up its position as, in some sort, the dominant practical creed. That this should happen at last was not at all surprising. In an age which has witnessed so much successful innovation, such a renewing of machinery in every department but politics, the hour was certain to arrive when people would think without too much anxiety of sending the old English Constitution after the old stage-coach and the old "wooden walls." But the enterprise of renewing English institutions, though possibly feasible, is certainly serious and hazardous. It will tax political ability infinitely more than the modest task, to which we have hitherto confined ourselves, of altering an old house where it seemed to need repair. That asks only good sense and good temper, but widely different qualities are needed by those who would handle fundamental questions. Hitherto we have held it unsafe even to open such questions, and surely it is unsafe unless we duly prepare ourselves to deal with them. A rough, common-sense knowledge of politics might suffice for the old system, but radicalism aims higher. Radicalism, as a dominant system, presumes the existence of a

large class of people systematically trained in political science.

Has England this class? We seem to mistake the habit of busying ourselves with practical politics for a taste for political science. But it is surprising how little connection there is between the two things, and what confused notions of politics many men have who pass their whole lives in practical political business. "We are not political philosophers," wrote Mr. Gladstone, not long ago. This is, indeed, a fact of which we often boast. In an age of radicalism the boast can not too soon become obsolete, for radical politics are not safe except in the hands of political philosophers.

The truth is that, till quite lately, the highest education given in England left a man almost entirely without political instruction. It was much if the study of Thucydides or Aristotle's "Politics" imparted to him the knowledge that there was a higher and serener sort of political science than that expounded by Whig and Tory newspapers. We used to assert, indeed, that our classical system afforded an excellent introduction to political studies. This might be true, but it was an introduction which came too late. Thucydides and Aristotle might have done much if they had been closely followed by a host of modern writers on politics, and if the study of Athens and Rome had been followed by a study equally serious of modern England, France, and Germany. As it was, while a few men, who had exceptional opportunities, followed up the hints their classical education had given them, and became instructed politicians, the great majority closed their political studies when they closed their Aristotle, and never afterward succeeded in bringing together in their minds the chaos of English party politics and the few germs of political science which they had picked up at the university. Improvements have now been introduced, but it remains in the main true that the influence of science, of the school, is *nil* in English politics. What Englishmen know of politics they have picked up in various ways, but there is one way in which they have not acquired it—they have not been taught it.

Now, large changes must be made on large principles, and such large principles are the last thing which the English mind excogitates for itself. The helplessness of the general English intellect on this side has often been remarked. When it is in want of a principle, it snatches at any general proposition which sounds a little impressive, a little solemn, and applies it peremptorily, with slight regard either to its truth or to its pertinence. It is all the more a slave to empty generalities when it listens to them at all, because it listens to them so seldom, and is so slow in

originating them. The moment is very critical when such a nation as this enters for the first time on the path of speculative politics.

Radicalism, considered as a ruling creed, is too new among us to have been sufficiently criticised. It has risen to the head of affairs almost before people have done denying it to be serious. Now that the nation has suddenly adopted its fundamental principle, there is some danger of its whole programme being accepted *en bloc*. But, after having made good its case against the negative criticism of the ancient parties, it ought to go before the discriminating criticism of science. Granted that our politics ought not to be bound eternally by precedent, granted that there are principles in politics—still principles are of two kinds, true and false. Advanced thinkers may not be, as they used to be considered, necessarily unpractical, still the question remains whether they have been advancing in the right direction or in the wrong one. And when we consider how raw we are, as a nation, in political speculation, how capable in our innocence of adopting, one after another, all the false systems that ever were exploded, we ought surely to be much on our guard against the schemes of innovation that are now proposed to us as founded on philosophical principles, or as required by the spirit of the age. On such schemes skepticism has not yet done half its work. It remains to be decided whether those philosophical principles are more solid than a hundred metaphysical systems which have been forgotten after a brief day of popularity.

What criticism do we apply to these schemes? Are we satisfied with our system of a succession of popular party speeches followed by a general election? Do not those two miracles of popular will, the elections of 1874 and 1880, excite a certain misgiving in our minds? If, indeed, all political questions are level to the meanest capacity, if the plausible view in politics is always the true view, then our system leaves nothing to be desired. But, if the obvious conclusion drawn from a small number of obvious facts is sometimes misleading, then nothing can be more futile than these great popular decisions, which never even profess to look below the surface. How would it fare with the best ascertained truths of science if they underwent such an ordeal? Many of these are flatly opposed to all ordinary or popular impressions, some of them actually to what is called the evidence of the senses. Imagine how the great voice of the people would pronounce on the question whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth! Imagine the contempt and ridicule and moral indignation which would overwhelm the party which should maintain the true opinion! They would never

hold up their heads again. It would be said that they had always secretly despised the people, that they had too long successfully hoodwinked them; but that now at length they had gone too far, now at last they had unmasked themselves, and for the future the nation would know what to think of them!

The unsoundness of some of the ideas which pass among us for advanced may be illustrated by a conspicuous example, which it will be worth while to consider at some length.

It is easy to remark that men's views of politics vary with their views of history. We guide ourselves in the larger political questions by great historical precedents. In the last generation men were made conservatives more by the single fact that the French Revolution led to the Reign of Terror than by all the reasoning in the world. In these days men take up the cause of democracy, not so much on abstract reasoning as because they think they see that democracy succeeds in America, or because France, in spite of her misfortunes, is still immensely rich and prosperous. Sometimes these historical arguments are quite far-fetched, and yet produce a great effect. What a multitude of educated men were led to democratic views by Mr. Grote's animated picture of the glories of the Athenian democracy! It must be confessed that it requires much research to form a trustworthy estimate of these great historical phenomena. But people think they are practically safe if they look only to broad historical results. They fancy that, though historians may differ about small details, the large outlines are clear of all doubt, and so the practical moral of history may be easily drawn. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more erroneous than this view. It is the large outlines which are most easily falsified, and which party historians have most interest in falsifying. To falsify a fact is comparatively difficult, but the meaning or character of a fact can easily be misstated. It costs a skillful party historian only the turn of a phrase, and the greatest event in the world—the Reformation or the Revolution—is turned upside down, and made to yield a lesson directly opposite to that which it really teaches.

Now, the educated class in England does not study modern history. They will read it with pleasure—English history if it is at all attractively written, Continental history if it is written very attractively. But they read it in the easy-chair, and only care to remember what amuses them. And yet their political opinions are very materially influenced by this luxurious reading. Since Macaulay wrote, no opinion but his about the Revolution of 1688 has had any currency in England. Was this because he proved his points? Not at all. His partiality on many

points was clearly perceived. It was in fact generally agreed that he was a party historian. But that made no difference. His views were universally adopted for the simple reason that his book was amusing, and that to test his statements in detail cost too much trouble. And there can be no doubt that this universal adoption of a particular view of that revolution produced the strongest effect upon the politics of the day.

Now, it so happens that modern radicalism has not yet written its history of England. If a great radical writer of the caliber of Grote or Mill had gone over those critical events of English history upon our view of which our political opinions mainly depend, the revolutions of the seventeenth century, or the great war with revolutionary France, it is impossible to say what an effect might have been produced. But this was not done, and, in the absence of a Grote, modern Radicals seem in general to fall back upon Mr. Carlyle. In recent debates radicalism seemed to be trying to express itself by praises of Cromwell in the tone of Mr. Carlyle, particularly—where the praise of Cromwell came in very strangely—in the attack on the proposed statue of the Prince Imperial. The author of "Shooting Niagara" is, to be sure, hardly a Radical, but, in default of a better historical representative of their views, the party seem to make the best of Mr. Carlyle, as being at least neither Tory nor Whig.

Now, the fact that the Radical party are inclined to adopt Cromwell for a hero is one which, as the French say, *fait rêver*. It shows how prone we are to assume that in politics all who think must be substantially agreed, and can not differ among themselves, but differ only from those who from prejudice refuse to think. Only on this supposition could Mr. Carlyle be an oracle to the Democratic party, when he has all along opposed democracy. According to him, nothing can be more false than to suppose that government can be well conducted by an assembly, nothing can be more contemptible than what is called the popular will, and even liberty itself is a chimera. According to him aristocracy, monarchy, and, in a sense, priesthood, are substantially good and necessary things, which need rather to be revived than to be abolished. The Radical party does not seem in the least inclined to listen to this teaching, which is, indeed, more opposed to their views than Toryism or Whiggism. Why, then, do they listen with favor to Mr. Carlyle's historical teaching? Assuredly the merit of Mr. Carlyle as a political preacher is far more unquestionable than his merit as an historian. And yet in most cases it will be found that the modern Radical adopts as a matter of course

the Carlylean view of our civil wars, holding that the Restoration was a great calamity and an act of moral apostasy on the part of the nation, and that Cromwell was the inspired hero who, surpassing all the half-hearted Pym and Hampdens of the rebellion, showed England the true path she ought to have pursued. How can this be, except, as I said, because people can imagine a prejudiced and false view, or an unprejudiced and true view, of English history, but are quite incapable of conceiving a view unprejudiced and yet false? It seems never to occur to them that a writer may study the Great Rebellion and similar events with a mind perfectly clear from old constitutional (Whig or Tory) preconceptions, and yet take a wholly mistaken view of it, because, though he has a philosophy, his philosophy is false.

Is it, then, so easy to understand history, if only conservative prejudice be resisted? We blame the French for allowing the story of Napoleon to be turned into a lying legend which by its fascination has misled them into the gravest practical errors. Here plainly it was not prejudice, but the fascination of rhetoric and poetry, that perverted history. But are we not as frivolous as the French in this matter? When we abandoned the old constitutional view of Cromwell for that of Mr. Carlyle, we may possibly have shaken off some prejudice, but it certainly was not to philosophy but to poetry, not to better instruction but to richer amusement, that we sacrificed our prejudices.

History is liable to a peculiar corruption when it falls into the hands of purely literary men, a corruption the seriousness of which is seldom perceived. The men and the deeds which suit the purposes of the literary man writing history are wholly different from those which attract the historian proper. The best statesmanship, the most successful politics, make dull reading, and what charms the imagination in history is precisely that which, considered as politics, is worst. Thus Mr. Hamerton tells us that French society "round his house" can not be induced to take any interest in English politics, because of their tameness and uniformity. In other words, because in England we avoid revolutions and civil wars, which is precisely what it were desirable that the French should learn to do, for that very reason they can see nothing to interest them in our affairs! This paradox is very important when we are considering the effect of history on political opinions in a country where history is not studied seriously. In England we change our opinions according to the amusing books on history which happen to appear. We read modern history only on the strict condition that it shall be amusing. As a natural consequence, it

falls into the hands of purely literary men. But such writers, in looking about for material, will not be attracted by those parts of history which afford instruction; for nothing is duller than political instruction; they will look about for exciting events, for wars and revolutions. And therefore in such a country the heroes of wars and revolutions must steadily rise in reputation.

Some time ago I expressed my opinion that Macaulay's "History" has introduced a period of decline in that department of historical literature which deals with recent periods. It has driven out, I maintained, the true and high conception of history and replaced it by a false, vulgar, and popular conception. Now, the corrupt fashion then introduced, which assumed that genius is shown in history solely by vivid, picturesque language, and that investigation, criticism, and historical philosophy, are mere humdrum in which no genius can possibly be shown; that, in short, an historian is simply a brilliant narrator, and not rather an investigator and a discoverer—this corrupt fashion essentially consisted in the historian proper being superseded by the literary man writing history. Since the time when Macaulay, who might so well have claimed the former title, elected to appear in the latter part, it is surprising to notice to what a length the notion has since been carried that any lively *littérateur* may write history. Mr. Bayard Taylor tells us that Thackeray showed him the materials he had collected for a history of Queen Anne, and told him that he felt sure he should *succeed*. So that we might have had the happiness of reading a history of England by the author of "Vanity Fair"! And the author of "Vanity Fair" would have done us less harm than Lamartine and Victor Hugo have done to our neighbors.

I urged at the same time that the secret cause of this corruption is the absence of any sufficiently organized school of modern history, whether at the universities or elsewhere. The historian finds himself writing, not—as every writer aiming at science should write—for the students in his own department of learning, who alone are at all qualified to understand or to judge him, but for the general public. He thus naturally becomes demoralized. To this cause is to be added the immense demand for books of history for the young. Every schoolmaster asks me what ought to be done to induce boys to read history. To which my answer is, "Anything or everything may be done except to spoil history itself in the hope of making it readable." At all times literature needs to be protected from the insidious influence of youth and of the family, which, in any department where the demand of mature men is slack, draws it gradually down into a lower sphere.

"*Immer für Weiber und Kinder!*" writes Goethe, "*ich dachte man schriebe für Männer.*" But the English literature of the last generation has suffered in an especial degree from this cause. Macaulay let loose the plague upon modern history with peculiar effect, just because he was a writer of such grave and high pretensions. He was the literary man writing history under the most imposing disguise of the historian proper.

Mr. Carlyle wore no such disguise. He was a literary historian pure and simple, who had studied in the school neither of practical nor theoretical politics, but in that of German aesthetics and literature in the most dreamy period of Germany. I should be sorry to speak of him in language which should hurt his warmest admirers. I admire as much as others this striking reappearance of the Hebrew prophet in the modern world. No mere echo or literary imitation of Hebrew prophecy, but the thing itself; the faculty of seeing moral evils which others are too drowsy to see, and of seeing them as distinctly as if they were material objects, the sublime impatience, the overwhelming denunciation, in fact, ancient prophecy revived and effective as of old; this is what I see in his best writings, in "Past and Present" and some of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets." The case is different when he appears as an historian, for it is questionable whether a prophet ought to write history. But yet, up to a certain point, I can cordially admire his histories. We are to consider that, like his prophecies, they had an immediate practical object. They were not intended to conform to any ideal standard; they were prophecies on a larger scale, intended to awaken drowsy minds to a sense of the greatness of God's judgments and the inexorableness of the laws by which he governs the modern world, as he governed the ancient. Considered thus, they are wonderful works, and we know that in some conspicuous instances they attained their end: they did awaken, and to good purpose, the slumbering historic sense. Of these three prophetic histories, that of the French Revolution is, in my opinion, much the most successful, and for this reason, that the subject is best suited to the prophetic mode of treatment. The prophet is out of his element when he has no practical object. Mr. Carlyle has, in my opinion, no real talent for reviving distant times, such as that of Cromwell; if he sometimes makes the past seem to live, it is only with a galvanic and unnatural life which belongs really to the present. But the French Revolution may fairly be said to belong to the present, and then its awfulness and the impressiveness of the punishment which it inflicted on the frivolity of the old French aristocracy make it a most legitimate subject for the

apocalyptic method. I value also, both in this book and in the "Life of Friedrich," the first serious attempt that has been made to break through the trance of insularity which seals up the English mind. Here, for once, an Englishman has honestly tried to understand the Continental world! I do not, for my part, think that Frederick really was such a person as Mr. Carlyle supposes, nor do I think that Mr. Carlyle has drawn the true moral from his career. But, at any rate, he has not spared labor. If he has scarcely succeeded, the fault is to be laid not on any insular want of sympathy, but simply on that prophetic cast of mind which does not know how to investigate, and can not see at all except where it sees intensely and instinctively. He has, at any rate, repaired the mischief which had been done by Macaulay's "Essay on Frederick the Great," which to this day is cited with contempt by every German writer who wishes to gibe at English conceit and ignorance of the Continent.

But the merit of all these books alike is simply in the art of representation, and this art is only good on the supposition that the reader is dull, or has never acquired a taste for history. For it consists, after all, simply in enormous exaggeration, and is therefore quite as repulsive to the serious historical student as it is attractive to the beginner in history. Even where, as in "The History of the French Revolution," Mr. Carlyle has not, perhaps, seriously perverted the truth, I can not think that the practiced reader of history can regard his work but with impatience and complete dissatisfaction. To such a reader all the prophecy is mere verbiage, for it announces what he is in no danger of overlooking, so that all the emphasis and all the reiteration fall flat upon his ear, and seem as out of date as the inspiration of the Koran. Meanwhile he perceives that the prophet's whole attention has been exhausted upon the mere *scenery* of the event, that his insight into its nature and causes is not great, and, in particular, that he has discovered nothing. No such reader could ever learn much from Mr. Carlyle, even when his work first appeared, and even considered as a work for beginners, I fear that this book, if it has an awakening influence upon some, has a confusing effect for others. The glare of those pictures draws off the eye from that which most deserves to be contemplated; a biographical interest is substituted for an historic one; and I notice that, in spite of the great number of Englishmen who have read it with eager interest, no tolerably clear understanding of the French Revolution is commonly to be found in England.

But the worst is that Mr. Carlyle usually produces his effects at the expense of truth. I do not mean to charge him with misstating facts.

He is, no doubt, as careful about correctness, particularly in costume, as a modern stage-manager, but in greater matters, particularly in the greatest of all, in his estimate of great events and characters, he seems to me entirely astray. I regard him as the principal representative of that false tendency in history which Macaulay made fashionable, the tendency to substitute a literary for a political estimate. He makes no secret of this tendency, but everywhere avows it as if he were introducing a reform and not a new abuse. And yet, as I have said, this literary estimate positively turns history upside down. It teaches us to admire in the past whatever we most disapprove in the present—bloody catastrophes, desperate policies, revolutions. Nothing can exceed the simplicity with which Mr. Carlyle avows that he takes no interest in any wise, successful statesman who has brought happiness to his country, and that he feels no admiration for such a character. In his "Essay on Mirabeau" he ridicules the English public for continuing to repeat the names of Pitt and Fox when heroes like the leaders of the French Revolution were soliciting their homage. Of these leaders he selects three, Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon, whom he is prepared to maintain to be characters of an altogether higher order than Pitt and Fox. Now, on what ground? Evidently because of the terrible events with which they were mixed up. Mr. Carlyle means to say that stormy scenes in the Tennis Court or in the Paris streets, September massacres, battles of Austerlitz, excite his imagination, while regency debates and the like put him to sleep. So feels, no doubt, the literary man in search of a subject. It is little to say that the historian proper judges differently. He *reverses* the judgment. To him the enormous disquiet of France is the strongest presumptive evidence against the revolutionary statesmen, and the comparative tranquillity of England the best proof of the merit of Pitt and Fox.

These general observations upon Mr. Carlyle as an historian have been intended to lead to some remarks on his famous achievement, the rehabilitation of Cromwell. We know what was the old constitutional view of the Great Rebellion; on one side of politics there was of course total disapproval, on the other side vindication and admiration, but most carefully qualified. Hallam, the Whig, qualifies his approbation of Pym and Hampden so far as to hint that even at the beginning of the civil war their case was already a bad one. As for the military party, which in the course of 1648 became predominant with Cromwell at its head, he condemns them altogether, and his estimate of Cromwell is singularly severe, though he does justice to his ability. Hallam may be taken to represent the purely politi-

cal view. In Macaulay the tone taken is a degree more literary. He avoids, apparently with intention, giving any deliberate estimate of Cromwell, but is always warmer and more eloquent than Hallam in speaking of his achievements.

Now comes Mr. Carlyle with the purely literary view. He tells us that he has sincerely tried to admire the Pym and the Hampdens, but at the bottom "he has found that it would not do." Of course not; we are quite prepared to hear that Cromwell seems to him as much superior to Pym and Hampden as Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon to Pitt and Fox. For he is thinking of the subject purely as a literary man, and he sees that from a literary point of view there can be no comparison between the hero of Naseby and Dunbar and two civilians, even though those two civilians did set on foot a civil war. Accordingly, he throws aside entirely the received opinion, and sets up the military party, rejected before by Whigs and Tories alike, for our admiration. In the midst of this military party, like Charlemagne among his peers or Napoleon among his marshals, stands Cromwell, set high above all the statesmen of the rebellion, and indeed high above all English statesmen, as a genius of the same order in politics as Shakespeare in literature.

It might have seemed impossible that the public should approve such a total subversion of all received views on a question which is fundamental in English politics, at least without the most careful examination. For, if Mr. Carlyle is right, England has been on the wrong path for two hundred years, since it may be said that our politics ever since have been based upon the principle that the Great Rebellion was a mistake, and have consisted principally in expedients for avoiding the recurrence of such mistakes. It is needless to say that it does not cost Mr. Carlyle anything to affirm that England has been on the wrong path for two hundred years. As a prophet, he would not be at his ease if he had a thesis less enormous to support. For a prophet is nothing unless he is alone against the world, surrounded with mocking and wondering faces, and therefore, when a prophet makes the mistake of writing history, he must needs begin by reversing all received opinions. As a matter of course, therefore, Mr. Carlyle must maintain that the Restoration, which is the starting-point of modern English politics, was not only a mistake, but a great act of national apostasy, and that the system which has grown out of it, though it has given us a remarkable and long-continued prosperity, and though it has been imitated in other European countries as almost an ideal system, is a contemptible and impious sham, which has brought England to the depths of moral ignominy. This was a matter of course, and it was

also natural that he should not support the position by argument—that would be unworthy of a prophet—but simply by violent assertion, reiteration, and denunciation. What seems less intelligible is that by such methods he should succeed. And yet I think he has succeeded. His opinion is now adopted, or rather taken for granted, by all those who would not be thought reactionary. If you are not an old-world Tory, admiring Charles I, and thinking the opposition to him impious, it seems now a matter of course that you admire Cromwell, detest the Restoration, and sneer at the Revolution as a half-hearted compromise.

This may seem strange, and yet after all it is not strange when we consider that the public does not regard history seriously. For Mr. Carlyle's book really *was* amusing, and what would you have more? Here is a book that can be read. What a relief, after those dreary constitutional tomes, to come upon a book glowing with all the hues of poetry! On one page it is sublime, and then on the next, or even on the same page, it is so exquisitely odd and funny!—you would say the prophet Isaiah writing for "Punch." How natural, then, that we should give up our old opinions about the Great Rebellion, pronounce Cromwell an ideal hero-king, execrate the Restoration, and sneer at the Revolution! It was inevitable when we consider it. Other causes, no doubt, coöperated. There were the instincts which have led the French to deify Napoleon, unavowed, no doubt, but still powerful, and which we did not think it unsafe to indulge in the case of Cromwell, because *his* battles were gained in the cause of religion. Then there was the pleasure which the whole religious world felt when they learned that a religious man, who had so long been despised as a hypocrite, was really one of the greatest and wisest statesmen of history. Then, again, many literary men felt it a relief to see a fine subject rescued out of the hands of lawyers and politicians, and ready to be clothed in the diction of romance and poetry. And, lastly, radicalism wanted its theory of the Rebellion, and by means of that strange foreign fancy, that military imperialism has a certain affinity with liberty, managed to hit it off with Cromwell, and with an historian who never conceals the contempt he feels for liberty.

I do not complain of Mr. Carlyle for treating Cromwell's life in a new way. There was in truth great need that this should be done. That a man of such striking and strongly marked character should be, as it were, tabooed by history, that writers should be afraid to speak at large about him, that he should never be mentioned except in the tone of invective, or of timid apology, this was ridiculous. He had a right to

a biography which should be heartily sympathetic.

Nor do I complain of Mr. Carlyle for defending Cromwell's religious sincerity, nor yet for asserting him to have been an honest, well-intentioned, as well as an able man. Historians have ordinarily spoken far too much of crime, and far too little of mistake. In such a confused age as Cromwell's, in such an abeyance of all ordinary political rules, when decisions had to be taken suddenly and often in the dark, a man of excellent intentions may find himself in a very questionable position, and all the more easily if he has the kind of prompt, daring character which most insures immediate success. The quickest runner, once on the wrong road, will go farthest astray. When Cromwell began to take the lead, the all-important decision had been already taken. Civil war had been entered on. If this decision was wrong, Cromwell was from the beginning on the wrong road. It is easy for historians in a quiet time to criticise and condemn the daring deeds of a great man thus hopelessly entangled; but there is something to my mind pharisaical in the "high tone of morality" which such historians pride themselves on preserving. I therefore go heartily with Mr. Carlyle when he discards the carping, fault-finding, moralizing tone of former writers on Cromwell, and am quite willing to accept all that he urges in proof of his hero's nobleness, gentleness, and sincerity of character.

But, when I have conceded all this to Mr. Carlyle, it seems to me that the question of Cromwell's work as a statesman, and of his position in English history, remains still to be discussed. He himself may have been good, and yet his system very bad. His career may have been well-intentioned and morally excusable, and yet it may have been a great mistake. He may be a grand figure for the imagination to contemplate, and yet his system of politics may have been mischievous. This is what the literary man writing history can never be brought to conceive. The great man to him is always the man who makes a striking figure on the historical stage. It is this misconception which has led the French to Napoleonism, and evidently the English counterpart of that illusion is Mr. Carlyle's theory of Cromwell.

The question I propose is, What would a radical historian such as Grote have said about Cromwell? Let us put aside entirely all old-fashioned constitutional prejudices, from which no doubt Hallam is by no means free; but let us put aside at the same time all the new-fashioned prejudices to which Mr. Carlyle is a slave, the taste for strong literary sensations, for stirring incidents and strong characters. Let us be politicians, not poets, and with this determination

let us ask ourselves what we think of the Great Rebellion, of Cromwell, and of the Restoration. There are many points on which I for my part suspend my judgment. Among these is the all-important question whether the final breach between Parliament and King in the last months of 1641 was not really unavoidable. It is useless to discuss this until Mr. Gardiner has told us all he knows. The panic on the side of the Parliamentary leaders was extreme, and by no means unreasonable. If the course they took was extreme, the necessity appeared to them, and could not but appear to them, extreme also. They might feel that they had only a choice of evils. Here, as in the principal acts of Cromwell, the moral question is intricate if not insoluble. But the principal political questions, whether the civil war, unavoidable or not, was likely to lead to a good result; whether the military party, honest or not, had a right to suppress liberty in England; whether the militarism of Cromwell, well-intentioned or not, was a good form of government; and, lastly, whether the Restoration of Charles II, whatever we think of his character, or of the profligacy of his court, was salutary or not—these are questions which there need be no difficulty in deciding. It seems to me that an intelligent radical would answer all these questions in almost exactly the same way as they were answered by Hallam. He would say that, as a matter of course, the military government, whether in its first nominally republican form, or in the open imperialism of Cromwell, was a most bad and fatal system, and that, as a matter of course, the Restoration was a most necessary and salutary measure, by which all that was good in England was saved from destruction.

The Restoration was not a return to servitude, but the precise contrary. It was a great emancipation, an exodus out of servitude into liberty. We all, I suppose, know theoretically that there are more forms than one of tyranny, but practically we seem to treat military imperialism as if it were not among these forms. Perhaps because in modern Europe it has always been a short-lived, transient phenomenon, which has disappeared before men have had time to be disgusted with it, or for some other reason, the military tyranny of our Interregnum and of the Napoleons in France has left a slighter impression than the tyranny of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons. In our own case perhaps it is because we confuse the moral with the political question. Morally no doubt it seems hard to speak of Cromwell as a tyrant; morally no doubt it is absurd to class him with James II. But this ought not to tempt us to absolve the military system, or to overlook the fact that in itself it is a far greater scourge, a far more fatal evil, than

such arbitrary government as that of the Tudors or of the early Stuarts. As to the later Stuarts, I regard them as pupils of Cromwell. I think that any one who tries to penetrate their design will find that it was their great ambition to appropriate Cromwell's methods for the benefit of the old monarchy. But, as we know, they were unsuccessful pupils. They failed where their model had succeeded, and the distinction of having enslaved England remained peculiar to Cromwell.

As Cromwell was probably no tyrant in intention, so it is no doubt true that in act he was much more than a mere tyrant. I could enlarge, had I space, upon the great results of his statesmanship which remained to England after his tyranny was destroyed. On condition that it did not last, his system might be regarded as beneficial. But, had it lasted, had the house of Cromwell established itself in England, I take it that all which has since made the glory of our country would have been lost. England would have become a military state, and the Cromwellian monarchy would have been a sort of Protestant counterpart of the monarchy of Louis XIV. Moreover, when we are estimating the Restoration, we are before all things to remember that the Stuarts did not take the place of the Cromwells, but only of the military anarchy which followed the disappearance of the Cromwells.

It is no less untrue to call the Restoration an apostasy from virtue than to describe it as a return to servitude. I have no fancy whatever to rehabilitate Charles II or his court, and it is easy to make an effective contrast between the scandals of the Restoration and the decorum of the Interregnum. But George Eliot warns us against that narrow, purely private view of morality to which we are too prone. A nation is demoralized much more by public crimes than by private vices. And whatever excuses may be made for the founders of the military government, whatever reasons we may allege for believing them sincere and well-intentioned, it remains that they had crushed the liberties of the country and established the degrading supremacy of an army. The cause of demoralization lay here, and especially in the fact that the destruction of liberty had been accomplished in the name of religion. The military government might be decorous, but it was fundamentally immoral. Miscalling itself a republic, it was a tyranny founded on mere force. The Restoration government was presided over by a cynic and a libertine, but the government itself was legitimate in the best sense of the word, for it was founded not only on ancient laws, but also on the hearty, wellnigh unanimous, consent of the people. When, there-

fore, we are told of the relaxation of morals which followed the Restoration, let us inquire what party was responsible for it. Macaulay himself has charged it upon the Puritans, who, according to him, strained the moral bond until it broke. But this explanation, I take it, misses the point. It was not merely their over-strictness that produced immorality by reaction, it was their complicity with tyranny, the share they had had in the destruction of English liberty. As much as it is to be desired that a true religion should control men's politics as well as their private actions, so much the invasion of politics by a crude, confused religious system is to be feared. When a nation has trusted itself to religion, and has been duped, a violent reaction against all religion can not but set in. The low tone of the Restoration period, the profound mistrust of anything like enthusiasm which reigned for a good century afterward, had its origin not in the Restoration itself, but in the reign of the Sects, in the grand disappointment of a nation which, by following the party of religion, had lost its liberties.

If I have pursued this subject so far, though it was introduced only by way of illustration, this is because nothing could illustrate more fully my view of the manner in which a corruption of history causes, by contagion, a corruption of politics. First, under pretext of a prophetic gift which has a right to dispense with precision and with logic, a flood of rhetoric and of bastard poetry is let loose over the most important historical subjects. This loose mode of treatment does not, as is supposed, merely affect insignificant details, but blurs or completely misrepresents the large outlines of history. That the military government was a tyranny seems as evident now to those who look calmly at the facts as it seemed evident to almost all Englishmen for a century and a half. But let the subject be treated in a literary manner, that is, let pictures be substituted for reasonings, let persons and characters occupy the foreground and political reflection be made subordinate, taking always the form of hints, or short, impassioned comments, or poetical rhapsodies, and it is quite possible to make Cromwellism wear a splendid and glorious appearance. The misrepresentation is at first allowed to pass, because, before a public so indifferent to history, no historical question can be seriously tried, and then a new generation quietly adopts it because it is more cheerful, more animating, more poetical than the old view. But, in adopting it, they insensibly adopt a whole scheme of politics which condemns all the traditional politics of the country. To say that the Great Rebellion was glorious, and the Revolution of 1688 a feeble compromise, is to repudiate in one word what may be called the English method in politics and to adopt the French method in its place.

It is to abandon the politics of statesmen for the politics of literary men, for indeed Rebellion *vs.* Revolution is the test-question between the two schools. The Rebellion represents the policy of strong sensations, intense action and passion, affording rich materials to the romancer, but completely unsuccessful, creating a strong tyranny in the effort to resist a weak one, repudiated at last by the whole nation, and consigned to oblivion for more than a century; the Revolution disappoints romancers, but it arrests the attention of political students as furnishing the unique example of a nation in extreme excitement doing precisely the thing it wished to do, and neither more nor less.

But, if this ready adoption of Carlylean eccentricities is in itself unworthy of advanced politicians, in particular instances they proclaim it in a style which is positively alarming from the confusion of thought, the helpless somnambulism which it betrays. For they bring up the name of Cromwell at a moment when they are crusading against "imperialism," against jingoism, and the spirited foreign policy, and when they wish to hint that the time is at hand when it will be desirable to substitute republicanism for monarchy. Now, whatever may be open to question in Cromwell's career, it is surely not doubtful that on the one occasion in which Englishmen have tried the experiment of a republic it was Cromwell who stepped forward to crush it; that, having crushed it, he proceeded to reconstruct the monarchy; that, in doing so, he showed a manifest intention of abiding by the old form; and, in particular, that he restored the House of Lords, but that, so far as the Cromwellian monarchy differed from the old English monarchy, it differed by having a much larger infusion of imperialism, and, as a natural consequence, distinguished itself specially in the department of foreign affairs. The founder of English imperialism and the inventor, if not of jingoism, yet certainly of the spirited foreign policy, is cited with triumph by the opponents of both at the very moment when they are opposing them most warmly!

It is time to collect the results of this paper. "We are not political philosophers." This does not mean that we are less so than most other nations, nor yet that there is not among us a vast amount of political knowledge of a certain kind; nor again that there are not individuals, perhaps fully as numerous as in other countries, whose political knowledge is profound. But it means that the profound knowledge of the few and the large command of detail on special questions possessed by many do not together constitute an adequate national knowledge of politics when the larger political questions are thrown open. At such times great masses of men ought to be

—what is most difficult—political thinkers, and I have urged—

First, that the majority of the working-classes are childishly ignorant of the larger political questions. When we are told that our working-classes are disposed, almost too much disposed, to learn from their betters and from those who are wiser than themselves, I believe it is overlooked that a little education and a little power fatally destroy such half-animal docility. Look at Germany, where the same disposition to reverence and loyalty was once stronger than in England, and see the coarse and furious contempt for all tradition that has sprung up since the introduction of universal suffrage. But, secondly, I urge—

That, in the educated classes, putting aside the few who devote themselves to politics, there is much less trustworthy and precise knowledge of political principles than is commonly supposed. Our education runs off to classics, *belles-lettres*, and art on the one side, and to exact science on the other, so that on politics, and that part of history which is closely connected with politics, that is, recent history, they are at the mercy of the fashionable historians of the day, being wholly unable to test the views which such historians put before them. And, thirdly, I have urged—

That, in the department of recent history, our writers, being dependent for their literary success on the suffrages of the general public, have been compelled to adopt a low standard. They have formed the habit of regarding themselves as popular writers or writers for the young, and have accordingly put all their force into narration and florid description, so as to become, in one word, rather men of style than men of science. The result of this has been not merely to damage the quality of history, but to pervert its judgments to an infinite extent by substituting the literary for the properly political estimate of public men and public actions. And as, practically, our opinions on the larger political questions depend upon rough conclusions drawn from the more conspicuous historical phenomena, the corruption of history has caused a corruption of the political views of the educated class.

These evils are closely connected among themselves, yet they are not equally easy to remedy. One of them, however, and that, in my view, the worst of all, if it were once fully recognized, would be remedied without difficulty. The corruption of history has an obvious cause in the absence of any sufficient *corps* of specialists among whom the true notion of history might be preserved, and to whose judgment historians might appeal with confidence. Any other serious study would decline as history has declined, if it were left to itself as history has been left. If astronomy were handed over to the judgment of

the general public, Airy and Adams would be obliged to give up the use of symbols, and to publish charming poetical books upon the wonders of the heavens; if geology were in the same condition, Ramsay and Geikie would devote themselves to producing nice little volumes on the pleasures of the seashore, adapted to amuse families during their summer holiday. History only needs to be protected as other serious studies are protected, or rather it is only one section of history that needs to be so protected. The corruption does not extend to ancient history, where Grote and Curtius and Mommsen have met with due appreciation; even mediæval history is affected by it only in a secondary degree, for we are all proud of Professor Stubbs, though not by any means so proud as we ought to be. It is only the recent periods that have been invaded by the literary romancing school, and in which that school is supported by the enthusiastic favor of the public. Unfortunately, these are just the periods in which the domain of history confines with that of politics.

This evil, then, would be in a great degree remedied by a considerable increase in the number of teachers and students at the universities, or lecturers proceeding from the universities, who should devote themselves to this part of history; and, as the study of history in general is advancing in the universities, this result will be secured if only the special importance of the recent periods is properly recognized. When this is done, the time will soon arrive when the body of specialists will be strong enough to guide the popular judgment. More, no doubt, would still be needed to give the study a full degree of vitality and independence, and we must look forward with hope to a time when modern studies on a large scale shall be established in schools as well as in universities. In those days modern history will flourish between modern languages and modern literatures, and there will be some chance of curing nations of their somnambulism when each generation shall be taught seriously and thoroughly to know the world in which it is to live.

In those days the second evil too will be remedied. Not only will history be cured by being put into the hands of specialists, but at the same time the large mass of educated men will be able to form on political questions not merely a common-sense judgment—this is not enough when the questions at issue are fundamental—but a learned judgment. They will be

in possession of all the results at which political thinkers have arrived, and in possession also of the facts of history, by which I do not mean the facts of biography, nor yet merely the famous occurrences of history, but the development of institutions and the precise process by which states have prospered or decayed. But even before that time arrives, if only the students of recent history can become more numerous and more influential, an approximation to this result may be made, and the educated class, by having a larger admixture of historical specialists, may make a perceptible advance in the clearness of their political views.

The other evil, it must be confessed, is in its nature irremediable. It is impossible even to conceive the great mass of the working-classes educated to the point of having a sound judgment on questions of national policy. Still perhaps even here something may be done. The great danger lies in the sanguine extravagance of opinion natural to a class which has no intellectual experience. Their politics are likely to be the politics of impulse or passion, or if of thought, then of unpracticed thought, that is, thought misled by empty generalities, and judging of things *sur l'étiquette du sac*, by the label on the bag. Now, it is the special function of science to correct this very class of errors, to teach the lesson that impulse and passion are not safe guides unless they are combined with clear knowledge, and that thought without method leads to mere fanaticism. And, since on the other hand it is the special study of party politics to practice on these errors, to appeal recklessly to popular impulse, and to play with ambiguous words, there is here surely an opportunity for science to do real good in the field of politics. The universities might extend their influence even more widely than they have yet done. Not by interfering directly in party strife, but by peaceful teaching, by introducing definition and precision where only loose declamation has hitherto been heard, by drawing from history not romantic blustering stories, but information about the experiments that have been tried in politics, and the degree of success that has attended them, it seems that much might be done to diffuse the conviction, above all things calculated to correct extravagance, that politics are a difficult, an anxious art, an art in which disaster is the normal result of declamation, party violence, and romantic history.

J. R. SEELEY (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

IN view of the fact that the Latin races first circumnavigated Africa, pioneered the sea-route to India, discovered America, and conquered the New World, the often-heard saying, that they are lacking in that spirit of adventure which leads to travel and exploration, would seem to be based—like most of the current generalizations regarding entire peoples—upon somewhat defective evidence; but even if approximately true in our own day, it must be confessed that, when they do travel, they surpass all others in recording the results of their observations. For systematic accuracy and painstaking precision the Englishman or the Teuton will, perhaps, distance all competitors; but, for extracting interest from commonplace facts and imparting novelty to every-day scenes, for fanciful ingenuity in interweaving the past with the present, for picturesqueness of description and brilliancy of style, for complete mastery of the art of being always entertaining, the palm must be awarded to the French, with none but the Italians to dispute it with them. English literature, for example, has nothing of the kind to place beside Lamartine's "Voyage in the Orient," Gautier's "Constantinople" and "Winter in Russia," and Taine's "Italy." The only recent works of a similar character that can fairly be ranked with them are the Italian books of Edmondo de Amicis, of which two have already been introduced to American readers, while a third, though written in 1873, has just found a translator.*

For comprehensiveness of design, picturesque vividness of description, and unflagging vivacity of style, M. de Amicis may be said in his "Constantinople" to have surpassed his predecessor, Gautier. This work was almost purely descriptive. In his "Studies of Paris," with two or three chapters of brilliant description he combined a still larger proportion of literary criticism and personal sketches of celebrities. His "Holland" differs from either of its predecessors, in intermingling keen social analysis and brilliant episodes of history with a consecutive narrative of travel and personal experience.

As neither critical analysis nor formal description would convey an adequate idea of M. de Amicis's work, we shall adopt what, in this case, is the better plan of enabling the reader to judge of it, by a few illustrative extracts. This is the opening passage, and it exhibits very happily the

author's skill in piquing curiosity and arresting attention at the very outset:

"Whoever looks for the first time at a large map of Holland, wonders that a country so constituted can continue to exist. At the first glance, it is difficult to say whether land or water predominates, or whether Holland belongs most to the continent or to the sea. Those broken and compressed coasts, those deep bays, those great rivers that, losing the aspect of rivers, seem bringing new seas to the sea; and that sea, which, changing itself into rivers, penetrates the land and breaks it into archipelagoes; the lakes, the vast morasses, the canals crossing and recrossing each other, all combine to give the idea of a country that may at any moment disintegrate and disappear. Seals and beavers would seem to be its rightful inhabitants; but, since there are men bold enough to live in it, they surely can not ever sleep in peace.

"These were my thoughts as I looked for the first time at a map of Holland, and experienced a desire to know something about the formation of so strange a country; and, as that which I learned induced me to write this book, I put it down here, with the hope that it may induce others to read it.

"What sort of a country Holland is has been told by many in few words.

"Napoleon said that it was an alluvion of French rivers—the Rhine, the Scheldt, and the Meuse—and with this pretext he added it to the empire. One writer has defined it as a sort of transition between land and sea. Another, as an immense crust of earth floating on the water. Others, an annex of the old continent, the China of Europe, the end of the earth and the beginning of the ocean, a measureless raft of mud and sand; and Philip II called it the country nearest to hell.

"But they all agreed upon one point, and all expressed it in the same words: Holland is a conquest made by man over the sea—it is an artificial country—the Hollanders made it—it exists because the Hollanders preserve it—it will vanish whenever the Hollanders shall abandon it.

"To comprehend this truth, we must imagine Holland as it was when first inhabited by the first German tribes that wandered away in search of a country.

"It was almost uninhabitable. There were vast tempestuous lakes, like seas, touching one another; morass beside morass; one tract covered with brushwood after another; immense forests of pines, oaks, and alders, traversed by herds of wild horses; and so thick were these forests that tradition says one could travel leagues passing from tree to tree without ever putting foot to the ground. The deep bays and gulfs carried into the heart of the country the fury of the northern tempests. Some provinces disappeared once every year under the waters of the sea, and

* Holland and its People. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Caroline Tilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

were nothing but muddy tracts, neither land nor water, where it was impossible either to walk or to sail. The large rivers, without sufficient inclination to descend to the sea, wandered here and there uncertain of their way, and slept in monstrous pools and ponds among the sands of the coasts. It was a sinister place, swept by furious winds, beaten by obstinate rains, veiled in a perpetual fog, where nothing was heard but the roar of the sea, and the voices of wild beasts and birds of the ocean. The first people who had the courage to plant their tents there had to raise with their own hands dikes of earth to keep out the rivers and the sea, and lived within them like shipwrecked men upon desolate islands, venturing forth at the subsidence of the waters in quest of food in the shape of fish and game, and gathering the eggs of marine birds upon the sand.

"Cæsar, passing by, was the first to name this people. The other Latin historians speak with compassion and respect of those intrepid barbarians who lived upon a 'floating land,' exposed to the intemperance of a cruel sky, and the fury of the mysterious northern sea; and the imagination pictures the Roman soldiers, who, from the heights of the uttermost citadels of the empire, beaten by the waves, contemplated with wonder and pity those wandering tribes upon their desolate land, like a race accursed of Heaven.

"Now, if we remember that such a region has become one of the most fertile, wealthiest, and best regulated of the countries of the world, we shall understand the justice of the saying that Holland is a conquest made by man."

The enemy from which these adventurers wrested the land was triple: the sea, the lakes, the rivers. They drained the lakes, drove back the sea, and imprisoned the rivers. The lakes and marshes were surrounded by dikes and the dikes by canals, and an army of windmills, lending motion to gigantic force-pumps, turned the water into the canals, which carried it off to the rivers and the sea. "Thus vast tracts of land buried under the water saw the sun, and were transformed, as if by magic, into fertile fields, covered with villages and intersected by canals and roads." The rivers cost no less of labor and sacrifice. "Some, like the Rhine, which lost itself in the sands before reaching the sea, had to be channeled and defended at their mouths against the tides by formidable cataracts; others, like the Meuse, bordered by dikes as powerful as those that were raised against the ocean; others turned from their course; the wandering waters gathered together; the course of the affluents regulated; and the waters divided with rigorous measure in order to maintain that enormous mass of liquid in equilibrium, where the slightest inequality might cost a province." In this way, all the rivers that formerly spread their devastating floods about the country were disciplined into streams and constrained to do service.

"But the most tremendous struggle was the battle with the ocean. Holland is in great part lower than the level of the sea; consequently, everywhere that the coast is not defended by sand-banks it has to be protected by dikes. If these interminable bulwarks of earth, granite, and wood were not there to attest the indomitable courage and perseverance of the Hollanders, it would not be believed that the hand of man could, even in many centuries, have accomplished such a work. In Zealand alone the dikes extend to a distance of more than four hundred kilometres. The western coast of the island of Walcheren is defended by a dike, in which it is computed that the expense of construction added to that of preservation, if it were put out at interest, would amount to a sum equal in value to that which the dike itself would be worth were it made of massive copper. Around the city of Helder, at the northern extremity of North Holland, extends a dike ten kilometres long, constructed of masses of Norwegian granite, which descends more than sixty metres into the sea. The whole province of Friesland, for the length of eighty-eight kilometres, is defended by three rows of piles sustained by masses of Norwegian and German granite. Amsterdam, all the cities of the Zuyder Zee, and all the islands—fragments of vanished lands—which are strung like beads between Friesland and North Holland, are protected by dikes. From the mouths of the Ems to those of the Scheldt, Holland is an impenetrable fortress, of whose immense bastions the mills are the towers, the cataracts are the gates, the islands the advanced forts; and like a true fortress it shows to its enemy, the sea, only the tops of its bell-towers and the roofs of its houses, as if in defiance and derision.

"Holland is a fortress, and her people live as in a fortress, on a war-footing with the sea. An army of engineers, directed by the Minister of the Interior, spread over the country, and, ordered like an army, continually spy the enemy, watch over the internal waters, foresee the bursting of the dikes, order and direct the defensive works. The expenses of the war are divided: one part to the state, one part to the provinces; every proprietor pays, besides the general imposts, a special impost for the dikes, in proportion to the extent of his lands and their proximity to the water. An accidental rupture, an inadvertence, may cause a flood; the peril is unceasing; the sentinels are at their posts upon the bulwarks; at the first assault of the sea they shout the war-cry, and Holland sends men, material, and money. And even when there is no great battle, a quiet, silent struggle is for ever going on. The innumerable mills, even in the drained districts, continue to work unceasingly, to absorb and turn into the canals the water that falls in rain and that which filters in from the sea. Every day the cataracts of the bays and rivers close their gigantic gates against the high tide trying to rush into the heart of the land. The work of strengthening dikes, fortifying sand-banks with plantations, throwing out new dikes where the banks are low, straight as great lances, vibrating in the bo-

som of the sea, and breaking the first impetus of the wave, is for ever going on. And the sea eternally knocks at the river-gates, beats upon the ramparts, growls on every side her ceaseless menace, lifting her curious waves as if to see the land she counts as hers, piling up banks of sand before the gates to kill the commerce of the cities, for ever gnawing, scratching, digging at the coast; and, failing to overthrow the ramparts upon which she foams and fumes in angry effort, she casts at their feet ships full of the dead, that they may announce to the rebellious country her fury and her strength. . . .

"But Holland has done more than defend herself against the waters; she has made herself mistress of them, and has used them for her own defense. Should a foreign army invade her territory she has but to open her dikes and unchain the sea and the rivers, as she did against the Romans, against the Spaniards, against the army of Louis XIV, and defend the land cities with her fleet. Water was the source of her poverty, she has made it the source of wealth. Over the whole country extends an immense network of canals which serve both for the irrigation of the land and as a means of communication. The cities, by means of canals, communicate with the sea; canals run from town to town, and from them to villages, which are themselves bound together by these watery ways, and are connected even to the houses scattered over the country; smaller canals surround the fields and orchards, pastures and kitchen-gardens, serving at once as boundary-wall, hedge, and roadway; every house is a little port. Ships, boats, rafts move about in all directions, as in other places carts and carriages. The canals are the arteries of Holland, and the water her life-blood."

But even setting aside the canals, the draining of the lakes, and the defensive works, on every side are seen the traces of the marvelous achievements of man over nature. Says M. de Amicis:

"The soil, which in other countries is a gift of nature, is in Holland a work of men's hands. Holland draws the greater part of her wealth from commerce; but before commerce comes the cultivation of the soil; and the soil had to be created. There were sand-banks, interspersed with layers of peat, broad downs swept by the winds, great tracts of barren land apparently condemned to an eternal sterility. The first elements of manufacture, iron and coal, were wanting; there was no wood, because the forests had already been destroyed by tempests when agriculture began; there was no stone, there were no metals. Nature, says a Dutch poet, had refused all her gifts to Holland; the Hollanders had to do everything in spite of Nature. They began by fertilizing the sand. In some places they formed a productive soil with earth brought from a distance, as a garden is made; they spread the silicious dust of the downs over the too watery meadows; they mixed with the sandy earth the remains of peat taken from

the bottoms; they extracted clay to lend fertility to the surface of their lands; they labored to break up the downs with the plow; and thus in a thousand ways, and continually fighting off the menacing waters, they succeeded in bringing Holland to a state of cultivation not inferior to that of more favored regions. That Holland, the sandy, marshy country that the ancients considered all but uninhabitable, now sends out yearly from her confines agricultural products to the value of a hundred million francs, possesses about one million three hundred thousand head of cattle, and, in proportion to the extent of her territory, may be accounted one of the most populous of European states."

It needs no Buckle to demonstrate that the physical peculiarities of such a country must profoundly influence the character of its inhabitants; and M. de Amicis points out that the genius of the Dutch people is in perfect harmony with the character of Holland:

"It is sufficient to contemplate the monuments of their great struggle with the sea in order to understand that their distinctive characteristics must be firmness and patience, accompanied by a calm and constant courage. That glorious battle, and the consciousness of owing everything to their own strength, must have infused and fortified in them a high sense of dignity and an indomitable spirit of liberty and independence. The necessity of a constant struggle, of a continuous labor, and perpetual sacrifices in defense of their existence, for ever taking them back to a sense of reality, must have made them a highly practical and economical people; good sense should be their most salient quality, economy one of their chief virtues; they must be excellent in all useful arts, sparing of diversion, simple even in their greatness; succeeding in what they undertake, by dint of tenacity and a thoughtful and orderly activity; more wise than heroic; more conservative than creative; giving no great architects to the edifice of modern thought, but the ablest of workmen, a legion of patient and laborious artisans. And by virtue of these qualities of prudence, phlegmatic activity, and the spirit of conservatism, they are ever advancing, though by slow degrees; they acquire gradually, but never lose what they have gained; holding stubbornly to their ancient customs; preserving almost intact, and despite the neighborhood of three great nations, their own originality; preserving it through every form of government, through foreign invasions, through political and religious wars, and in spite of the immense concourse of strangers from every country that are always coming among them; and remaining, in short, of all the northern races, that one which, though ever advancing in the path of civilization, has kept its antique stamp most clearly."

Nor, as our author remarks, is the political history of Holland less wonderful than her physical:

"This small territory, invaded from the beginning by different tribes of the Germanic races, subjugated by the Romans and the Franks, devastated by the Normans and by the Danes, desolated by centuries of civil war with all its horrors, this small people of fishermen and traders, saves its civil liberty and its freedom of conscience by a war of eighty years against the formidable monarchy of Philip II, and founds a republic which becomes the ark of salvation to the liberties of all the world, the adopted country of science, the Exchange of Europe, the station for the commerce of the world; a republic which extends its domination to Java, Sumatra, Hindostan, Ceylon, New Holland, Japan, Brazil, Guiana, the Cape of Good Hope, the West Indies, and New York; a republic which vanquishes England on the sea, which resists the united arms of Charles II and Louis XIV, and which treats on equal terms with the greatest nations, and is, for a time, one of the three powers that decide the fate of Europe.

"She is not now the great Holland of the seventeenth century; but she is still, after England, the first colonizing state in the world; instead of her ancient greatness, she has tranquil prosperity; she restricts herself to commerce acquired by agriculture; she retains the substance of the republican *régime*, although she has lost the form; a family of patriot princes, dear to the people, governs tranquilly in the midst of her liberties, ancient and modern. There is wealth without ostentation, freedom without insolence, and there are taxes without poverty. She is, perhaps, of all European states the one where there is most popular education and least corruption of manners. Alone, at the extremity of the continent, occupied with her dikes and her colonies, she enjoys in peace the fruits of her labors, with the comforting conviction that no people in the world have conquered, at the price of greater sacrifices, liberty of conscience and the independence of the state."

Of the aspect which the open country of Holland presents to the traveler, M. de Amicis says:

"It is all one plain, a succession of green and flowery meadows, crossed by long files of willows, and sprinkled with groups of poplars and elders. Here and there are seen tops of steeples, whirling wings of windmills, scattered herds of large black-and-white cows, with their herdsmen, and immense tracts that are completely solitary. There is nothing to strike the eye, nothing salient, nothing sloping. Every now and then, in the distance, the sail of a ship glides by, and, being in a canal invisible from that distance, it seems to be gliding over the grass of the meadows, appearing and disappearing behind the trees. The pale light gives to the country a certain soft and melancholy aspect. A slight mist makes every object appear afar off. There is a kind of visible silence, a peace of line and color, a repose of all things, looking on which the eye grows dreamy and the imagination is lulled."

The rather startling effect which the unstable

nature of the moist and yielding soil sometimes has upon the architecture of the Dutch cities is described in the following passage from the chapter on Rotterdam:

"While I stood looking vaguely at the street, I noticed one house that puzzled me somewhat; and, thinking that my eyes had been deceived, I looked more carefully at it, and compared it with its neighbors. Turning into the next street, the same thing met my astonished gaze. There is no doubt about it; the whole city of Rotterdam presents the appearance of a town that has been shaken smartly by an earthquake, and is on the point of falling into ruin. All the houses—in any street one may count the exceptions on their fingers—lean more or less, but the greater part of them so much that at the roof they lean forward at least a foot beyond their neighbors, which may be straight, or not so visibly inclined; one leans forward as if it would fall into the street; another backward, another to the left, another to the right, at some points six or seven contiguous houses all lean forward together, those in the middle most, those at the ends less, looking like a paling with the crowd pressing against it. At another point two houses lean together as if supporting one another. In certain streets the houses for a long distance lean all one way, like trees beaten by a prevailing wind; and then another long row will lean in the opposite direction, as if the wind had changed. Sometimes there is a certain regularity of inclination that is scarcely noticeable; and again, at crossings and in the smaller streets, there is an indescribable confusion of lines, a real architectural frolic, a dance of houses, a disorder that seems animated. There are houses that nod forward as if asleep, others that start backward as if frightened, some bending toward each other, their roofs almost touching, as if in secret conference; some falling upon one another as if they were drunk, some leaning backward between others that lean forward like malefactors dragged onward by their guards; rows of houses that courtesy to a steeple, groups of small houses all inclined toward one in the middle, like conspirators in conclave."

In addition to the more general descriptions of the aspect of the country and the cities, of the contents of the museums and picture-galleries, and of the picturesque episodes of local history, many curious and interesting details are given of the habits, customs, fashions, and occupations of the Dutch people. Varied as these are, and they differ in every city and province, the national traits may be said to be a certain patriarchal simplicity of life and a passionate attachment to all that is meant by "home." Of what one of these homes is M. de Amicis had an opportunity of learning when he presented a letter of introduction which he had received from a citizen of Rotterdam to a citizen of Delft. He says:

"I had no difficulty in finding the house, and

when I saw it, I exclaimed, 'This is what I want.' It was a small house at the end of a street opening on the fields, of one story only, red, with a pointed façade, planted on the edge of the canal as if looking at itself in the water, with a fine spreading linden-tree before it, and a drawbridge directly in front. There were the white curtains, the green door, the flowers, the little mirrors; it was a small model of a Dutch house.

"The street was deserted; before knocking at the door, I stood a moment to look and muse. That house gave me a better idea of Holland than I could get from any book. It was at once the cause and the effect of the family affection, the modest desires, the independent character of the Dutch people. In my own country the real home does not exist; there is nothing but an apartment, a portion of a great barrack, in which one lives concealed, but not alone, hearing a thousand noises of strange people, who disturb our grief with echoes of their joy, or our joy with rumors of their grief. The true house and home is in Holland, the personal house, distinct from others, modest, discreet, and, precisely because it is distinct from others, inimical to mystery and intrigue; cheerful when the family that inhabits it is cheerful, and sad when they are sad. In these houses, with the canals and drawbridges before them, every modest citizen feels a little of the solitary dignity of the castellan, or the commander of a fortress, or a ship; and sees, indeed, from his windows, as from the deck of a vessel at anchor, a uniform and boundless plain, which inspires him with the same sentiments and thoughts, grave and free, as are inspired by the sea. The trees surrounding his habitation, almost like a garment of verdure, allow only a broken and discreet light to penetrate it; the bark laden with merchandise floats before his door; he hears no sound of horses' feet, nor crack of whip, nor songs, nor shouts; around him all the movements of life are slow and silent; everything breathes peace and gentleness; and the neighboring steeple announces the hour with a flood of harmony sweet and constant as his affections and his labor.

"I knocked; the door was opened by the master of the house in person, who, having read my letter, gave me a scrutinizing glance, and invited me to enter. Dutchmen, as a rule, are diffident. With us, the first comer who brings a letter of introduction is received with open arms, as if he were our most intimate friend; and very often we do nothing for him. The Hollanders, on the contrary, receive you coldly, so much so as to be sometimes rather mortifying; but then they offer you all sorts of service, with the best will in the world, and without the least appearance of laying you under an obligation.

"The inside of the house corresponded perfectly with the outside; it seemed like the interior of a ship. A winding staircase of wood that shone like ebony led to the upper rooms. Mats and carpets covered the stairs and landing-places, and lay before all the doors. The rooms were as small as cells; the furniture exquisitely clean; all the knobs and

bolts and ornaments of metal shone as if they had just been made; and on every side there were numbers of china jars, vases, and cups; lamps, mirrors, little pictures, brackets, toys, and objects of every use and form, attesting the thousand small needs created by a sedentary life, the provident activity, the constant care, the love of small things, the taste for order, and the economy of space; the residence, in short, of a quiet, home-loving woman. . . .

"We went down to see the kitchen; it was splendid. When I returned to Italy and gave a description of it to my mother and the servant, who piqued herself on her neatness, they were annihilated. The walls were as white as untouched snow; the saucepans reflected objects like mirrors; the mantel-piece was ornamented by a species of muslin curtain, like the canopy of a bed, without a trace of smoke; the fireplace beneath was covered with china tiles that looked as bright as if no fire had ever been lighted there; the shovel, tongs, and poker, and the chains and hooks, seemed made of polished steel. A lady in a ball-dress might have gone into every hole and corner of that kitchen and come forth without a smirch upon her whiteness."

The national passion for cleanliness—and it is nothing less than a passion—is the subject of many amusing passages throughout the work; but the culmination is reached in the chapter on the village of Broek, which is celebrated even in Holland itself for the excess to which it carries the universally prevalent practice. M. de Amicis was fortunate enough to form the acquaintance of a resident of the place, a widow, who initiated him into all the mysteries of the local house-keeping. She showed him the utensils which she used in cleaning her own small room—enough to set up a shop: brooms, brushes, tooth-brushes, cloths, scrapers, dust-pans, pokers, shovels, feather brushes, aquafortis, Spanish white for the window-panes, Venetian red for the knives, coal-dust for the copper vessels, emery for polishing the iron things, brick for rubbing the pavements, and sticks for poking out the microscopic straws that get into the cracks of the floors.

"She gave me some curious information about the fury of cleanliness for which the village of Broek is famous throughout Holland. It is not long since an inscription to the following effect could be seen at the entrance to the village: 'Before and after sunrise, it is forbidden to smoke in the village of Broek except with a cover to the pipe-bowl (*so as not to scatter the ashes*); and, in crossing the village with a horse, it is forbidden to remain in the saddle: the horse must be led.'

"It was also forbidden to go through the village in a carriage, or with sheep or cows, or any other animal that might soil the street; and, although this prohibition no longer exists, carts and animals still go round the village, from old custom. Before every

house there was once (and some may still be seen) a stone spittoon, into which smokers spat from the windows. The custom of being without shoes within doors is still in vigor, and before every door there is a heap of shoes and boots and wooden pattens.

"That which has been told about popular risings in Broek, in consequence of strangers having scattered some cherry-stones in the street, is a fable; but it is quite true that every citizen, who sees from his window a leaf or straw fall upon the pavement, comes out and throws it into the canal. That they go five hundred paces outside the village to dust their shoes, that boys are paid to blow the dust out of the cracks of the pavements four times an hour, and that, in certain cases, guests are carried in the arms lest they should soil the floors, are things which are told, said this good woman, but which probably have never happened. Before letting me go, however, she related to me an anecdote which almost made these extravagances seem possible. 'In former times,' she said, 'the mania for cleanliness arrived at such a pass, that the women of Broek neglected their religious duties for it. The pastor of the village, after having tried all means of persuasion to cause the cessation of the scandal, took another way. He preached a sermon in which he said that every Dutch woman, who should have faithfully fulfilled her duties toward God in this earthly life, would find in the other world a house full of furniture, utensils, and trifles various and precious, in which, undisturbed by other occupation, she could sweep, wash, and polish for all eternity, without ever coming to an end. The image of this sublime recompense, the thought of this immense felicity, infused such ardor and piety into the women of Broek, that from that moment they were assiduous at religious exercises, and never had need of further admonition.'"

Light as is the author's touch when treating of local customs and fashions, the reader soon discovers that he is competent to deal with more serious themes; and the descriptions of the sieges of Leyden and Haarlem, and of the assassination of the Prince of Orange, are masterpieces of historical narrative. Better still, perhaps, are the comments on art and artists. These comments are scattered throughout the volume, wherever a picture-gallery or a statue happens to suggest a topic; but there is a passage dealing with the general characteristics of Dutch art which is as fine as anything of the kind that Taine has written, and which, though somewhat long, we must make room for:

"What that art would necessarily be, might have been guessed, even had no monument of it remained. A pacific, laborious, practical people, continually beaten down, to quote a great German poet, to prosaic realities by the occupations of a vulgar, burgher life; cultivating its reason at the expense of its imagination; living, consequently, more in clear ideas than in beautiful images; taking refuge

from abstractions; never darting its thoughts beyond that nature with which it is in perpetual battle; seeing only that which is, enjoying only that which it can possess, making its happiness consist in the tranquil ease and honest sensuality of a life without violent passions or exorbitant desires—such a people must have tranquillity also in their art, they must love an art that pleases without startling the mind, which addresses the senses rather than the spirit, an art full of repose, precision, and delicacy, though material like their lives: in one word, a realistic art in which they can see themselves as they are, and as they are content to be.

"The artists began by tracing that which they saw before their eyes—the house. The long winters, the persistent rains, the dampness, the variable-ness of the climate, obliged the Hollander to stay within doors the greater part of the year. He loved his little house, his shell, much better than we love our abodes, for the reason that he had more need of it, and staid more within it; he provided it with all sorts of conveniences, caressed it, made much of it; he liked to look out from his well-stopped windows at the falling snow and the drenching rain, and to hug himself with the thought, 'Rage, tempest—I am warm and safe!' Snug in his shell, his faithful housewife beside him, his children about him, he passed the long autumn and winter evenings in eating much, drinking much, smoking much, and taking his well-earned ease after the cares of the day were over. The Dutch painters represented these houses and this life in little pictures proportionate to the size of the walls on which they were to hang: the bedchambers, that make one feel a desire to sleep, the kitchens, the tables set out, the fresh and smiling faces of the house-mothers, the men at their ease around the fire; and, with that conscientious realism which never forsakes them, they depict the dozing cat, the yawning dog, the clucking hen, the broom, the vegetables, the scattered pots and pans, the chicken ready for the spit. Thus they represent life in all its scenes, and in every grade of the social scale—the dance, the *conversazione*, the orgy, the feast, the game; and thus did Terburg, Metz, Netscher, Douw, Mieris, Steen, Brouwer, and Van Ostade become famous.

"After depicting the house, they turned their attention to the country. The stern climate allowed but a brief time for the admiration of Nature, but for this very reason Dutch artists admired her all the more; they saluted the spring with a livelier joy, and permitted that fugitive smile of heaven to stamp itself more deeply on their fancy. The country was not beautiful, but it was twice dear because it had been torn from the sea and from the foreign oppressor. The Dutch artist painted it lovingly; he represented it simply, ingenuously, with a sense of intimacy which at that time was not to be found in Italian or Belgian landscape. The flat, monotonous country had, to the Dutch painter's eyes, a marvelous variety. He caught all the mutations of the sky, and knew the value of the water, with its reflections, its grace and freshness, and its power of illuminat-

ing everything. Having no mountains, he took the dikes for background; and, with no forests, he imparted to a simple group of trees all the mystery of a forest; and he animated the whole with beautiful animals and white sails.

"The subjects of their pictures are poor enough—a windmill, a canal, a gray sky—but how they make one think! A few Dutch painters, not content with Nature in their own country, came to Italy in search of hills, luminous skies, and famous ruins; and another band of select artists is the result—Both, Swanevelt, Pynaker, Breenberg, Van Laer, Asselyn. But the palm remains with the landscapists of Holland, with Wynants, the painter of morning, with Van der Neer, the painter of night, with Ruysdael, the painter of melancholy, with Hobbema, the illustrator of windmills, cabins, and kitchen-gardens, and with others who have restricted themselves to the expression of the enchantment of Nature as she is in Holland.

"Simultaneously with landscape art was born another kind of painting, especially peculiar to Holland—animal painting. Animals are the riches of the country, and that magnificent race of cattle which has no rival in Europe for fecundity and beauty. The Hollanders, who owe so much to them, treat them, one may say, as part of the population; they wash them, comb them, dress them, and love them dearly. They are to be seen everywhere; they are reflected in all the canals, and dot with points of black and white the immense fields that stretch on every side, giving an air of peace and comfort to every place, and exciting in the spectator's heart a sentiment of Arcadian gentleness and patriarchal serenity. The Dutch artists studied these animals in all their varieties, in all their habits, and divined, as one may say, their inner life and sentiments, animating the tranquil beauty of the landscape with their forms. Rubens, Snyder, Paul de Vos, and other Belgian painters had drawn animals with admirable mastery, but all these are surpassed by the Dutch artists Van der Velde, Berghem, Karel der Jardin, and by the prince of animal painters, Paul Potter, whose famous 'Bull,' in the gallery of the Hague, deserves to be placed in the Vatican beside the 'Transfiguration' by Raphael.

"In yet another field are the Dutch painters great—the sea. The sea, their enemy, their power, and their glory, for ever threatening their country, and entering in a hundred ways into their lives and fortunes; that turbulent North Sea, full of sinister colors, with a light of infinite melancholy upon it, beating for ever upon a desolate coast, must subjugate the imagination of the artist. He, indeed, passes long hours on the shore, contemplating its tremendous beauty, ventures upon its waves to study the effects of tempests, buys a vessel and sails with his wife and family, observing and making notes, follows the fleet into battle, and takes part in the fight; and in this way are made marine painters like William Van der Velde the elder, and William the younger, like Backhuysen, Dubbels, and Stork.

"Another kind of painting was to arise in Hol-

land, as the expression of the character of the people and of republican manners. A people which without greatness had done so many great things, as Michel says, must have its heroic painters, if we call them so, destined to illustrate men and events. But this school of painting—precisely because the people were without greatness, or, to express it better, without the form of greatness, modest, inclined to consider all equal before the country, because all had done their duty, abhorring adulation and the glorification in one only of the virtues and the triumph of many—this school has to illustrate not a few men who have excelled, and a few extraordinary facts, but all classes of citizenship gathered among the most ordinary and pacific of burgher-life. From this come the great pictures which represent five, ten, thirty persons together, arquebusiers, mayors, officers, professors, magistrates, administrators, seated or standing around a table, feasting and conversing, of life-size, most faithful likenesses, grave, open faces, expressing that secure serenity of conscience by which may be divined rather than seen the nobleness of a life consecrated to one's country, the character of that strong, laborious epoch, the masculine virtues of that excellent generation; all this set off by the fine costume of the time, so admirably combining grace and dignity: those gorgets, those doublets, those black mantles, those silken scarves and ribbons, those arms and banners. In this field stand preëminent Van der Helst, Hals, Govaert, Flink, and Bol.

"Descending from the consideration of the various kinds of painting to the special manner by means of which the artist excelled in treatment, one leads all the rest as the distinctive feature of Dutch painting—the light.

"The light in Holland, by reason of the particular conditions of its manifestation, could not fail to give rise to a special manner of painting. A pale light, waving with marvelous mobility through an atmosphere impregnated with vapor, a nebulous veil continually and abruptly torn, a perpetual struggle between light and shadow, such was the spectacle which attracted the eye of the artist. He began to observe and to reproduce all this agitation of the heavens, this struggle which animates with varied and fantastic life the solitude of nature in Holland; and, in representing it, the struggle passed into his soul, and instead of representing he created. Then he caused the two elements to contend under his hand; he accumulated darkness that he might split and seam it with all manner of luminous effects and sudden gleams of light; sunbeams darted through the rifts, sunset reflections and the yellow rays of lamplight were blended with delicate manipulation into mysterious shadows, and their dim depths were peopled with half-seen forms; and thus he created all sorts of contrasts, enigmas, play and effect of strange and unexpected *chiaroscuro*. In this field, among many, stand conspicuous Gerard Douw, the author of the famous four-candle picture, and the great magician and sovereign illuminator, Rembrandt.

"Another marked feature of Dutch painting was to be color. Besides the generally accepted reasons that in a country where there are no mountainous horizons, no varied prospects, no great *coup d'œil*, no forms, in short, that lend themselves to design, the artist's eye must inevitably be attracted by color, and that this must be peculiarly the case in Holland, where the uncertain light, the fog-veiled atmosphere, confuse and blend the outlines of all objects, so that the eye, unable to fix itself upon the form, flies to color as the principal attribute that nature presents to it; besides these reasons, there is the fact that in a country so flat, so uniform, and so gray as Holland, there is the same need of color as in southern lands there is need of shade. The Dutch artists did but follow the imperious taste of their countrymen, who painted their houses in vivid colors, as well as their ships, and in some places the trunks of their trees and the palings and fences of their fields and gardens; whose dress was of the gayest, richest hues; who loved tulips and hyacinths even to madness. And thus the Dutch painters were potent colorists, and Rembrandt was their chief.

"Realism, natural to the calmness and slowness of the Dutch character, was to give to their art yet another distinctive feature, finish, which was carried to the very extreme of possibility. It is truly said that the leading quality of the people may be found in their pictures, viz., patience. Everything is represented with the minuteness of a daguerreotype; every vein in the wood of a piece of furniture, every fiber in a leaf, the threads of cloth, the stitches in a patch, every hair upon an animal's coat, every wrinkle in a man's face; everything finished with microscopic precision, as if done with a fairy pencil, or at the expense of the painter's eyes and reason. In reality a defect rather than an excellence, since the office of painting is to represent not what *is*, but what the eye sees, and the eye does not see everything; but a defect carried to such a pitch of perfection that one admires, and does not find fault. In this respect the most famous prodigies of patience were Douw, Mieris, Potter, Van der Helst, and, more or less, all the Dutch painters.

"But realism, which gives to Dutch art so original a stamp and such admirable qualities, is yet the root of its most serious defects. The artists, desirous only of representing material truths, gave to their figures no expression save that of their physical sentiments. Grief, love, enthusiasm, and the thousand

delicate shades of feeling that have no name, or take a different one with the different causes that give rise to them, they express rarely, or not at all. For them the heart does not beat, the eye does not weep, the lips do not quiver. One whole side of the human soul, the noblest and highest, is wanting in their pictures. More, in their faithful reproduction of everything, even the ugly, and especially the ugly, they end by exaggerating even that, making defects into deformities, and portraits into caricatures; they calumniate the national type; they give a burlesque and graceless aspect to the human countenance. In order to have the proper background for such figures, they are constrained to choose trivial subjects; hence the great number of pictures representing beer-shops, and drinkers with grotesque, stupid faces, in absurd attitudes, ugly women, and ridiculous old men; scenes in which one can almost hear the brutal laughter and the obscene words. Looking at these pictures, one would naturally conclude that Holland was inhabited by the ugliest and most ill-mannered people on the earth. We will not speak of greater and worse license. Steen, Potter, and Brouwer, the great Rembrandt himself, have all painted incidents that are scarcely to be mentioned to civilized ears, and certainly should not be looked at. But, even setting aside these excesses, in the picture-galleries of Holland there is to be found nothing that elevates the mind, or moves it to high and gentle thoughts. You admire, you enjoy, you laugh, you stand pensive for a moment before some canvas; but, coming out, you feel that something is lacking to your pleasure, you experience a desire to look upon a handsome countenance, to read inspired verses, and sometimes you catch yourself murmuring, half unconsciously, 'O Raphael!'

The quality of M. de Amicis's style, and also of Mrs. Tilton's translation, is sufficiently shown in the extracts. The latter is spirited and in the main probably exact, but now and then we come upon inexcusable evidences of haste or carelessness. We may be sure that so polished a writer as M. de Amicis would never praise a picture by commending its "prodigious truth to Nature"; and, in a style so flowing and opulent, it is essential that the punctuation should be looked after with more care than has been bestowed upon it in the present instance. The illustrations are serviceable and pleasing.

PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD.

SINCE the excitement created in literary and intellectual circles, forty years ago, by the Brook Farm community, no other organized movement, confessedly devoted to the advancement of ideal aims, has awakened so peculiar an interest as the Concord School of Philosophy. Though differing so widely in character, drift, and purpose, the spirit which has been the animating force of these two remarkable experiments has drawn its inspiration from the same sources. Both Brook Farm and the Concord School are the outgrowth of a peculiar form of idealism, first known under the name of transcendentalism. This later phase of its development, though wearing the front of new names, is still transcendental in its character and its beliefs.

It is a curious fact that it is neither in Germany, where transcendentalism took its rise, having its distinct origin in Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; nor in France, where the new doctrines were received with that liberalism which characterizes the attitude of the French mind, always ready to erect an altar to the latest variety of an unknown God; nor yet in England, where the new philosophy was imported by Coleridge, whose brilliant genius communicated a new force and glow to the German creed, and where, later, Carlyle and Wordsworth became the high-priests of the new faith—it is in none of these countries that *pure* transcendentalism is to be looked for. It is to be found only in New England. There alone has the attempt been made to transform the transcendental *idea* into an actual reality. English sympathizers were not incited by the new ideas to any concerted action. The new wine intoxicated poets and idealists, and their intellectual rhapsodies affected the whole tone of modern English thought. But it ended there. Even the zeal of Carlyle and Coleridge burned itself out.

But in America transcendentalism was received and accepted in a much more earnest spirit. Its believers embraced its doctrines as those of a new, a revealed religion. Their zeal had in it not only the fury of the proselytizing spirit, but the animus of a reconstructive force. The new doctrines were to reform society, to re-establish the long-sought harmony between man and the universe, between his ideal cravings and his natural necessities. It was, in a word, the revelation of a new heaven and a new earth.

America, of all modern countries, is certainly the richest in contrasts. The least imaginative and most distinctly practical of all peoples, her

utilitarianism is, nevertheless, veined with an idealism possessing qualities of enthusiasm peculiar to itself. It is the union of these practical and ideal elements in the American character which has made the history of transcendentalism unique in America. It is the practical element which has inspired enthusiasts in philosophy to attempt the reconstruction of society upon theories deduced from the baseless fabric of a philosopher's dream. It is this same practical force which has thus far kept the genius of the American mind free from the iconoclastic spirit. We do not seem to be afflicted with the Gallic passion for destroying first and building afterward. To reform old forms and habits of living and thinking rather than to create new ones; to reconstruct rather than to destroy; to believe in something, and to attempt to turn this belief into a practice, rather than to hate something, and to move heaven and earth to get rid of the horror—these are the distinctive features which have marked the development of the more ideal philosophies on this side of the water.

In the transcendental movement of forty years ago these qualities were conspicuous. The American transcendentalists were not satisfied until they found a vent in some form of practical energy for their new-found intellectual and moral enthusiasms. Brook Farm was one of those vents. The social, political, and intellectual emancipation of women was another. The animus with which the transcendentalists took up the antislavery cause also proved how deep-seated was the need for action among these believers in idealism.

In this latest phase of the enthusiasm born of philosophy, as seen at Concord, this same union of the practical and the ideal impulse has been strikingly illustrated. The Concord philosophers are idealists, but idealists whose highest endeavor is to turn their idealism into a practical reality.

The history of the Concord school is the history of the men who have founded the school. Foremost among them stands the name of A. Bronson Alcott. He alone, of all the now famous leaders in the great intellectual revival of forty years ago, is here to head this newest outgrowth of transcendentalism. Theodore Parker and Margaret Fuller have long ago passed beyond the bourn. Since yesterday George Ripley is to be numbered among the shades of the immortals who people the undiscovered country. Mr. Emerson, though four years younger than Mr. Alcott, has passed the age of active enthusiasms. During these forty years the very word transcen-

dentalism has lost the significance of its original meaning. Its history has become obsolete. In the fascinations of modern realism and the developments of modern science that phase of idealism has almost passed into a tradition. The pretty tale of the charming community at Brook Farm—that idyllic episode of philosophers playing at farming—comes to us wearing a certain air of unreality. We are too far removed from the heat, the bitterness, the fires of opposition which the new ideas evoked, to be fully in sympathy with the excitement produced by them.

But Mr. Alcott comes to revive that which was passing into tradition. In him, and with the establishment of this school of philosophy, idealism is to live once more.

Mr. Alcott has remained true to his earliest beliefs. His life has been consecrated to the working out of the spiritual aims which colored the vision of his dawning manhood. The great desire of his life has been to spiritualize education. To further this end he has consecrated his talents and his energies. He has conformed his habits of living to the standards of abstemiousness practiced by the Greek philosophers, Pythagoras, indeed, being his model. To the alluring voice of modern scientific discoveries, and of modern materialistic philosophies, Mr. Alcott has lent a deaf ear. He early enrolled himself among the philosophic sect known as the Mystics, and has remained unwaveringly faithful to its doctrines. To-day, in his eightieth year, he has retained, not only the vigor of his early enthusiasms, but the soaring confidence of his youthful ideals. He exhibits, also, the freshness of energy and the ardor of enterprise which characterized his earliest manhood.

In his youth Mr. Alcott dreamed a dream, and now, by a singular combination of circumstances, in his old age the vision has come true. That most deeply cherished plan was to found a school for philosophic instruction. But all hope of establishing such a school had long ago died out, even in Mr. Alcott's sanguine mind. His experiences in the West, however, within the past two or three years, caused a lively revival of his former ambitious desires. It has been Mr. Alcott's habit for many years to take the field, traveling through the Eastern, Western, and Northern States, giving his so-called Conversations, a plan of parlor-lecturing which he has introduced, and one peculiarly fitted for the delivery of his original scheme of topics. Recently, in the course of a Western trip, Mr. Alcott made the discovery that in the heart of the West there was a little center of enthusiastic study of philosophy. In Jacksonville, Illinois, he found Plato clubs composed of earnest students, serious-minded men whose intel-

lectual pursuits could only be indulged in after the business life of the day was over. Much, if not all, of this new-born enthusiasm was due to the interest taken in such studies by Dr. Jones, a resident physician of that city. For over twenty years this latter gentleman had devoted his leisure hours to the study and to original criticisms of the Platonic theories. His ardor had kindled that of others. Clubs and small circles were formed, where Dr. Jones found an eager audience to listen to his interpretation of the great master's doctrines.

In St. Louis Mr. Alcott found another little center of philosophic study. The motor in this city, of this revival of interest in such pursuits, was found to be Professor W. T. Harris. This gentleman was then known in practical life as the superintendent of the St. Louis high schools. To the literary world he is known as the editor and founder of the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy." Hegel is his master, and in him Hegelianism has found a new and original exponent of its theories and practical application. In St. Louis, clubs, both of ladies and of gentlemen, were numerous among a certain coterie, formed for the study of Hegel and of the other more ancient philosophies.

In these Western students and philosophers Mr. Alcott found the men for whom he had been looking. Here was the right intellectual *milieu* for the suggestion of his enterprise. Here, scattered, it is true, but vitalized with a common spirit, was already existent the right material for the building up of a school of philosophy. In Professor Harris and Dr. Jones, and in Mr. Denton Snider, and some other Western gentlemen, Mr. Alcott found interested and zealous coadjutors. Differing from Mr. Alcott in their personal philosophic creeds, these gentlemen found a common bond with him in their desire for the spread of philosophic knowledge. There was between them a sympathetic impulse for united action. To them were joined Mr. F. B. Sanborn and Mr. Emory, of Concord, Massachusetts, who composed in due time the faculty of the new school.

Among these founders of the school, Mr. Alcott is perhaps the only one who avowedly proclaims himself a transcendentalist. The other gentlemen enroll themselves under the standards of some particular philosopher or school of philosophy. But all—notably Professor Harris, who is in some respects to be considered as the most original intellectual force among these Concord philosophers—have received their earlier and strongest impulses from transcendental sources. They were all early Emersonian enthusiasts; Professor Harris read Mr. Alcott's "Tablets," and accepted them, years ago, as the revelations of a true mystic. The philosophies that Dr.

Jones, Professor Harris, Mr. Snider, Dr. Kidney, have most studied and taught, are those that are classed under the generic name of "speculative philosophies," the more ideal, spiritual, imaginative philosophies, as wide as possible from the positivist or materialistic school, being in open opposition to the teachings of Comte and of Herbert Spencer.

In treating of the school, this fact is to be kept clearly in mind: That, first of all, it owes its conception to an avowed transcendentalist; secondly, that its organization, supervision, and teachings, have been directed by men committed to take an ideal view of things. Remembering these facts, the meaning of the Concord school will have a clearer reading. Much of the ridicule and misconception which have attended the opening and the operations of the school has been due to this; its meaning, its purpose, have not been understood. People have not known where to place it, how to formulate its proceedings, how to label its actions. It is only when its fountain-spring of inspiration is named that it can be rightly understood.

Idealists are haters of conventionality. Precedent, an established order of things, the everyday, the ordinary, these are the enemies, the enslavers of men—the killers of all high-born enthusiasms. The idealist rails against the trammels of society; the visionary sees hope for the soul only when it soars beyond them. Mr. Alcott is an enthusiast, an idealist, a visionary. He dreams dreams, he is a seer of visions, his ideals color the whole atmosphere of his mind. When he dreamed of founding a school of philosophy, his vision painted it as far removed from the commonplace college or school organizations as a poet's fancy soars beyond the prosaic details of his surroundings. The school, in its *modus operandi*, was to be as unlike as possible to any known school, college, or university. Its methods and system of instruction were to be original, unique. It was, first of all, to be an arena for the discussion of intellectual and philosophic themes. It was next to offer to students such a method of instruction as should be best calculated not only to arouse and stimulate intellectual curiosity, but also to develop the spiritual faculties of the soul. The school, in a word, was to incorporate the most beautiful and poetic as well as the most refining influences.

Borrowing the idea of the *mise-en-scène* from the charming picture of Plato's olive-shaded walks of Academe, Mr. Alcott announced that the school was to hold its sessions in the open air, in the fairest weeks of midsummer, in the grounds adjoining his own house, the Orchard-House at Concord, Massachusetts. There, among the pine-groves crowning the picturesque hillside

forming the background of his dwelling, and under the apple-boughs surrounding it, the severer studies in the philosophies were to be lightened with intercourse with the great god of Nature. Beneath the odorous shade of the trees, students might leisurely saunter while meditating on the theme of the discourse.

The system of instruction was to be based upon an equally ideal principle. The professors were not to be immured behind the walls of college seclusion. The discourses on the Platonic and Hegelian doctrines were not to be jealously guarded as fit food only for the wise and the learned. Philosophy in the nineteenth century was to be as free a thing as it was in the days of the Greeks. The doors were to be open. The whole world might enter. No restrictions as to age or sex were enjoined. Women, indeed, were to be placed upon an equal footing with men in this Temple of Learning. They were to assist there in the office of teacher. That sympathetic relations might exist between students and teachers, conversations and discussions were to follow the lectures, in which all, listeners and students alike, were invited to join. These conversations were designed to entice thought, the aim being to stimulate, by means of conversational friction, intellectual activity.

In July, 1879, the Summer School of Philosophy was opened. Its sessions continued for five weeks. Its corps of professors included Mr. Alcott, Professor Harris, Dr. Jones, Mr. T. Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, and Dr. Kidney. Students were admitted without preliminary examinations. Most of the sessions were held in the parlors of the Orchard House, the number of visitors, students, and outsiders, numbering perhaps an average of fifty. Much curiosity, comment, and diversity of opinion and criticism, attended the opening of the meetings. The press first ridiculed, then caricatured, and finally attempted to explain its peculiar proceedings; the latter effort not, however, being attended with the same measure of success as when they had impaled its doings on the spear of ridicule. In spite of derision, the little school prospered; it being, perhaps, in accordance with the first principle of philosophy that it should thrive in the teeth of adverse criticism. The audiences assembled during the first season, though small, were interested. The experiment of enlisting sympathy in the new enterprise was deemed a sufficiently successful one to warrant its continuance during a second season. By the generous gift of a lady interested in the future of the school, a small hall was erected on the grounds adjoining Mr. Alcott's house. Here, in this Hillside Chapel, as Mr. Alcott has named the somewhat bare and unpretentious lit-

the edifice, all the exercises of the school were held during the past season (1880). That year was marked by an unexpected interest in the doings of the school. There was a large increase in the number of students and visitors. The press was prolific in reports, reviews, and editorials, and the public generally have evinced an intelligent curiosity concerning its proceedings.

The list of subjects treated in the course of lectures announced for the season of 1880 will, perhaps, to such readers as may not have seen the printed circulars, convey a clearer idea of the intellectual aim of the faculty. Mr. Bronson Alcott was announced to deliver five lectures on mysticism, the subjects being "St. John the Evangelist," "Plotinus," "Tauler," "Erckart," and "Behmen and Swedenborg." Dr. H. K. Jones's lectures were on "Plato," and an application of his philosophy to modern civilization. Professor W. T. Harris delivered five on the History of Philosophy, and five on Speculative Philosophy. Mr. J. Denton Snider gave five on Shakespeare, embodying his original theories and studies on the Shakespearean dramas. There were also three discourses by Dr. J. L. Kidney, on the "Philosophy of the Sublime and the Beautiful"; four by the Rev. W. H. Channing, on "Oriental and Mystical Philosophy." There were other special lectures upon the fine arts and literature. Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney gave two upon "Art." Mr. John Albee read two essays upon the "Literary Art." Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's paper was upon "Modern Society"; and Mr. F. B. Sanborn discoursed upon the "Philosophy of Charity." Other single lectures were read by such distinguished men as Professor Peirce, of Cambridge, Dr. Bartol, of Boston, Professor A. P. Peabody, Dr. Elisha Mulford, and Professor F. H. Hedge. The last evening lecture was read by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, on "Aristocracy," that being the only occasion upon which this greatest of American philosophers was heard. Two lectures were given daily; one at nine in the morning, and another at half-past seven in the evening. Both lectures were followed by discussions and a general conversation. The sessions lasted, as in the former season, for the space of five weeks.

It has been the aim of the faculty to preserve the school free from the narrowness of either sectarian or ultra-radical prejudices. Proof of this endeavor is found in the fact that among the lecturers are numbered Unitarian and Episcopal ministers of the gospel, several professors of confessed radical opinions, others of pronounced orthodox views, while, as has before been said, the most noted among the leaders of thought are transcendentalists of varying shades of belief. The attitude of the school is a strongly theistic one. The ultimate results of the philosophic

teachings tending to prove that the highest philosophy is in union with the highest forms of religious faith.

The picture that the school presented, on any one of the summer mornings when its sessions were being held, can be produced in a few words. One entered the little unpainted chapel through winding paths, paths leading one beneath the apple-boughs and along the edges of the Orchard-House garden. Against the greenery of the hill-side stood the plain, pointed roof of the unadorned little chapel. Inside, the space of the chapel was found to be ample (it has a seating capacity of one hundred and fifty); there was plenty of light, and glimpses could be caught, through any one of the numerous windows, of the elms and the pines waving in the sunlight. The decoration of the chapel was of the most severely simple order. Busts of Plato, Thoreau, Emerson, Voltaire, and Pestalozzi were placed about the room. Behind the little raised platform, from which the professors delivered their lectures, was an engraving of "The School of Athens." These, together with a Webster's Unabridged, completed the adornments and equipment of the hall. The auditorium was filled with wooden chairs and settees—ingeniously uncomfortable. About the platform were ranged larger, upholstered arm-chairs, which were occupied by members of the faculty. The kindly, ardent, enthusiastic face of Mr. Alcott was always to be found facing the audience in one of them; so also was the pale, intellectual face of Professor Harris, with its touch of ascetic seriousness; one had also ample opportunity of looking sometimes upon Emerson's wonderful face, with its saintly, spiritual calm, its intently eager expression, at the age of seventy-six still the face of the listener and the learner, and of noting his beautifully simple, unobtrusive manner, as free from consciousness as if he were the least important person present, as indeed it was easy to see he felt himself to be. Some striking physiognomical contrasts were grouped about the little platform at some of the meetings; notably on the occasion of the reading of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's lecture on Modern Society, when, side by side with that lady's refined, forcible face, appeared the Asiatic features of a Chinese professor, whose olive-tinted face, lit with the restless, bird-like brilliancy of the keen eye, rose from a mass of radiant Chinese *crêpe* draperies, whose color alone would have proclaimed him a Celestial.

The audiences gathered to listen to the lectures were mostly composed of women. Outside of the lecturers, professors, and reporters, the number of male attendants was conspicuous by the smallness of its ratio. Occasionally the fair, fresh face of a Harvard student would be seen

listening to some of the more popular lectures. But even the two or three sophomores or seniors who came to Concord ostensibly to attend the sessions of the school, yielded to the temptations which beset youth in summer, preferring to abstract lectures on the sublime and the beautiful, their more objective forms, and picnics to philosophy—picnics where, it is true, views on immortality were passed round with the sandwiches, and the correlation of the forces was served up with the tea. For the Concord maiden is deeply versed in the sciences.

Not one of the least interesting features of the morning sessions of the school were the conversations and discussions following the lectures. The informal nature of these conversations, the opportunity they afforded for spontaneity of thought, the scope offered for freedom of utterance, and the wide range of topic, gave them, on certain occasions, a brilliant and exciting tone. The conversational hour would, perhaps, for several mornings, be devoted to a severe scholastic contest, when professors would be pitted against one another in the discussion of some abstruse point in Aristotelian dialectics, or in a heated search for some obscure Hegelian term. Later, some chance word or allusion would change the whole drift and current of the talk. Professors would become anecdotal, or the school would assist at an unexpected combat of badinage. There would be some brilliant coruscations of wit, and the audience would be treated to some very happily turned phrases. It was by no means an unusual incident for many of the conversations to end in reminiscences. The little chapel was filled with men and women who had known and loved Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Theodore Parker, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. What more natural than that these surviving friends should pause to turn over the richly illumined pages of their memory? No doubt Concord itself, that town so rich in historic and memorable reminders, must have seemed haunted, to many there reunited for the first time in years, with a saddening, ghostly throng of associations. Of all American towns it is the one most deeply impregnated with the elusive spirit of the past. Its rich background is luminous with the crowded figures of the famous great and of greater deeds. The picture it presents, even to the mere lover of its literary and historic surroundings, is one brilliant with an arabesque of eloquent memories. What, then, must it not have suggested to those who had been living actors in some of its most exciting episodes? There were gray-haired men gathered together in that little chapel in the sweet summer mornings, engaged in the peaceful pursuit of listening to Plato's philosophy, who had been in the very

heat and stress of some of the most stirring events in our history; men who had suffered as martyrs in the antislavery cause, men who had borne obloquy and the scorn of their fellows because of their devotion to their religious or political convictions. Almost all of the more noted men present had been swept and carried along by the wave of transcendentalism. Among the gray heads and bent forms present were to be counted some of the members of the Brook Farm community. Something of the glow and the force of these fine enthusiasms was still to be felt. The magnetism of ardent beliefs had not lost all its electrical power. The air, at times, was charged with a current of idealism whose spirit of earnestness and intensity seemed to belong to another age than this.

The tributes paid to the departed great were in many instances instinct with vivid touches reproducing their lives and character. Something of Margaret Fuller's matchless eloquence and noble presence seemed to live again in the life-like portrait drawn by a contemporary. The mornings devoted to Hawthorne and to Thoreau were especially rich in this word-painting. Hawthorne's true inner life will, perhaps, for ever evade the investigating eye of the critic; but Hawthorne himself, from the period of his hermit-like youth to the moment of his pathetic death, stood before all present who were there to hear the simple, living portraiture of his life as sketched by Miss Elizabeth Peabody.

No true history of the school could be given which did not include some mention of these memorable conversations. In all of them there were continual allusions made to the past of Concord, to the men and women who have made it famous. There was a noble and generous recognition, on the part of the survivors of that distinguished group, to render up their tribute for the great debt owed them morally as well as mentally. It was these conversations, also, which gave the school its peculiarity of tone, its atmosphere. The allowed and avowed idealism of view; the heat and friction which come with an effort to establish a quickening in intellectual life; the play they offered for the expression of individual eccentricities of opinion, and the liberal use made of this latter advantage, made these conversations a distinctive feature of the school's doings. It is to be regretted that these discussions and conversations were not always restricted to literary, philosophic, or intellectual themes. It would certainly have been in keeping with the standards of the purest taste if the quality of emotionalism had not so often colored these otherwise charming and brilliant discourses. There was, in a word, too much of the "oversoul" at times, and the gush which is the lan-

guage of over-soulists—to coin a word—seemed hardly becoming in a company of philosophers and sages.

We now turn to the more serious aspect of the school, to the record of the work it has done. The school's success and usefulness, the hold which it has upon the future, must stand or fall according to the answers it can give to the three following questions: How far does the school meet the requirements of its students? What has it contributed to modern thought? What is its attitude toward the great questions of the day?

In regard to the question of the school's meeting the intellectual need of its students, the character of the students themselves must first be considered. They are, for the most part, as we have previously stated, of the feminine gender. But this argues nothing against the requirements demanded. Socrates himself, were he to appear in the nineteenth century, and in America, would find his most numerous and earnest audiences composed of women. As no preliminary examinations were required, it is, of course, impossible to judge correctly of the intellectual equipment of the students. But their earnest and close attention, their lively and intelligent interest, and the brilliancy of the intellectual acumen displayed in the conversations, certainly proved that the average of culture among them was above the ordinary. But, for an intelligent following of abstruse, philosophic courses of thought, a special and technical training is necessary. The students at the Concord school, being unprofessional, were thus, as a rule, unprepared for the more profound discourses delivered. Some few students had made philosophy a study before presenting themselves; and these few, together with the faculty and the other professors, composed the real audience at the lectures. The other listeners, however intelligent their receptivity, could get at the best but a superficial smattering of the great themes propounded. This fact proves, of itself, a certain looseness and inefficiency in the matter of organization. For a curriculum of study to be productive of substantial benefit, the preliminary preparatory steps in the necessary training must be made. If the Concord school is ever to be ranked among the number of serious, permanent institutions of learning, its methods of instruction and its rules of admission must undergo some much-needed changes.

Perhaps the most important contribution made to modern thought by the school is the fact of its establishment. It is the first attempt among English-speaking people to open a school of speculative philosophy. It is the first effort on American soil yet made to found any sort of

a school for philosophic instruction. The mere fact of such an arena being opened is an immense stimulus to metaphysical thinkers. The knowledge that there are a free platform and a body of men committed to the advancement of positive truth must result in awakening the desire for original investigations. The stir of thought which the school has already created proves how deep the need was of a rostrum where this branch of the sciences could be insured a liberal, sympathetic hearing.

In doing this the school has done much. It has done more in refusing to limit its freedom to the circumscribed rules which hedge about universities and colleges. In opening its doors to the world, it invites originality. In the freedom it allows in the expression of individual opinion, it holds the first position among all schools of philosophy known since the days of the Greeks.

Thus far the school has not been the medium for any new or startlingly original theories. The two courses of lectures which have attracted the most marked attention have been those given by Dr. Jones and Professor Harris. The discourses delivered by these two gentlemen on the Platonic and speculative philosophies were the most notable contributions rendered by the school.

It is a significant fact that they are both from the West. Professor Harris is, indeed, an Eastern-born man. But twenty years ago he went West, with the idea of establishing himself quietly near St. Louis, that he might devote himself to the pursuit of the higher philosophies. Circumstances drew him into an active professional career. But the passion of his life was not suffered to waste itself in disappointment. Possessed of the thirst for absolute truth, Professor Harris's processes of intellectual growth have been those experienced by all the more earnest seekers. One philosophy after another was approached with hope, and abandoned in despair. Mr. Harris has finally found his intellectual haven in Hegel. In Hegelianism he finds the union of the most plausible explanation of external phenomena, the highest metaphysical revelation of man's relation both to the natural and the unseen universe, and the loftiest rationalist belief in Deity. Professor Harris's lectures, wherein he unfolded and explained his researches into and original theories upon the Hegelian principles, were by far the most valuable contributions among the lecturers at Concord. As a speaker, he is forcible, clear, terse, and logical. He has an unusual power for expressing abstract thought and subtle philosophical phrases in intelligible English. And he is not lacking in that warmth of enthusiasm and sympathy with his subject which proves that his philosophic beliefs are no cold and impersonal mental conceptions. Cer-

tainly Hegelianism has never found a more eloquent nor a more devoted expounder.

Dr. Jones's lectures on Plato were also remarkable for their freshness of view. He devoted himself to proving the application of the immutable laws found in Plato's philosophy to the practical side of modern life. One salient feature characterized the lectures of both Dr. Jones and Professor Harris. They impressed upon their listeners the fact of their personal belief in their expositions. One had a convincing sense of the man behind the idea. Also that their conclusions had been reached by the by-paths of long, patient, solitary study, rather than of having followed the more common thoroughfares of merely scholarly attainments. It was this reflection of a personal, individual identification with their subject, which imparted to the discourses of these gentlemen the earnestness of tone which made them unique.

The attitude of the school toward the great questions of the day can be proved in the fact that the one point of antagonism it presents is against the present materialistic tendencies. If the utterances of its teachers have been directed toward any one point, that point has been the realism of recent art and literature, and the materialism which colors the more modern philosophies. The attitude of the school has been directly opposed to any explanation of phenomena, according to the Darwinian or Herbert Spencer theories. And, to the pessimistic tendencies current among recent German thinkers, it presents a like opposing, resisting front. The basis of the Concord school rests upon the ideal, the spiritual. In all the teachings of the school, in Mr. Alcott's so-called "intuitional" processes of induction; in Mr. Channing's interpretation of the spiritual consciousness as proved in the record of religious history; in Dr. Mulford's lectures on the personality of God; in Dr. Kidney's exposition of the divine as revealed in the sublime and the beautiful; as well as the triumphant proofs deduced from the Platonic and Hegelian doctrines—in all these discourses, the great fact was enforced again and again, that the spiritual, the ideal, is the higher law, the medium of the deeper revelation. And the most strenuous effort of these philosophers was to impress their hearers with the fact that philosophy was only truly, rightly studied when sought as the highest intellectual aid to practical living. Neither was the undermining principle allowed that philosophy was to take the place of religion. Rather was it to fix and to strengthen religious belief—Hegelianism being especially brought forward by its brilliant advocate as, of all the philosophies,

the most efficacious in serving as an intellectual prop to tottering faith.

The future of the school is uncertain. Its immediate stability, however, seems to be assured. It is already announced that the school will hold its sessions next year. But even its projectors do not venture much into future plans. Without adequate means, or the usual supports which society and sects supply, the faculty must rather wait upon events than confidently direct them. If it is to be strictly a school of philosophy, then it will have to depend upon a few men interested in that study, and competent to instruct. Its career may, perhaps, equal the space of their lives. More than science or literature, philosophy has been limited by the personal interest of some philosopher; schools have depended upon systems, and in ancient as well as in modern times have succeeded one another with great rapidity.

For that which the school at Concord has attempted to do, it is worthy of all praise. There is something fine and noble in this high strain of philosophy, heard above the sordid, practical din of the material absorption in purely practical matters. The disinterested unworldliness and self-consecration of its leaders is an example of devotion to intellectual pursuits in itself rarely paralleled. The immediate failure or future success of the school can not now dim the luster of that example. It may be that the most permanent results of the school will be its indirect influences—the stimulus it has given to the pursuit of the more ideal philosophies, the intellectual curiosity its proceedings have aroused, and the weight of influence it has contributed to the support of spiritual things. Even the idealism which has, perhaps, too largely inflated the balloon of thought at times, may not be found, in the later history of the intellectual growth of America, to have been the useless rhapsodies of mere sentimentalism. The idealist, in the end, wins the day. It is he who proclaims the vision; later, when the time is ripe, the realist comes who interprets the dream, and turns its beauties into practical use. Plato's "Republic" is, perhaps, of all books, the most impracticable. Its theories are subversive of the substructure of any modern permanent government, being impossible from any statesmanlike point of view. Yet how many statesmen has it not formed! This little school of philosophy may have a like noble destiny. While its fate may be to be numbered hereafter among the noble failures, the fact of its having raised an altar to Idealism would alone entitle it to a high place in the history of fine endeavors.

A. BOWMAN BLAKE.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD'S NEW NOVEL.*

WHATEVER may be thought of Lord Beaconsfield's career as a whole, or of its influence upon English politics and society, there are two features of it in the admiration of which both friends and enemies must join—his loyalty to his race and his loyalty to the art by which he first succeeded in attracting public notice. Beginning his career at a time when, and in a community where, the mediæval antipathy to Jews had abated but little of its fierceness, he not only made no attempt to disguise or subordinate the fact of his descent, but was himself the one to thrust it over and over again upon public attention, and never tired of proclaiming and reiterating the pride which he took in belonging to a people whose ancestors, as he said, were a great civilized and historic nation at a time when the progenitors of the most ancient and aristocratic families of England were a roving band of hinds and robbers. And the same bold, aggressive, and self-reliant spirit has marked his relation to literature. The career of Burke has shown that a wide and profound acquaintance with history and philosophy may be accepted as aiding a statesman in dealing with the current problems of politics; that of Fox that a proficiency in classical learning is considered a graceful embroidery to more practical attainments; that of the Earl of Derby that even a gentlemanly dalliance with the Muses can be tolerated in one who, besides being a statesman, was "an inheritor of hereditary culture"; and that of Mr. Gladstone that theological controversy is among the recreations with which a great political chieftain may amuse the scanty hours of his leisure. But even now, in spite of the recognition accorded to the masters of the art, the writing of fiction, and especially of such fiction as "*Vivian Grey*" and "*Contarini Fleming*," would probably be regarded as the worst possible beginning for a "serious career"; and most men, who by means of it had first reached the ladder of political and social preferment, would be more than willing to have it looked upon as one of those youthful eccentricities which, even by themselves, would be regarded as incompatible with the gravity of mature age. Not so Mr. Disraeli. He has apparently scorned to admit, even by implication, that the art upon which he deigned to exercise his budding talents is unworthy of pursuit either in youth or age. He was hardly launched upon the broad current of public life, where his bark would al-

ready have seemed to another to be overloaded, when he startled the world with his brilliant "trilogy" of political novels, "*Coningsby*," "*Sibyl*," and "*Tancred*"; when he had climbed the heights of political success, and had become the acknowledged leader and master of the most aristocratic party in Europe, he almost ostentatiously revived the memory of his early escapades—as his followers were glad to consider them—by publishing "*Lothair*"; and now, from the serene empyrean of sated ambition, but a moment, as it were, after the pageantry of his return from that congress where he enacted the rôle of arbiter of Europe, he steps down once more to convince the public that he has not lost his old faculty of entertaining them. Whatever else he may have been, the Earl of Beaconsfield has been no time-server, nor has he ever truckled to the prejudices of those by whose suffrages he aspired to rise. What he has won he has conquered, and the calm and self-confident note of the conqueror is heard in "*Endymion*."

Unlike its nearest predecessor, "*Endymion*" is a political novel. In "*Lothair*," which was almost exclusively a society picture, the author's aim seemed to be to show that, even at that late period, he could enter with assured success upon a field which he had not previously attempted; and it possessed something, at least, of the spice of novelty. "*Endymion*" belongs to the same group as "*Sibyl*," and "*Tancred*," and "*Coningsby*," and, as a matter of course, will be placed in comparison with them.

And the result of the comparison, we think, will be the conviction that the author's invention has not lost its force, nor his hand its cunning. The manner is more sober and self-contained, perhaps, and the style a little less exuberant; but "*Endymion*" is as clever, as piquant, as vivacious, and as spirited as either "*Coningsby*" or "*Sibyl*." The satire is not quite so trenchant or obtrusive, and it is written with less of that air of an Ishmaelite, whose hand is against every man because he expects every man's hand to be against him; but the bow is still the bow of Ulysses, and the arrows go as straight to the mark as in the days when the marksman might be supposed to have been in better practice. Moreover, "*Endymion*" has this great advantage over any of its predecessors, that a political novel, written by one who has scaled the heights of political success and sounded the depths of political disaster—who has been a part, and an essential part, of the machine whose working he describes—must necessarily be more piquant than

* *Endymion*. A Novel. By the Earl of Beaconsfield. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

a political novel written by one who must draw upon his imagination rather than his experience, and whose knowledge could not possibly be of that intimate sort which alone can command confidence and acceptance.

This difference will, doubtless, be observable in the place that will be assigned to "Endymion" among its author's writings. Mr. Trevelyan has remarked that the English aristocracy has always been, and is still, essentially political in its tastes and aptitudes, and "Endymion" presents a complete, minutely elaborated, and certainly a very vivid picture of that aristocracy on its political side. The picture, moreover, is not a mere collection of personal portraits, in which likeness of face and figure is the sole thing aimed at. The atmosphere, the background, the circumstances, the social *milieu* of the novel is, perhaps, its most remarkable quality; and, written as it is by one whose opportunities have been of the best and whose knowledge can not be questioned, it really renders more efficient help in understanding English political life than a dozen of the ordinary biographies of leading statesmen. Lord Palmerston, for example, lived throughout the period covered by this novel, and his brother's life of him is as painstaking, as comprehensive, and as exact as a Parliamentary blue-book; yet, of certain phases of Palmerston's career—the assistance rendered him by his wife, for example—we get a far clearer idea from "Endymion" than from the biography itself, though, of course, the information is furnished incidentally, and, as it were, accidentally. As a brilliant and probably faithful picture of the social and political life of the most famous aristocracy that the world has produced, "Endymion" will be valued long after the flurry of excitement caused by its personal portraits and implications has subsided and been forgotten.

For the moment, however, the personal element in the book will, doubtless, prove its most piquant and interesting feature. Prior to its publication in England it was persistently rumored that it expressed Lord Beaconsfield's views upon his own career during the twenty-five years following 1830, including the O'Connell and Peel episodes—that, in fact, it was a sort of political autobiography or confession, dealing with real facts and persons and performances. This the book certainly is not, though the successive incidents of its narrative follow the actual order of events during that period, and though it perpetually touches the very narrow boundary between history and fiction. In point of fact, the question as to what part of the book is history and what fiction, which of its characters are real and which merely dramatic, will probably give rise to endless conjecture and discussion and controversy. Peel and the Duke of Wellington are in-

troduced by name, Huskisson is mentioned and eulogized, and the see-saw of parties on the Reform and Corn-law questions is pungently described. Other characters are so thinly disguised as to be easily identified. Prince Florestan is Louis Napoleon; the banker Neuchatel is the late Baron Rothschild; Nigel Penruddock is Cardinal Manning; Job Thornberry is either Cobden or Bright; Lord Roehampton is probably intended for Palmerston; Agrippina is Queen Hortense. But no figure is an exact portrait, and sometimes the traits of more than one historic personage appear in the same character. But who sat for Waldershare, or Beaumaris, or Ferrars, or Baron Sergius, or Lady Montfort, or Sylvia?

One thing is certain, and that is that Endymion is not even a faint adumbration of Lord Beaconsfield. In various ways, and through the medium of several distinct personages, the author, doubtless, imparts certain confidences regarding himself and his career; but these are wholly indirect and elusive, and have no tendency to identify him with any one of his characters. Indeed, so marked is the contrast between Endymion and his creator, that it is matter of surprise to the reader that one whose character is so firm and so self-reliant—who has literally carved out his own career—should offer in Endymion so flabby and unimpressive a type of the man who makes his way from the bottom of the political ladder to the prime-ministership. So far as the reader can gather from the story itself, Endymion is the almost passive recipient of a destiny prepared and secured for him by the affectionate zeal of his sister and of Lady Montfort. In glorifying (as the novel undoubtedly does) the political influence of women, Lord Beaconsfield may have been paying a chivalric tribute to the memory of his wife and of Lady Blessington, to one of whom he has long been understood to attribute his political and to the other his social success; but, in arranging the conditions for the display of this influence, he has fatally weakened the character of his hero, and the result is that Endymion is the least satisfactory and the least interesting character in the story. He is, if we may borrow from the Cockney vocabulary, something of a "prig" and a good deal of a "cad"; and the end of the narrative finds the reader utterly incredulous as to this being the man, or these the means, by which to reach the position of Prime Minister of England. Assuredly, the career of Endymion finds no parallel in that of him who, in real life, actually raised himself to that exalted position.

This much regarding the story we have felt able to say without revealing enough of its plot and tenor to impair the reader's interest in read-

ing the book itself; but to enter into more detailed criticism would be to run this risk, and we shall content ourselves, therefore, with citing a few of the passages which strike us in the perusal, and which are susceptible of being detached from the context. And, first, we shall reproduce a bit of description, which illustrates at once the author's keen sense of the picturesque, and his skill in dashing in an appropriate background for his figures:

"At the foot of the Berkshire downs, and itself on a gentle elevation, there is an old hall with gable-ends and lattice windows, standing in grounds which once were stately, and where there are yet glade-like terraces of yew-trees, which give an air of dignity to a neglected scene. In the front of the hall huge gates of iron, highly wrought, and bearing an ancient date as well as the shield of a noble house, opened on a village green, round which were clustered the cottages of the parish with only one exception, and that was the vicarage-house, a modern building, not without taste, and surrounded by a small but brilliant garden. The church was contiguous to the hall, and had been raised by the lord on a portion of his domain. Behind the hall and its inclosure, the country was common land but picturesque. It had once been a beech forest, and, though the timber had been greatly cleared, the green land was still occasionally dotted, sometimes with groups and sometimes with single trees, while the juniper which here abounded, and rose to a great height, gave a rich wildness to the scene, and sustained its forest character.

"Hurstley had for many years been deserted by the family to which it belonged. Indeed, it was rather difficult to say to whom it did belong. A dreary fate had awaited an ancient, and, in its time, even not immemorable home. It had fallen into chancery, and for the last half-century had either been uninhabited or let to strangers. Mr. Ferrars's lawyer was in the chancery suit, and knew all about it. The difficulty of finding a tenant for such a place, never easy, was increased by its remoteness from any railway communication, which was now beginning to figure as an important element in such arrangements. The Master in Chancery would be satisfied with a nominal rent, provided only he could obtain a family of consideration to hold under him," etc.

This hall was destined to figure prominently in the earlier scenes of Endymion's life, and here we first encounter a "Radical" whose later career is made to satirize that of Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright, or perhaps of both:

"The pride and torment of Farmer Thornberry's life was his only child, Job.

"'I gave him the best of educations,' said the farmer; 'he had a much better chance than I had myself, for I do not pretend to be a scholar, and never was; and yet I can not make head or tail of him. I wish you would speak to him some day, sir. He goes against the land, and yet we have been on

it for three generations, and have nothing to complain of; and he is a good farmer too, is Job, none better; a little too fond of experimenting, but then he is young. But I am very much afraid he will leave me. I think it is this new thing the big-wigs have set up in London that has put him wrong, for he is always reading their papers.'

"'And what is that?' said Mr. Ferrars.

"'Well, they call themselves the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and Lord Brougham is at the head of it.'

"'Ah! he is a dangerous man,' said Mr. Ferrars.

"'Do you know, I think he is,' said Farmer Thornberry, very seriously, 'and by this token—he says a knowledge of chemistry is necessary for the cultivation of the soil.'

"'Brougham is a man who would say anything,' said Mr. Ferrars, 'and of one thing you may be quite certain, that there is no subject which Lord Brougham knows thoroughly. I have proved that, and, if you ever have time some winter evening to read something on the matter, I will lend you a number of the "Quarterly Review," which might interest you.'

"'I wish you would lend it to Job,' said the farmer.

'Mr. Ferrars found Job not so manageable in controversy as his father. His views were peculiar, and his conclusions certain. He had more than a smattering too of political economy, a kind of knowledge which Mr. Ferrars viewed with suspicion; for, though he had himself been looked upon as enlightened in this respect in the last years of Lord Liverpool, when Lord Wallace and Mr. Huskisson were astonishing the world, he had relapsed, after the schism of the Tory party, into orthodoxy, and was satisfied that the tenets of the economists were mere theories, or could only be reduced into practice by revolution.

"'But it is a pleasant life, that of a farmer,' said Mr. Ferrars to Job.

"'Yes, but life should be something more than pleasant,' said Job, who always looked discontented; 'an ox in a pasture has a pleasant life.'

"'Well, and why should it not be a profitable one, too?' said Mr. Ferrars.

"'I do not see my way to that,' said Job, moodily; 'there is not much to be got out of the land at any time, and still less on the terms we hold it.'

"'But you are not high-rented!'

"'Oh, rent is nothing, if everything else were right, but nothing is right,' said Job. 'In the first place, a farmer is the only trader who has no security for his capital.'

"'Ah! you want a lease?'

"'I should be very sorry to have a lease like any that I have seen,' replied Job. 'We had one once in our family, and we keep it as a curiosity. It is ten skins long, and more tyrannical nonsense was never engrossed by man.'

"'But your family, I believe, has been on this estate for generations now,' said Mr. Ferrars, 'and they have done well.'

"They have done about as well as their stock. They have existed," said Job; "nothing more."

"Your father always gives me quite the idea of a prosperous man," said Mr. Ferrars.

"Whether he be or not I am sure I can not say," said Job; "for, as neither he nor any of his predecessors ever kept any accounts, it is rather difficult to ascertain their exact condition. So long as he has money enough in his pocket to pay his laborers and buy a little stock, my father, like every British farmer, is content. The fact is, he is a serf as much as his men, and until we get rid of feudalism he will remain so."

"These are strong opinions," said Mr. Ferrars, drawing himself up, and looking a little cold.

"Yes, but they will make their way," said Job. "So far as I myself am concerned, I do not much care what happens to the land, for I do not mean to remain on it; but I care for the country. For the sake of the country I should like to see the whole thing upset."

"What thing?" asked Mr. Ferrars.

"Feudalism," said Job. "I should like to see this estate managed on the same principles as they do their great establishments in the north of England. Instead of feudalism I would substitute the commercial principle. I would have long leases without covenants; no useless timber, and no game."

"Why, you would destroy the country," said Mr. Ferrars.

"We owe everything to the large towns," said Job.

"The people in the large towns are miserable," said Mr. Ferrars.

"They can not be more miserable than the people in the country," said Job.

"Their wretchedness is notorious," said Mr. Ferrars. "Look at their riots."

"Well, we had Swing in the country only two or three years ago."

"Mr. Ferrars looked sad. The reminiscence was too near and too fatal. After a pause he said with an air of decision, and as if imparting a state secret, 'If it were not for the agricultural districts, the King's army could not be recruited.'"

"Well, that would not break my heart," said Job.

"Why, my good fellow, you are a Radical!"

"They may call me what they like," said Job; "but it will not alter matters. However, I am going among the Radicals soon, and then I shall know what they are."

"And can you leave your truly respectable parent?" said Mr. Ferrars, rather solemnly, for he remembered his promise to Farmer Thornberry to speak seriously to his son.

"Oh! my respectable parent will do very well without me, sir. Only let him be able to drive into Bamford on market-day, and get two or three linedrappers to take their hats off to him, and he will be happy enough, and always ready to die for our glorious Constitution."

The satirical element of the book is copious and all-pervasive, but the only portrait in which the satire is distinctly malicious is that of the journalist, St. Barbe. Lord Beaconsfield affirms categorically that, whatever literary men may pretend to think or feel, at the bottom of their hearts they hate and envy each other; and St. Barbe is made to vindicate this assertion. The portrait of St. Barbe is to our mind the cleverest and most amusing in the book, and this shall be our excuse for lingering over it somewhat. He is introduced to us as a fellow-clerk in the Government office in which Endymion served his political apprenticeship, and is made to reveal himself very clearly in a conversation that occurred in a coffee-house, whither the clerks had repaired for a little dinner in honor of Endymion's appointment:

"I hope you will like your new life," said St. Barbe, throwing down a review on the divan, and leaning back sipping his coffee. "One thing may be said in favor of it: you will work with a body of as true-hearted comrades as ever existed. They are always ready to assist one. Thorough good-natured fellows, that I will say for them. I suppose it is adversity," he continued, "that develops the kindly qualities of our nature. I believe the sense of common degradation has a tendency to make the degraded amiable—at least among themselves. I am told it is found so in the plantations in slave-gangs."

"But I hope we are not a slave-gang," said Endymion.

"It is horrible to think of gentlemen, and men of education, and perhaps first-rate talents—who knows?—reduced to our straits," said St. Barbe. "I do not follow Jawett in all his views, for I hate political economy and never could understand it; and he gives it you pure and simple, eh? eh?—but I say it is something awful to think of the incomes that some men are making, who could no more write an article in 'Scaramouch' than fly."

"But our incomes may improve," said Endymion. "I was told to-day that promotion was even rapid in our office."

"Our incomes may improve when we are bent and gray," said St. Barbe, "and we may even retire on a pension about as good as a nobleman leaves to his valet. Oh, it is a horrid world! Your father is a privy counselor, is not he?"

"Yes, and so was my grandfather, but I do not think I shall ever be one."

"It is a great thing to have a father a privy counselor," said St. Barbe, with a glance of envy. "If I were the son of a privy counselor, those demons, Shuffle and Screw, would give me five hundred pounds for my novel, which now they put in their beastly magazine and print in small type, and do not pay me so much as a powdered flunkey has in St. James's Square. I agree with Jawett: the whole thing is rotten."

"Mr. Jawett seems to have very strange opin-

ions," said Endymion. "I did not like to hear what he said at dinner about the Church, but Mr. Trenchard turned the conversation, and I thought it best to let it pass."

"Trenchard is a sensible man, and a good fellow," said St. Barbe; "you like him?"

"I find him kind."

"Do you know," said St. Barbe, in a whisper, and with a distressed and almost vindictive expression of countenance, "that man may come any day into four thousand a year. There is only one life between him and the present owner. I believe it is a good life," he added, in a more cheerful voice, "but still it might happen. Is it not horrible? Four thousand a year! Trenchard with four thousand a year, and we receiving little more than the pay of a butler!"

"Well, I wish, for his sake, he might have it," said Endymion, "though I might lose a kind friend."

"Look at Seymour Hicks," said St. Barbe; "he has smoked his cigar, and he is going. He never remains. He is going to a party, I'll be bound. That fellow gets about in a most extraordinary manner. Is it not disgusting? I doubt whether he is asked much to dinner though, or I think we should have heard of it. Nevertheless, Trenchard said the other day that Hicks had dined with Lord Cinque-Ports. I can hardly believe it; it would be too disgusting. No lord ever asked me to dinner. But the aristocracy of this country are doomed!"

"Mr. Hicks," said Endymion, "probably lays himself out for society."

"I suppose you will," said St. Barbe, with a scrutinizing air. "I should if I were the son of a privy councillor. Hicks is nothing; his father kept a stable-yard and his mother was an actress. We have had several dignitaries of the Church in my family and one admiral. And yet Hicks dines with Lord Cinque-Ports! It is positively revolting! But the things he does to get asked!—sings, rants, conjures, ventriloquizes, mimics, stands on his head. His great performance is a Parliamentary debate. We will make him do it for you. And yet with all this a dull dog—a very dull dog, sir. He wrote for 'Scaramouch' some little time, but they can stand it no more. Between you and me, he has had notice to quit. That I know; and he will probably get the letter when he goes home from his party to-night. So much for success in society! I shall now say good night to you."

Some years later, when he had become the Paris correspondent of the "Chuck-Farthing," we meet him in his glory at a great dinner given by the banker Neuchatel, to which he had managed to secure an invitation. In the reception-room, just before the summons to dinner, he confided to Endymion that he hoped to have the opportunity to "show his art," and that he should not be surprised if Mr. Neuchatel were to present him to some of the grantees. "I believe them to be all impostors," he said, "but still it is pleasant to talk to a man with a star."

"St. Barbe was not disappointed in his hopes. It was an evening of glorious success for him. He had even the honor of sitting for a time by the side of Mrs. Neuchatel, and being full of good claret, he, as he phrased it, showed his paces; that is to say, delivered himself of some sarcastic paradoxes duly blended with fulsome flattery. Later in the evening he contrived to be presented both to the ambassador and the cabinet minister, and treated them as if they were demigods; listened to them as if with an admiration which he vainly endeavored to repress; never spoke except to enforce and illustrate the views which they had condescended to intimate; successfully conveyed to his Excellency that he was conversing with an enthusiast for his exalted profession; and to the minister that he had met an ardent sympathizer with his noble career. The ambassador was not dissatisfied with the impression he had made on one of the foreign correspondents of the 'Chuck-Farthing,' and the minister flattered himself that both the literary and the graphic representations of himself in 'Scaramouch' might possibly for the future be mitigated."

"I have done business to-night," said St. Barbe to Endymion toward the close of the evening. "You did not know I had left the old shop? I kept it close. I could stand it no longer. One has energies, sir, though not recognized—at least not recognized much," he added, thoughtfully. "But who knows what may happen? The age of mediocrity is not eternal. You see this thing offered, and I saw an opening. It has come already. You saw the big-wigs all talking to me? I shall go to Paris now with some *délat*. I shall invent a new profession—the literary diplomatist. The bore is, I know nothing about foreign politics. My line has been the other way. Never mind; I will read the 'Débats' and the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and make out something. Foreign affairs are all the future, and my views may be as right as anybody else's; probably more correct, not so conventional. What a fool I was, Ferrars! I was asked to remain here to-night and refused! The truth is, I could not stand those powdered gentlemen, and I should have been under their care. They seem so haughty and supercilious. And yet I was wrong. I spoke to one of them very rudely just now, when he was handing coffee, to show I was not afraid, and he answered me like a seraph. I felt remorse."

The portrait will not be quite complete unless we reproduce the account of the next rencontre between Endymion and St. Barbe, when the star of the former had already begun to ascend:

"Just as Endymion had entered Piccadilly, he was stopped by a once familiar face; it was St. Barbe, who accosted him with great warmth, and as usual began to talk about himself. 'You are surprised to see me,' he said. 'It is two years since we met. Well, I have done wonders; carried all before me. By Jove, sir, I can walk into a minister's private room with as much ease as if I were entering the old den. The ambassadors are hand

and glove with me. There are very few things I do not know. I have made the fortune of the "Chuck-Farthing," trebled its circulation, and invented a new style, which has put me at the head of all "our own correspondents." I wish you were at Paris; I would give you a dinner at the Rocher, which would make up for all our dinners at that ferocious ruffian, Joe's. I gave a dinner the other day to forty of them, all "our own correspondents," or such like. Do you know, my dear fellow, when I looked round the room, there was not a man who had not done his best to crush me; running down my works or not noticing them, or continually dilating on Gushy, as if the English public would never read anything else. Now, that was Christian-like of me, was not it? God, sir, if they only had but one neck, and I had been the Emperor Nero—but, I will not dwell on it; I hate them. However, it suits me to take the other line at present. I am all for fraternity and that sort of thing, and give them dinners. There is a reason why, but there is no time to talk about that now. I shall want their sweet voices—the hounds! But, my dear fellow, I am truly glad to see you. Do you know, I always liked you; and how come you to be in this quarter this fine morning?

"I live in the Albany," said Endymion.

"You live in the Albany!" repeated St. Barbe, with an amazed and perturbed expression. "I knew I could not be a knight of the garter, or a member of White's—the only two things an Englishman can not command; but I did think I might some day live in the Albany. It was my dream. And you live there! Gracious! what an unfortunate fellow I am! I do not see how you can live in the Albany with your salary; I suppose they have raised you."

"I have left Somerset House," said Endymion, "and am now at the Board of Trade, and am private secretary to Mr. Sidney Wilton."

"Oh!" said St. Barbe; "then we have friends at court. You may do something for me, if I only knew what I wanted. They have no decorations here. Curse this aristocratic country, they want all the honors to themselves. I should like to be in the Board of Trade, and would make some sacrifice for it. The proprietors of the "Chuck-Farthing" pay well; they pay like gentlemen; though, why I say so I do not exactly know, for no gentleman ever paid me anything. But, if I could be Secretary of the Board of Trade, or get fifteen hundred pounds a year secure, I would take it; and I dare say I could get employed on some treaties, as I speak French, and then I might get knighted."

"Well, I think you are very well off," said Endymion; "carrying, as you say, everything before you. What more can you want?"

"I hate the craft," said St. Barbe, with an expression of genuine detestation; "I should like to show them all up before I died. I suppose it was your sister marrying a lord that got you on in this way. I could have married a countess myself, but then, to be sure, she was only a Polish one, and hard up. I never had a sister; I never had any luck in life at all. I wish I had been a woman.

Women are the only people who get on. A man works all his life, and thinks he has done a wonderful thing if, with one leg in the grave and no hair on his head, he manages to get a coronet; and a woman dances at a ball with some young fellow or other, or sits next to some old fellow at dinner and pretends she thinks him charming, and he makes her a peeress on the spot. Oh! it is a disgusting world; it must end in revolution. Now you tell your master, Mr. Sidney Wilton, that, if he wants to strengthen the institutions of this country, the government should establish an order of merit, and the press ought to be represented in it. I do not speak only for myself; I speak for my brethren. Yes, sir, I am not ashamed of my order."

"And so they bade each other farewell."

Here is an oracle on dress delivered by Mr. Vigo, a fashionable tailor, who subsequently became a great railway contractor and a millionaire:

"Dress does not make a man, but it often makes a successful one. The most precious stone, you know, must be cut and polished. . . . I have known many an heiress lost by her suitor being ill dressed. You must dress according to your age, your pursuits, your object in life; you must dress, too, in some cases, according to your set. In youth a little fancy is rather expected, but, if political life be your object, it should be avoided, at least after one-and-twenty. I am dressing two brothers now, men of considerable position; one is a mere man of pleasure, the other will probably be a minister of state. They are as like as two peas, but, were I to dress the dandy and the minister the same, it would be bad taste—it would be ridiculous. No man gives me the trouble which Lord Eglantine does; he has not made up his mind whether he will be a great poet or prime minister. "You must choose, my lord," I tell him. "I can not send you out looking like Lord Byron if you mean to be a Canning or a Pitt." I have dressed a great many of our statesmen and orators, and I always dressed them according to their style and the nature of their duties. What all men should avoid is the "shabby genteel." No man ever gets over it. I will save you from that. You had better be in rags."

Perhaps the most striking passage in the book is that in which the author reverts once more to what has always been a favorite theme with him—the races of men. At a dinner given by Prince Florestan, the Marquis of Vallombrosa "expatiated on the Latin race, their great qualities, their vivacity, invention, vividness of perception, chivalrous valor, and sympathy with tradition." Afterward—

"Baron Sergius and Endymion were sitting together rather apart from the rest. The Baron said: 'You have heard to-day a great deal about the Latin race, their wondrous qualities, their peculiar destiny, their possible danger. It is a new idea, or rather a

new phrase, that I observe is now getting into the political world, and is probably destined to produce consequences. No man will treat with indifference the principle of race. It is the key of history, and why history is often so confused is that it has been written by men who were ignorant of this principle and all the knowledge it involves. As one who may become a statesman and assist in governing mankind, it is necessary that you should not be insensible to it; whether you encounter its influence in communities or in individuals, its qualities must ever be taken into account. But there is no subject which more requires discriminating knowledge, or where your illustrating principle, if you are not deeply founded, may not chance to turn out a will-o'-the-wisp. Now, this great question of the Latin race, by which M. de Vallombrosa may succeed in disturbing the world—it might be well to inquire where the Latin race is to be found. In the north of Italy, peopled by Germans and named after Germans, or in the south of Italy, swarming with the descendants of Normans and Arabs? Shall we find the Latin race in Spain, stocked by Goths, and Moors, and Jews? Or in France, where there is a great Celtic nation, occasionally mingled with Franks? Now, I do not want to go into the origin of man and nations—I am essentially practical, and only endeavor to comprehend that with which I have personally to deal, and that is sufficiently difficult. In Europe I find three great races with distinct qualities—the Teutons, the Slaves, and the Celts; and their conduct will be influenced by those distinctive qualities. There is another great race which influences the world, the Semites. Certainly, when I was at the Congress of Vienna, I did not believe that the Arabs were more likely to become a conquering race again than the Tartars, and yet it is a question at this moment whether Mehemet Ali, at their head, may not found a new empire in the Mediterranean. The Semites are unquestionably a great race, for, among the few things in this world which appear to be certain, nothing is more sure than that they invented our alphabet. But the Semites now exercise a vast influence over affairs by their smallest though most peculiar family, the Jews. There is no race gifted with so much tenacity, and such skill in organization. These qualities have given them an unprecedented hold over property and illimitable credit. As you advance in life, and get experience in affairs, the Jews will cross you everywhere. They have long been stealing into our secret diplomacy, which they have almost appropriated; in another quarter of a century they will claim their share of open government. Well, these are races; men and bodies of men influenced in their conduct by their particular organization, and which must enter into all the calculations of a statesman. But what do they mean by the Latin race? Language and religion do not make a race—there is only one thing which makes a race, and that is blood."

Hardly less interesting, in view of the career and present position of its writer, is the following

fragment of a conversation between Baron Serghius and Endymion regarding public life:

"... What a rare thing is success in life," said Endymion. "I often wonder whether I shall ever be able to step out of the crowd."

"You may have success in life without stepping out of the crowd," said the Baron.

"A sort of success," said Endymion; "I know what you mean. But what I mean is real success in life. I mean, I should like to be a public man."

"Why?" asked the Baron.

"Well, I should like to have power," said Endymion, blushing.

"The most powerful men are not public men," said the Baron. "A public man is responsible, and a responsible man is a slave. It is private life that governs the world. You will find this out some day. The world talks much of powerful sovereigns and great ministers; and if being talked about made one powerful they would be irresistible. But, the fact is, the more you are talked about the less powerful you are."

"But surely King Luitbrand is a powerful monarch; they say he is the wisest of men. And the Emperor Harold, who has succeeded in everything. And as for ministers, who is a great man if it be not Prince Wenceslaus?"

"King Luitbrand is governed by his doctor, who is capable of governing Europe, but has no ambition that way; the Emperor Harold is directed by his mistress, who is a woman of a certain age with a vast sagacity, but who also believes in sorcery; and as for Prince Wenceslaus, he is inspired by an individual as obscure as ourselves, and who, for aught I know, may be at this moment, like ourselves, drinking a cup of coffee in a hired lodging."

"What you say about public life amazes me," said Endymion, musingly.

"Think over it," said the Baron. "As an Englishman, you will have difficulty in avoiding public life. But, at any rate, do not at present be discontented that you are unknown. It is the first condition of real power. When you have succeeded in life according to your views, and I am inclined to believe you will so succeed, you will some day sigh for real power, and denounce the time when you became a public man and belonged to any one but yourself. But our friend calls me. He has found something startling. I will venture to say, if there be anything in it, it has been brought about by some individual of whom you never heard."

We have said that the style of Lord Beaconsfield is somewhat soberer and less exuberant than that of Mr. Disraeli, yet one finds in "Endymion" a surprising persistence of those qualities which dazzled the town in "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming." There is the same tendency to epigram, as where he observes that "inquirers who are always inquiring never learn anything"; the same inartistic habit of heaping words together in accordance with their sound rather than

their sense, as where, merely in order to swell a sonorous period, he speaks of "the dazzling mysteries of Brazilian forests"; and the same propensity to linger over the pomp and paraphernalia of wealth, as where he writes: "The dinner to-day was exquisite, in a chamber of many-colored marbles, and where there was no marble there was gold, and, when the banquet was over, they repaired to saloons hung with satin of a delicate

tint, which exhibited to perfection a choice collection of Greuze and Vanloo." Even in the superficial qualities of manner and style there is surprisingly little difference between the veteran statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, and the audacious young novelist, Disraeli the younger. Had "Eudymion" been published anonymously, the secret of its authorship could hardly have remained unsolved for twenty-four hours.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

I.

MR. TOM HOOD, in his admirable little essay on *vers de société*, well points out that the term society-verse scarcely expresses what is meant by the French term—and that it is unfortunate we have no better. He opposes society in this connection, not to the million, but to solitude. He goes on to add: "It belongs to social, every-day life, and is written by, and written for, 'men of the world.' It is rather the elegant and polished treatment of some topic of interest than the lofty and removed contemplation of some extensive theme." This definition may be accepted as fair though not absolutely exhaustive; for surely in good society-verse there should be much for others besides what are strictly to be denominated "*men of the world*." Mr. Locker, and Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Calverley might well object to this *prima facie* narrowing of their audience, from which matrons and maidens are alike cruelly excluded, though doubtless they form a large part of the audience so deeply desired by society-poets! Mr. Tom Hood's arbitrary limitation in his definition is the more extraordinary and unaccountable in that he, at a later part, claims an element of humanity "and permanence of interest for all true society-verse—only it must be half-disguised—veiled in 'nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.'" Like Thackeray, who did some fine things in this way, the society-verse writer "laughs over some things because he does not want you to notice that he is crying!" A great point lies here. The pathetic and serious element is essential to the writer of society-verse; his specialty lies not in any definable elements distinguishing him from the poet pure and simple; but his mode of expression, which may, so far, be an accident.

True humor and cynicism are inconsistent with each other. Your true cynic is a skeptic also. He is distrustful by nature; suspicious; he scorns man, not because he has fallen below

himself, but because he can rise no higher: Byron, for example, in his most sardonic moods, puts himself outside the circle, no matter how clever and ingenious he is. Humor of the truest quality always rests on a foundation of belief in something better than it sees, and its laugh is a sad one at the awkward contrast between man as he is and man as he might be. In a word, the humorist has an ideal by which all is brought to test. The true writer of society-verse is saved from cynicism by the necessity to remain a humorist. Wit alone will not suffice him. He must, in some degree, excite the sensibilities and unconsciously raise the ideal by the mere administration of pleasurable impulse: the suggestion of new relations and affinities in life.

As parody stands ever on the border of the *vers de société* field, and loses its true identity if it overpasses the boundary, so *vers de société* itself ever tends to lose its true characteristics under a kind of necessary law of ascent. By this is meant that the artificial atmosphere of society-verse proper can only be held in relation to the poet, for musical and artistic ends, by his ever and anon drawing an inspiration from a field above it: else it would become merely conventional and artificial, and as such it would be repudiated by the world it professedly paints, which also needs elevation, escape from its own preoccupations in a thinly veiled ideal image of them. Thus he must rise, and must lift up the reader, even while he seems merely to skim along a very determinate plane. All the best writers of *vers de société* have been also, in their measure, true poets, which means that they often wrote what is more than *vers de société* when they professed to write no more than that. There is thus a line to be drawn critically and theoretically between a certain order of poetry proper and *vers de société*, but it is very hard to draw it in practice. One who knows the subject well has written:

"The primary meaning of the term *vers de*

société is, I take it, that the verses referred to treat* of the doings of persons who move in the artificial atmosphere which is known as 'society'; for example, the verses of *Praed*—or what people mean by the verses of *Praed*—'My own *Araminta*,' and 'The Belle of the Ball,' for I do not even know that 'The Vicar' and 'Quince' strictly come under the class. According to this standard, very little of the work of Mr. Austin Dobson, a section only of that of Mr. Locker and Mr. Calverley, comes under the definition. The rest is minor poetry, more often tinged with humor, but not necessarily *vers de société*. 'Verses of Humanity' would be better; but, directly we get this, we use a term applicable to much so-called modern poetry."

But, wherever you have a true poet at work, even in the artificial atmosphere of society-verse, he will imbue it with touches which properly lift it above the merely artificial plane. For example, is Mr. Austin Dobson's "Incognita" *vers de société* or minor poetry of a high order? We hold it is both, just as we hold that Thackeray's best efforts are both; and that whenever you begin to draw a hard line you must break the poems in halves. A hard-and-fast line can not really be drawn with any hope of finality, or even efficiency.

Society-verse, in our sense of it, includes certain products of all polished times, which become fully or imaginatively realizable only through experience, more or less direct, of similar conditions. Anacreon in Greek very frequently, Theocritus sometimes, is in the mood. Petrarch once or twice in his sonnets approaches to it, and oftener in his earlier odes, notwithstanding the affected depth of his passion for Laura, which should have so steadied his flight as to prevent all playful curvings and circlings and billings and cooings of the society-verse kind. Yet he now and then gains fine effect and relief from slipping into a truly playful vein. What, for instance, shall we say to the fifth and the tenth sonnets, not to go any further? Here are free renderings of them for the reader's benefit, should he not read Italian:

When, moved by sighs, I call thee by the name
That in my heart is written fair of Love,
LAUD-like it sounds, of sweetest accents wove,
As my fond tongue begins the word to frame.

Your REGAL state that next asserts its claim
Doubles my courage the emprise to prove;
But "Tarry," cries the last, "for powers above
All that ye boast alone could reach this fame."

Thus all who call you by that word again
Are taught at once to LAUD and to REVERE,
For praise and reverence are your rightful state,

* Yes; but they treat of them in a specific way, that is, fancifully or imaginatively, not merely with elegance or wit, though elegance and wit may be brought to the service.

Unless, perchance, Apollo should disdain
The mortal tongue that, strange to fitting fear,
Around his greeny boughs should lightly prate.

Glorious Colonna, like a column strong,
Our hopes thou bearest of the Latin name;
Thou still dost calmly hold thy virtuous fame,
Even while the Pope condemns thee as for wrong.

Here is no palace, theatre, galleries long,
But fir and beech and pine put forth their claim
To stir the soul with true poetic flame
Amid green grass and hills and sweet birds' song.

Raised from the earth to heaven, our spirits soar,
As soft the nightingale in woodland shade
Pours all night long his melancholy strain.

With loving thoughts the heart grows more and more.
Oh, why is scene so fair imperfect made
Because my lord must absent still remain!

Horace—the product of a highly artificial period of Roman life—is, for the most part, in the vein; and Mr. Austin Dobson assimilates and reproduces this element of vague regret, yet of radiant self-possession and poignant self-reproof, so admirably because he is in so much Horatian. Let the reader look at his renderings of Horace from the quartet in his last volume—which, moreover, have the merit of exhibiting Horatian feeling shaking hands with the new poetic forms—in this case the *rondel* and *triolet*, of which we shall have to say a few words immediately:

"VITAS HINNULEO.

(*Rondel*.)

"You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother
Through trackless woods. If spring-winds sigh,
It vainly strives its fears to smother;—

"Its trembling knees assail each other,
When lizards stir the bramble dry;—
You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

"And yet no Libyan lion I—
No ravening thing to rend another;
Lay by your tears, your tremors by—
A husband's better than a brother;
Nor shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother."

"PERSICOS ODI.

(*Triolets*.)

"Davus, I detest
Orient display;
Wreaths on linden drest,
Davus, I detest.
Let the late rose rest
Where it fades away:
Davus, I detest
Orient display;

"Naught but myrtle twine
Therefore, boy, for me
Sitting 'neath the vine,—
Naught but myrtle twine;
Fitting to the wine,
Not unfitting thee;
Naught but myrtle twine
Therefore, boy, for me."

Is this not exactly the tone of Herrick, of Suckling, of Lovelace, of Waller, and Skelton, and the rest of our own English society-verse makers, who produced the thing before it had received the name? Nay, is it not the very tone of much in Shakespeare, who included, as by law of affinity, every specific tone that poet could touch? Is it not the tone of Congreve, and of Swift, when he is not sardonic to the extent of dissipating, by bitter breath, the fanciful forms he has created for himself? Prior, and Gay, and Dorset, and Pope—when he can be naively playful, which is not so very often as one would think—are in the vein: so is Goldsmith, and, on one or two occasions, even Cowper, who is then always truly *naïf* and gently playful. Then there is Præd, and in a sense, Ingoldsby, and Leigh Hunt, and Landor, and Hood the elder: and among Scottish writers, Aytoun, Outram, and some others less known; for we shall rank Lord Neaves among living writers of this class, because he has distinctly formed a Scottish school of what we must call society-writers, who describe a full circle from the broadest fun to finest satire, and all with the utmost playfulness and good-humored innocence of intent.

But we must not go back on old examples; that would prove endless. We must content ourselves with presenting a few of the most select specimens from writers of our own day, well contrasted and really illustrative. Nothing could be finer as a general specimen of the *vers de société* spirit than this—one of the happiest specimens from the happy pen of Mr. Henry S. Leigh:

"THE TWO AGES.

"Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And come to the Age of Gold.

"Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old:

So they couple the *crook* of the Golden Age
With a *hook* in the Age of Gold.

"From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

"Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's *not* the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

"Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old *régime*:
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold."

Mr. Frederick Locker has the true air of the writer of society-verse. He is never too much in earnest, and yet he is never trivial. His humor is of a soft and enticing kind. It shines rather than sparkles. He understands thoroughly what is consistent with his aims, and seldom aims too high. With all the external marks of the "man of the world," he touches the domestic sentiment faithfully and to fine issue: he is at home in the walks of the heart, and, though he can smile with an averted face, it is because he would rather not say all that he feels and finds his pleasures in. He is sincere as well as gay; he is serious as well as naively satirical; there are a kindly glow and a firm beat of the pulse felt beneath the courtly polish and polite banter; the veins can be seen under the lily-white hand. His fancy is obedient to his mood, and moves equably even when he is consciously indulging in surprises. Mr. Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson are nowadays frequently named together, and spoken of as though to similar characteristics they owed their measure of success. Mr. Locker lacks a little of Mr. Dobson's subtle feeling for rhythm—he does not attain to the final felicity of some of Mr. Dobson's separate stanzas, though he is less tempted by extensive knowledge into recondite references, odd allusions, and classical by-play. Mr. Locker's pride is to go as straight to the mark, with unhesitating English frankness, as a society-verse writer could go. Mr. Dobson has much more artistic *finesse*. So

far as two writers of the same class of verse, taken broadly, could be distinguished, these two are distinguished by this: Mr. Locker is frank as an old English gentleman; Mr. Dobson is reserved and dexterous, and often seeks to evade direct statement or questioning. He is conscious of his power to tantalize and to teach as well as to amuse. He inclines not seldom, therefore, to parable, to fable, to relieve himself by work which is in essence moral. He has a dash of Hogarth in him as well as of Horace. He has, too, the modern feeling for nature more strongly developed than Mr. Locker, as seen in such poems as "The Seasons"; and, in widening the sphere of his possible activity, it may tend sometimes to take from him his directness. He is at once finer and richer than Mr. Locker; but Mr. Locker is more concentrated, and surer of his ground. Mr. Dobson loves to experiment, to try new fields, and is apt to ignore the value of the successes he has achieved, and to compromise himself by writing for the mere ingenuity of the thing—"trifling" a little bit, though always like a scholar and a gentleman—and he has, in the minds of some very good critics, lost not a little by it. He is more versatile, but less self-sustained, than Mr. Locker; more a man of ideas; more of a student and a scholar than a man of the world—sometimes, indeed, there is a shaded and reserved purity in his verses—as in one notable stanza of "Incognita"—which is almost unexpected, and is not likely to be valued at its true worth by mere readers of society-verse. Mr. Locker succeeds by his mixture of good English sense, subdued humor, and complete knowledge of cultivated life; Mr. Dobson succeeds by his nimble fancy, dainty grace of expression, quaint inventiveness, and wide scholarship, sensibility, and general dexterity of intellect which controls it all, and detracts from the sense of spontaneity too largely. • He uses his wide learning well, to impart a weight to his verse which otherwise would be often too trivial. Besides, he has a turn for the courtly farcical or more dignified grotesque; and this, in combination with a power to throw his fancies into dramatic form, raises the expectation that he *might* become a playwright, and succeed in a kind of piece which good society in France particularly admires, and which we may presume that there will be more and more demand for here as knowledge of French literature and French life increases among us. Of this we have no promise or suggestion in what Mr. Locker has given to us.

One other point we must notice in Mr. Dobson—it is his remarkable faculty of restoration. He will choose a certain era, and with a few characteristic touches, exhibiting most careful and loving study even of out-of-the-way books

and details, he will present it, pregnant and clear, in a stanza or two. Both his volumes show many instances of this, proving that he is as much an antiquarian as a poet can afford to be. His "Gentleman of the Old School" and his "Gentlewoman of the Old School" perhaps show him at his best in this line. Sometimes, as in "The Tale of Polypheme," and "The Ballad of Beau Brocade," he condescends to the veriest trifling in this line also—such trifling as might be left to weaker hands, while he took up work with more humanity and promise of permanence; for he can write "Verses of Humanity" as well as verses of society, and it is doubtful whether his success in the first does not a little spoil him for full success in the last, though his success in the last may only aid him in the attainment of true grace in the first. Such pieces as "The Young Musician" bear witness for him here. But we must justify our deliverance so far by specimens. The first is from Mr. Locker, and is titled "To my Mistress's Boots," an admirable specimen of fun-hiding earnest:

"TO MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS.

- " They nearly strike me dumb,
And I tremble when they come
Pit-a-pat.
This palpitation means
That these boots are Geraldine's,
Think of that.
- " Oh, where did hunter win
So delicate a skin
For her feet?
You lucky little kid,
You perished, so you did,
For my sweet.
- " The fairy stitching gleams
On the toes and in the seams,
And reveals
That Pixies were the wags
Who tipped these funny tags
And these heels.
- " What soles! so little worn!
Had Crusoe—soul forlorn—
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
How hard he would have tried
For the two!
- " For Gerry's debonair,
And innocent and fair
As a rose,
She's an angel in a frock,
With a fascinating cock
To her nose.
- " Those simpletons who squeeze
Their extremities, to please
Mandarins,

Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.

"Cinderella's *lefts and rights*
To Geraldine's were frights,
And, in truth,
The damsel, deftly shod,
Has dutifully trod
From her youth.

"The mansion—ay, and more,
The cottage of the poor,
Where there's grief
Or sickness, are her choice,
And the music of her voice
Brings relief.

"Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty puss-in-boots
These to don,
Set your little hand awhile
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on."

By way of complement we may here set down
"The Jester's Plea"—a piece in a stricter vein
of moralizing—nevertheless full of the essential
quality of such verse:—

"THE JESTER'S PLEA.

[*These verses were published in 1862, in a volume of poems (by several hands) entitled "An Offering to Lancashire."*]

"The World! Was jester ever in
A viler than the present?
Yet if it ugly be—as sin,
It almost is—as pleasant!
It is a merry world (*pro tem.*),
And some are gay, and therefore
It pleases them—but some condemn
The fun they do not care for.

"It is an ugly world. Offend
Good people—how they wrangle!
The manners that they never mend!
The characters they mangle!
They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
And go to church on Sunday—
And many are afraid of God—
And more of MRS. GRUNDY.

"The time for Pen and Sword was when
'My ladye fayre' for pity
Could tend her wounded knight, and then
Grow tender at his ditty!
Some ladies now make pretty songs—
And some make pretty nurses:
Some men are good for righting wrongs—
And some for writing verses.

"I wish We better understood
The tax that poets levy!
I know the Muse is very good—
I think she's rather heavy:
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She now compounds for winning ways
By morals of the sternest—
Methinks the lays of nowadays
Are painfully in earnest.

"When Wisdom halts, I humbly try
To make the most of Folly:
If Pallas be unwilling, I
Prefer to flirt with Polly—
To quit the goddess for the maid
Seems low in lofty musers:
But Pallas is a haughty jade—
And beggars can't be choosers.

"I do not wish to see the slaves
Of party stirring passion,
Or psalms quite superseding staves,
Or piety 'the fashion.'
I bless the hearts where pity glows,
Who, here together banded,
Are holding out a hand to those
That wait so empty-handed!

"A righteous Work!—My masters, may
A Jester by confession
Scarce noticed join, half sad, half gay,
The close of your procession?
The motley here seems out of place
With graver robes to mingle,
But if one tear bedews his face,
Forgive the bells their jingle."

Mr. Austin Dobson can touch a yet lighter
strain, and impart to it a tone of truest elevation
and dainty fragranciness of finish. This is a speci-
men, though we were for a moment or two di-
vided between it and the piece called "Incog-
nita":

"DORA *versus* ROSE.

"The case is proceeding."

"From the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—
At least, on a practical plan—
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
One love is enough for a man.
But no case that I ever yet met is
Like mine: I am equally fond
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,
And Dora, a blonde.

"Each rivals the other in powers—
Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—
Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers;
Miss Do., perpendicular saints.
In short, to distinguish is folly;
'Twixt the pair, I am come to the pass
Of Macheath between Lucy and Polly—
Or Buridan's ass.

"If it happens that Rose I have singled
For a soft celebration in rhyme,
Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled
Somehow with the tune and the time;

Or I painfully pen me a sonnet
To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,
And behold ! I am writing upon it
The legend, 'To Rose.'

" Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter
Is all overscrawled with her head):
If I fancy at last that I've got her,
It turns to her rival instead ;
Or I find myself placidly adding
To the rapturous tresses of Rose
Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,
Ineffable nose.

" Was there ever so sad a dilemma?
For Rose I would perish (*pro tem.*) ;
For Dora I'd willingly stem a—
(Whatever might offer to stem) ;
But to make the invidious election—
To declare that on either one's side
I've a scruple—a grain more affection,
I can not decide.

" And as either so hopelessly nice is,
My sole and my final resource
Is to wait some indefinite crisis—
Some feat of molecular force,
To solve me this riddle, conducive
By no means to peace or repose,
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
Of Dora and Rose."

(*After-thought.*)

" But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),
Not quite so delightful as Rose—
Not wholly so charming as Dora—
Should appear, is it wrong to suppose—
As the claims of the others are equal—
And flight—in the main—is the best—
That I might . . . But no matter—the sequel
Is easily guessed."

Mr. Mortimer Collins has written one or two
admirable pieces which, however—though of
first-rate quality in points—do not maintain the
same unity and exquisite balance as those of Mr.
Locker or Mr. Austin Dobson. This is, per-
haps, the best :

"AD CHLOEN, M. A.

(*Fresh from her Cambridge Examination.*)

" Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your nose ;
And your brow is like the snow ;
And the various things you know
Goodness knows.

" And the rose-flush on your cheek,
And your algebra and Greek
Perfect are ;
And that loving lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
Every star.

" You have pouting, piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate ;
But for your cerulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

" If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
The same day
I, as wooer, perhaps may come
To so sweet an Artium
Magistra."

Mr. Calverley, too, we should have quoted
from, had we space. Besides Mr. Henry S.
Leigh, we must name Mr. Gosse, Mr. Cosmo
Monkhouse, Mr. Henley, Mr. Pennell, and Mr.
Savile Clarke—all of whom have produced gems
in this cameo-carving of verse.

II.

WE can not pass from this section of the
subject without a word or two about the new
forms which have recently come into vogue.
These are admirably fitted for certain purposes,
and in expert hands occasionally yield a most
satisfying effect. In the mass of instances, how-
ever, restraint is the first feeling on reading them,
and, therefore, we fear, not much can be hoped
from the movement as a permanent thing. Mr.
Dobson has written some exquisite triolets, as
well as ballades, after the true form, and he has
given, in an appendix to Mr. Davenport Adams's
recent volume,* a very admirable paper descrip-
tive of the peculiarities of all these forms ; and
this, if supplemented by his article in "The Mir-
ror of Literature" on the "Ballade," will well
convey as full an idea as any English reader can
desire in respect to them. Their relation to *vers
de société* is not quite so accidental as it might
appear : for Mr. Austin Dobson has himself
pointed out that for the most part they might be
made effective in epigram, but only, we think, in
epigram that has elements to ally it closely with
society-verse. We give below one or two speci-
mens of these forms of verse. The first shall be
a "ballade"—the rule of which is that it shall be
written on three rhymes and no more—arranged
as a slight attention to this specimen will at once
show to the careful reader :

"THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

(*Double Refrain.*)

" When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the north wind howls, and the doors are
shut—

* Latter-day Lyrics : being Poems of Sentiment and
Reflection by Living Writers. (Chatto & Windus.)

There is place and enough for the pains of prose ;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars to the lattice climb,
And a rosalind-face to the casement shows,
Then hey !—for the ripple of laughing rhyme !

" When the brain gets as dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a ' formal cut '—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose ;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the ' golden prime,'
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose—
Then hey !—for the ripple of laughing rhyme !

" In a theme where the thoughts have a pendant
strut,
In a changing quarrel of ' Ayes ' and ' Noes,'
In a starched procession of ' If ' and ' But '—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose ;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows,
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
And the secret is told ' that no one knows '—
Then hey !—for the ripple of laughing rhyme !"

" Envoy.

" In the work-a-day world—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose ;
But whenever the May bells clash and chime,
Then hey !—for the ripple of laughing rhyme !"

And these three triolets :

" A Kiss.

" Rose kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow ?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
To a savor of sorrow :
Rose kissed me to-day—
Will she kiss me to-morrow ?"

" Circe.

" In the school of coquettes
Madam Rose is a scholar—
Oh, they fish with all nets
In the school of coquettes !
When her brooch she forgets,
'Tis to show her new collar :
In the school of coquettes
Madam Rose is a scholar !"

" A Tear.

" There's a tear in her eye—
Such a clear little jewel !
What can make her cry ?
There's a tear in her eye.
' Puck has killed a big fly—
And it's terribly cruel ' ;
There's a tear in her eye—
Such a clear little jewel !"

A clever writer in " Fun " has admirably shown how some of these forms may be used for society-verse. He has given a whole series of them, including the rondeau. Here we have a rondel and a set of triolets :

" LOVE'S CAPTIVE.

" Rondel.

" I hide her in my heart, my May,
And keep my darling captive there !
But not because she'd fly away
To seek for liberty elsewhere.
For love is ever free as air !
And as with me her love will stay,
I hide her in my heart, my May,
And keep my darling captive there.
Our love is love that lives for aye,
Enchained in fether strong and fair,
So evermore, by night and day,
That we our prisoned home may share,
I hide her in my heart, my May,
And keep my darling captive there."

" A PAIR OF GLOVES.

" Triolets.

" My love of loves—my May,
In rippling shadows lying,
Was sleeping ' mid the hay—
My love of loves—my May !
The ardent sun was trying
To kiss her dreams away !
My love of loves—my May,
In rippling shadows lying !
" I knelt and kissed her lips,
Sweeter than any flower
The bee for honey sips !
I knelt and kissed her lips—
And as her dark eyes' power
Awoke from sleep's eclipse,
I knelt and kissed her lips
Sweeter than any flower !
" The pair of gloves I won,
My darling pays in kisses !
Long may the sweet debt run—
The pair of gloves I won !
Till death our love dismisses
This feud will ne'er be done—
The pair of gloves I won,
My darling pays in kisses !"

III.

THE Scottish school — of which Professor Aytoun, Mr. Outram, and others of the Blackwood band, were the proper founders—was originally based on merely humorous character-sketching, as seen in " The Annuity." It has passed—perhaps in peculiar consonance with the national character—into two main lines : convivial humor of the broader kind, always with a

more or less pronounced purpose of specific satire of foibles and extravagances; and a free criticism of the national orthodoxy, with a view of broadening and liberalizing it. In this latter phase it has been, so to say, taken possession of by the Broad-Church party; and some of the happiest efforts of Dr. Norman MacLeod in verse would belong to this class—especially the "Waggin o' oor Dog's Tail." It is felt in the "Curling Song" also; and, indeed, it might be said that Norman MacLeod never fell into the lighter mood without carrying a shade of this earnest purpose with him. But he was not artistically delicate, and his points were not always taken with full feeling. He lacked wholly the art Horatian, and must, for this reason, rank only as third or fourth rate, in spite of his fine spirits, his readiness, his spontaneity, and earnest purpose. It has been well said that the Scotch are peculiar in that they can afford to scrutinize their own oddities, and, on occasion, to look at themselves precisely like a third person. This is seen in much of the verse we are now dealing with. A few specimens of the more typical classes are all that we can afford to give. The first shall be from Lord Neaves on "The Origin of Species":

"THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

"A New Song.

"Have you heard of this question the Doctors among,
Whether all living things from a Monad have
sprung?

This has lately been said, and now shall be sung,
Which nobody can deny.

"Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,
It required a few millions the change to complete;
But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,
Which nobody can deny.

"The original Monad, our great-great-grand sire,
To little or nothing at first did aspire;
But at last to have offspring it took a desire,
Which nobody can deny.

"This Monad becoming a father or mother,
By budding or bursting, produced such another;
And shortly there followed a sister or brother,
Which nobody can deny.

"But Monad no longer designates them well—
They're a cluster of molecules now, or a cell;
But, which of the two, Doctors only can tell,
Which nobody can deny.

"These beings increasing grew buoyant with life,
And each to itself was both husband and wife;
And at first, strange to say, the two lived without
strife,
Which nobody can deny.

"But such crowding together soon troublesome grew,
And they thought a division of labor would do;
So their sexual system was parted in two,
Which nobody can deny.

"Thus Plato supposes that, severed by fate,
Human halves run about, each in search of its mate,
Never pleased till they gain their original state,
Which nobody can deny.

"Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot;
Some put out a finger, some put out a foot;
Some set up a mouth, and some sent out a root,
Which nobody can deny.

"Some, wishing to walk, manufactured a limb;
Some rigged out a fin, with a purpose to swim;
Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,
Which nobody can deny.

"Some creatures grew bulky, while others were small
As Nature sent food for the few or for all;
And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,
Which nobody can deny.

"A Deer with a neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of its family (try not to laugh!),
By stretching and stretching became a Giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

"A very tall Pig, with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes;
And he then by the name of an Elephant goes,
Which nobody will deny.

"The four-footed beast that we now call a Whale,
Held its hind legs so close that it grew to a tail,
Which it uses for thrashing the sea like a flail,
Which nobody can deny.

"Pouters, tumblers, and fantails are from the same
source;
The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse:
So men were developed from Monkeys, of course,
Which nobody can deny.

"An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a Lord of creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny.

"But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,
A relapse to low life may our prospects impair;
So of beastly propensities let us beware,
Which nobody can deny.

"Their lofty position our children may lose,
And, reduced to all-fours, must then narrow their
views;
Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,
Which nobody can deny.

"Their vertebrae next might be taken away,
When they'd sink to an oyster or insect some day,
Or the pitiful part of a polypus play,
Which nobody can deny.

"Thus losing Humanity's nature and name,
And descending through varying stages of shame,
They'd return to the Monad from which we all
came,

Which nobody can deny.

In slightly different view we may cite the following :

"LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY ON SUNDAY.

"A Lyric for Sunday Night.

"We Zealots, made up of stiff clay,
The sour-looking children of sorrow,
While not over-jolly to-day,
Resolved to be wretched to-morrow.
We can't for certainty tell
What mirth may molest us on Monday ;
But, at least, to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

"That day, the calm season of rest,
Shall come to us freshening and frigid ;
A gloom all our thoughts shall invest,
Such as Calvin would call over-rigid.
With sermons from morning till night,
We'll strive to be decent and dreary :
To preachers a praise and delight,
Who never think sermons can weary.

"All tradesmen cry up their own wares ;
In this way they agree well together :
The mason by stone and lime swears ;
The tanner is always for leather.
The smith still for iron would go ;
The schoolmaster stands up for teaching ;
And the parson would have you to know
There's nothing on earth like his preaching.

"The face of kind Nature is fair ;
But our system obscures its effulgence :
How sweet is a breath of fresh air !
But our rules don't allow the indulgence.
These gardens, their walks and green bowers,
Might be free to the poor man for one day ;
But no, the glad plants and gay flowers
Mustn't bloom or smell sweetly on Sunday.

"What though a good precept we strain
Till hateful and hurtful we make it !
What though, in thus pulling the rein,
We may draw it so tight as to break it !
Abroad we forbid folks to roam,
For then they get social or frisky ;
But of course they can sit still at home
And get dismally drunk on whisky.

"Then, though we can't certainly tell
How mirth may molest us on Monday ;
At least, we begin the week well,—
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday."

We have preferred to give these to the yet

better known "Origin of Languages," or the song, "I'm very fond of Water," as being less likely to be familiar to our readers.

Professor Blackie, who not seldom ruins his poems of this class for any purpose but chorus-singing, through his rough-and-ready off-hand style, and his inveterate disregard of form, has written at least two good things, of which we shall present a copy to our reader, assured that he will laugh lightly over them. The first is metaphysical, and is named—

"CONCERNING I AND NON-I.

"Since father Noah first tapped the vine,
And warmed his jolly old nose,
All men to drinking do much incline,
But why, no drinker yet knows ;
We drink and we never think how !
And yet, in our drinking,
The root of deep thinking
Lies very profound,
As I will expound
To all who will drink with me now !

"The poets—God knows, a jovial race—
Have ever been lauding of wine ;
Of Bacchus they sing, and his rosy face,
And the draught of the beaker divine ;
Yet all their fine phrases are vain ;
They pour out the essence
Of brain-effervescence,
With rhyme and rant
And jingling cant,
But nothing at all they explain.

"But I, who quaff the thoughtful well
Of Plato and old Aristotle,
And Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel, can tell
The wisdom that lies in the bottle ;
I drink, and in drinking I know.
With a glance keen and nimble
I pierce through the symbol,
And seize the soul
Of truth in the bowl,
Behind the sensuous show !

"Now brim your glass, and plant it well
Beneath your nose on the table,
And you will find what philosophers tell
Of I and non-I is no fable :
Now listen to wisdom, my son !
Myself am the subject,
This wine is the object,
These things are two,
But I'll prove to you
That subject and object are one.

"I take this glass in my hand, and stand
Upon my legs, if I can,
And look and smile benign and bland,
And feel that I am a man.

Now stretch all the strength of your brains !
 I drink—and the object
 Is lost in the subject,
 Making one entity
 In the identity
 Of me and the wine in my veins !

" And now if Hamilton, Fraser, or Mill,
 This point can better explain,
 You may learn from them, with method and skill,
 To plumb the abyss of your brain ;
 But this simple faith I avow—
 The root of true thinking
 Lies just in deep drinking,
 As I have shown,
 By a way of my own,
 To this jolly good company now."

The next is on a very suitable theme for a professor who at once is a book-worm and is not :

"SOME BOOK-WORMS WILL SIT AND WILL STUDY."

" Some book-worms will sit and will study
 Along with their dear selves alone,
 Till their brain like a mill-pond grows muddy,
 And their heart is as cold as a stone.
 But listen to what I now say, boys,
 Who know the fine art to unbend ;
 And all labor without any play, boys,
 Makes Jack a dull boy in the end."

" There's Moodie, no doubt he's a fellow
 Of heart, and of head has no lack ;
 But his cheek like a lemon is yellow,
 And he bends like a camel his back."

I tell him the worst of all evils
 Is cram ; and to live on this plan
 Is to nourish a host of blue devils,
 To plague him when he is a man.

" Sure Solomon knew what was fitting
 To keep a man juicy and fresh,
 And he says there is nothing like sitting
 O'er books to bring grief to the flesh.
 From quarto to folio creeping,
 Some record of folly to gain,
 He says that your red eyes are keeping
 Dull watch o'er the night-oil in vain."

" I guess you have heard many sermons
 Not wiser at all than my rhymes,
 But perhaps you don't know what determines
 Their sense to be nonsense sometimes.
 Though bright the great truth may be beaming,
 Through dimness it struggles in vain,
 Of vapors from stomach upsteaming
 Unhealthy, that poison the brain."

" Beside her old wheel when 'tis birring,
 A spinster may sit and may croon ;
 But a meddlesome youth should be stirring
 Like Hermes, with wings to his shoon ;
 With a club, or a bat, or a mallet,
 Making sport with the ball on the green,
 Or roaming about with a wallet
 Where steamboats and tourists are seen."

" Then rise from the lean-visaged study,
 That drains all the sap from your brains ;
 Give your face to the breeze, and grow ruddy
 With blood that exults in the veins.
 Trust me—for I know what I say, boys—
 And use the fine art to unbend—
 All work, with no season of play, boys,
 Makes Jack a dull boy in the end !"

ALEX. H. JAPP (*Gentleman's Magazine*).

THE COURT AND LITERARY SALONS OF OLD PARIS.

LADY CHARLOTTE JACKSON'S "Old Paris" is a favorable example of that type of book which is always keenly appreciated by the numerous class of readers who find formal history too exacting in its demands upon their attention, and yet are apt to regard habitual novel-reading as a frivolous dissipation. Following in its arrangement the general order of historical events, it carefully avoids anything like chronological or consecutive narrative ; uses "wars,

* Old Paris: Its Court and Literary Salons. By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

battles, and the crises of nations" merely as themes about which to cluster personal anecdotes and reminiscences ; and perpetually endeavors to clothe the dry bones of historical fact with the flesh and blood, vitality and vividness of contemporary occurrences. It is the sort of personal gossip and social chit-chat with which a conversationally inclined historian might embroider and illustrate the bare outlines of his laboriously constructed text ; and, in fact, furnishes the newest modern parallel to those garrulous old chronicles in which the personal traits and idiosyncrasies of the actors are rendered so much more prominent

than the events in which they took part. When as well done as in Lady Jackson's book, this work is exceedingly entertaining, and is by no means destitute of instructiveness. The facts, the phenomena, and the events which, in their public aspects, are described with such minute precision by Tocqueville and Taine are here depicted on their personal and social side; and, if we learn nothing new or important about the history of the period, we at least get a more intimate view of the men and women whose figures for any reason stand out against the obscure background of events.

Beginning with the coronation of Marie de Médicis, second wife of Henry IV, and the closely following assassination of the latter, the book traverses nearly the whole of that seventeenth century which, in its social and literary aspects, is regarded by French writers generally as the most brilliant period in the history of their nation, and closes with the announcement that throughout the gay and fickle society of that Paris which he had embellished and glorified there was a sensation of relief when it became generally known that *the Grand Monarque was dead*. It was a period of very varied and romantic interest, and the keynote to Lady Jackson's sketch of it is given on the opening page. "Woman," she says, "played an important part in it, contributing largely toward the reform then achieved in the French language, and in the corrupt and gross manners of the age, and introducing into the social relations of life that peculiar grace, fascinating ease, vivacity, and indefinable charm still vainly sought for in society out of France." The period of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and the *Précieuses* on the one hand, and of the long dynasty of royal mistresses on the other, there never was a time, perhaps, even in France, when women played so prominent and dominant a part both in public and private life; and it is concerning the women of the period that Lady Jackson is most copious in her details and most piquant in her revelations. Yet she has not contented herself, it should be said, with a mere "*chronicle scandaleuse*." Like a sympathetic portrait-painter, she is more anxious to discover whatever is beautiful or winning in a sitter than to lay bare her blemishes; and, though some of the most shameless of modern Messalinas figure in her pages, there is nothing in the book which one lady might not utter in conversation with another. Only a lady, in fact, well versed in the *convenances* could have treated certain awkward episodes with such adroitness and tact. A man would have been sure to blunder, either by saying too much or by saying nothing at all.

The book lends itself with remarkable facility to quotation, and an entire number of the "Jour-

nal" might readily be filled with appetizing and suggestive passages—in fact, to fill an entire number would be easier than to do it justice in the three or four pages that can be spared to us. In gleaning here and there such bits as commend themselves by reason of their convenient length, we shall attempt nothing like systematic arrangement, but follow the author's example in flitting from topic to topic, according as attention is arrested or curiosity piqued by some salient fact or entertaining anecdote. The following brief description of Paris in the reign of Louis XIII, though it comes in the middle of the book, is as good as any other, perhaps, to begin with:

"But old Paris, to accommodate its army of useless monks and nuns, was encumbered with large monasteries and convents innumerable; and though many fine hôtels of the *noblesse* were built during the reign, yet their high outer walls, together with the gloomy surroundings of the numerous monastic buildings, and the network of crooked, and narrow, and filthily dirty streets, formed a *tout ensemble* of the dreariest kind, even by day, but especially when darkness came on. Yet there were oases of brightness in this desert of gloom, and on sunny spring mornings and moonlight summer evenings, the dirty old city, then one of the chief plague-spots of Europe, might, even in the days of '*triste Louis Treize*,' have been called 'gay Paris.' Those oases were the Cours de la Reine and the gardens of the Place Royale, where beauty and fashion loved to disport themselves. Then, behind the high walls were large private grounds, where the dwellers in fine hôtels could ramble at their pleasure, or assemble their friends for the garden-parties of the period. But the poor! Ah! it was a fearful place for the poor. It was well for them that even one ecclesiastic was found to teach that it was in the world that God should be served, and not in convent-cells. For Paris, from the rapidly increasing number of its monastic establishments, seemed likely to become a city of convents—abodes of superstition, ignorance, idleness, and vice."

Some further details concerning the condition of the city and the state of society at that period are given in the graphic passage descriptive of the assassination of Henry IV. We make room for a part of it only:

"Later in the day [May 14, 1610] the King had a fancy to see how the preparations for the Queen's public entry were progressing. He was accompanied in his coach by the Duc d'Epemon, and three or four other nobles. It was seldom he used a coach, owing, it has been said, to a superstitious presentiment of evil likely to befall him in one. But it seems hardly necessary to assign superstition as his objection to using a coach, when we remember what sort of vehicles the Paris coach-builders then produced. They were small, open rooms (no glass windows), either set without springs on a frame

with four immensely large wheels, or suspended to long spokes by broad leather bands. Thus, with a fair prospect of dislocation to the limbs of the occupant, these unwieldy constructions went jolting or swinging over the ups and downs formed by the mounds of dirt that impeded their progress in the wretchedly paved and unpaved streets of the old city. And it required dexterous handling on the part of the driver to guide the four or six horses attached to these cumbrous conveyances, so as to avoid collisions in the narrow and tortuous thoroughfares. But, luckily, coaches were not yet numerous, and only the very rich could afford to take an airing in that stately and comfortless fashion.

"It was an unexpected obstruction by carts that afforded Ravaillac the opportunity of taking the King's life. Preparations for the *fête* had occasioned the employment of an unusual number of carts, and the royal equipage was brought to a standstill by two of them on that spot in the Rue St.-Honoré (known to most persons who have visited Paris) which then formed the corner of the narrow Rue de la Ferronnerie. There, during the momentary confusion that ensued, the vile purpose of the assassin was but too fatally accomplished. He mounted the projecting steps of the coach, leaned far into it, and twice, with a dagger, furiously attacked the King; the second time piercing his heart."

The following is a typical specimen of the personal anecdotes which are scattered profusely through the volume. It is told of the poet Malherbe, who was more noted, perhaps, for his dilettanteism in language than for his poetry:

"He had been prevailed on, when near his end, to be confessed by a priest. The good father afterward proceeded to expatiate, in language neither classical nor poetical, on the joys awaiting the dying man in heaven. Malherbe listened, evidently much disturbed in mind. The priest attributed it to conscience awakened by his eloquence, and became more earnest, and, as he thought, more impressive. The old poet could endure it no longer. Raising himself in his bed, he exclaimed: 'Improve your style, sir! You have disgusted me with the joys of heaven!' then fell back exhausted on his pillow. An old nurse sat by the bedside; she had been much edified to hear of the joys of heaven. Now she rose, looked sadly at the priest, and whispered: 'Poor man! poor man! His head is quite gone, sir. Only an hour ago he raved at me, even worse, sir, even worse, and called out, "Who is your authority for that word?" though I spoke to him quite kind and civil. Poor man, his head is gone!'"

The principal literary event of the early years of the seventeenth century was the publication of "*Astrée*," a romance of the Marquis d'Urfé. "*Astrée*" is a pastoral allegory, with shepherds and shepherdesses as the principal personages, but describing the *amours platoniques* of the author, and introducing many episodes of the

gallantries of the court of Henry IV. It is sentimental in the extreme, and abounds in affectations, yet it had an unprecedented success, and exercised an extraordinary influence upon the manners of the day. Arcadia became the rage. Fine ladies, sated with the customary round of fashionable gallantries, were desirous of reproducing those scenes of pastoral love and idleness; and Vauquelin des Ivetaux, formerly Governor of Caen and preceptor to the Dauphin, actually attempted to realize d'Urfé's fantastic imaginings. He had led a dissipated life, but, having read "*Astrée*," he was so charmed with the pastoral one that he resolved to forsake his irregularities, and to seek in the evening of his days (he was then between sixty and seventy) the pure joys and peace that Arcadia promised:

"He retired to a house with large gardens, which belonged to him, in the Faubourg St.-Germain. There, dressed in the correct shepherd costume, with his rustic pipe, and by his side a pretty shepherdess, in pink and blue silk, and a crook trimmed with ribbons and lace, he wandered about his grounds. The shepherd carried a lute, and when he and his *gentile amie* reposed beneath a shady tree, or lounged near a pond that did duty for a crystal stream, he played on his pipe while the lady twanged the lute and sang a few snatches of song. The gentleman led two lambs by a silken cord. They were 'the milk-white flock,' and lay at the feet of the shepherd and shepherdess when they sat down on a grassy slope to expatiate on the delights and pure joys of pastoral life and sentimental friendship. M. des Ivetaux lived in this way for some years, when weather permitted; and, as he lived to the age of ninety, it may be presumed that he found pastoral life pleasant and easy, and that rusticating agreed with him. He went out of the world to the sound of the lute and shepherd's pipe, accompanying an idyl of his own composing, for he was a tolerable poet. He thought that sweet simple sounds soothed the spirit when winging its flight from earth to the bowers of bliss. The end of this shepherd was peace."

Even this attempt to realize them does not seem to have been sufficient to dissipate the charm of these grotesque affectations; and both D'Urfé and M. des Ivetaux were surpassed by those who came after them and were emulous of their reputation. Perhaps the culmination of the absurdity was reached in "*The Map of the Country of Love*," which was drawn up by Made-moiselle de Scudéry as a sort of guide to the gradations of the tender passion prescribed by the code of laws that regulated the sentimental chivalry and love à la mode of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Here is Lady Jackson's account of this "*Carte du Pays de Tendre*":

"On this map of the progress of the tender passion was first marked the 'Lake of Indifference,'

whence you looked on the shores of 'Disinterested Pleasure'—the pleasure the mind derives from first gazing on a beautiful object; in this case, a fair lady. Thence the road was traced to the 'Hamlet of Respect,' and onward to the villages of 'Billet-doux,' 'Billet galant,' 'Jolis Vers,' 'Complaisance,' 'Soumission,' 'Petits Soins,' 'Assiduité,' till you came to the larger villages or small towns of 'Empressement' and 'Sensibilité,' leading direct to the city of 'Tendre,' on the 'River of Inclination,' which flowed into the 'Mer Dangereuse.' There, after tossing about, 'from the base of the wave to the billow's crown,' if you did not get wrecked, or founder in a storm, you had a chance of finding at last the 'Haven of Rest,' which, of course, meant marriage."

Next to the doings of the Grand Monarque, which, of course, furnish an inexhaustible theme to the society chronicler, more of Lady Jackson's space is given to the famous Hôtel de Rambouillet than to any other topic. During a considerable portion of the century it was as distinctly the literary and intellectual center of France as the court of Louis XIV was the social center; and its influence, while as profound, was far more wholesome and lasting. Says Lady Jackson:

"The Hôtel de Rambouillet and its stately hostess deserve to be celebrated, for it was in the famous *salon bleu* that the pleasures of social intercourse were first realized in France, and learning and mental gifts met with their due appreciation. There, too, the French first recognized the social equality of woman, while the blameless life of the Marquise set an example to her sex, which, if all her society did not follow, all were there compelled, by putting on the semblance of doing so, to honor. For accomplishing so much in the midst of depravity and a demoralized court, the few affectations of the Rambouillet circle [such as those of the "*Carte du Pays de Tendre*"] may be pardoned."

If all the scattered passages in which the author refers to the Hôtel de Rambouillet were brought together in consecutive order, we should have an article of the highest value and interest; but we can make room for but one representative selection. Referring to the period when Corneille was reading there in the evenings his newly written tragedies, Lady Jackson says:

"Its circle was now greatly extended; not only the celebrated *salon bleu*, which was especially devoted to the reading of new works and conversations on stated subjects, was overflowing with guests, but its spacious neighbor and rival in elegance, the *salon jaune*, and often the whole suite of reception-rooms, was thrown open to them; so numerously were the *réunions* of the Marquise attended. And it was not exclusively a literary coterie, though the *élite* of the *gens de lettres* were present, and obscurely born genius and rising talent sought and received there welcome and encouragement. Courtiers and ladies of the

highest rank, who could make no pretensions to learning and very little to *esprit*, mingled with the throng, attracted by the polished ease and general tone of good-breeding that prevailed in the crowded *salons* of Rambouillet, and contrasted so strikingly with the roughness and grossness of the manners of the court.

"It was not necessary to produce quarterings of nobility to obtain an introduction to the assemblies of the Marquise; but intelligence, talent, and above all good manners, were indispensable qualifications for that honor. Merit there ranked above birth; *esprit* in itself was reckoned a dignity; and to literature and its professors was accorded a degree of consideration which hitherto the *grandees* of society had rarely, if ever, vouchsafed to them. The Hôtel de Rambouillet served also as a school of manners for the court. The tone of refinement it was necessary to observe there was a protest against the open depravity, both of conduct and speech, which survived in the society of the Louvre, long after the evil example of Henry IV had ceased to give sanction to it.

"The *salons* of Rambouillet afforded, no doubt, many examples of high-flown sentimentality and affectation, as well as of overstrained or stilted politeness. And it has been suspected that before the period of its greatest vogue and importance (from 1635 to 1645) there existed among the society that frequented the hôtel, composed as it was of persons of such different social grades, a carefully suppressed undercurrent of mutual disdain. The pride of birth, the pride of intellect, the pride of purse, each received a shock from the presence of the others, and could not immediately amalgamate, though represented there only by the *élite* of each class. It argues in the hostess the possession of a high degree of tact and social *savoir-faire* to have succeeded so happily in soothing the ruffled spirits of her high and mighty guests, and bringing the discordant elements in her circle to act so favorably on each other as to produce that general tone of good-breeding, that courtesy of manner, that suavity of expression—indicating respect for others as well as self-respect—which characterized those who had mixed with the *société polie* of Rambouillet.

"From Rambouillet emanated '*le sentiment de toutes les bienséances*,' and a tone of refinement which, with the spread of the social instinct, gradually imbued French society generally. It is one of the glories of that celebrated hôtel that its influence on the manners of the age was felt by all classes and conditions, even to the inferior degrees of the social scale, and has never, through all the changing fortunes of the nation, become wholly extinct. If no great amendment was wrought by its influence on the morals of the age, at least the attempt to reform them was made by inculcating a respect for purity of life, of which the unblemished one of the Marquise afforded an example."

A highly interesting passage is that which describes the origin of the most famous literary

institution in the world—the *Académie Française*:

"It had been for some time the custom of a few literary men—nine in number—to assemble on certain evenings at the hôtel of the rich financier, Conrart, a great patron of literature and himself a writer. Their object was free discussion on learned subjects; also the improvement of the French language, by bringing into discredit certain words in general use by coarse writers of that day, and banishing from familiar conversation those pompous terms in which it was becoming customary to clothe the most simple ideas. These *littérati* were all frequenters of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but at Conrart's private *réunions*—to which they gave the name of the '*Petite Académie*'—they were under far less restraint. No ladies were present toward whom it was their privilege or irksome duty to play the part of '*galants hommes*,' and the etiquette observed in the *salon bleu*—to their great relief, no doubt—was not insisted upon in the Salon Conrart.

"The meetings of this select and learned 'Council of Nine' soon came to the knowledge of the indefatigable Boisrobert, who was ever ready to play the part of jackal to the lion De Richelieu. Always was he keenly on the watch to snatch at any and every thing that promised to afford but a shred toward the weaving of that cloak of false glory with which the cardinal-minister was to dazzle the eyes of posterity, despite the personal vices it concealed, and the merciless tyranny by which he extinguished the liberties of the people. Boisrobert, therefore, sought admission to the *réunions* of the Salon Conrart. But it was contrary to the rules of the *Petite Académie* to admit outsiders, and, as a man of letters, Boisrobert could claim no consideration whatever. He was in repute, in fact, only with his master, and even he valued him less for his small poetic talent than for a certain genial humor and flow of spirits that often dispelled the fits of spleen he was subject to.

"Antoine Godeau, who had put the *Benedicite* into verse, for which the Cardinal, for the sake of making a *jeu de mots*, gave him the bishopric of Grasse, was one of the Nine. To him, as having a sort of claim upon his good offices, Boisrobert addressed himself. And, through Godeau's influence, the stringent rule, 'that no strangers be admitted,' was relaxed in favor of the powerful minister's secretary. After reporting to his master what he had done and had seen and heard, he suggested that, with a larger number of members and a legal form given to it, such an assembly might become an influential

one in the literary world. The suggestion was favorably received by his Eminence. He saw in it both present and future renown, as the patron and protector of men of learning and as the enlightened minister who first, in France, gave an impulse to the cultivation of letters. Boisrobert was authorized to propose, in the Cardinal's name, that the *Petite Académie* should extend its limited circle and increase its sphere of usefulness by placing itself under legal sanction.

"The proposal was not well received. The little society did not desire the interference of the Cardinal. Its members, therefore, deputed Boisrobert to represent to him that, by increasing their number and fettering themselves with legal forms, one of the chief objects of their meetings—the spending the evenings together as intimate private friends, in order to discuss freely and irresponsibly certain literary questions, and other topics of interest to them and their host—would at once be at an end. For a time, there the matter rested; but neither Boisrobert nor the Cardinal had given it up. The former, by perseverance, obtained admission to the *Petite Académie* as its tenth member. By degrees, and through his influence, eight others were introduced, when the question of 'legal form' was again brought on the *tapis* and put to the vote. The original nine voted against it, also one of the new members, so that the Cardinal was yet in a minority. Boisrobert still persevered, intrigued, and insisted, until the number of members was increased to twenty-eight. His Eminence himself now appeared on the scene, secure of victory, for his indefatigable secretary had already secured it for him. A majority of the society decided in favor of the Cardinal's proposal to found an *Académie Française*, and consequently in 1634 the regulations for the formation of the society were drawn up—Balzac, Vaugelas, Chapelain, and Voiture becoming members. In January, 1635, the letters patent for the legal establishment of the Academy and its forty arm-chairs were given."

Though Lady Jackson's anecdotes and chit-chat flow trippingly and easily from her pen, the collecting of them has evidently been the result of wide reading and creditable industry. Her style, too, is admirably adapted to her purpose, its only fault being the too frequent introduction of French phrases when plain English would have answered as well, or even better. Many of these phrases are objectionable, not merely because they are in a foreign tongue, but because they are used in a technical or temporary sense.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ONE MR. ALFRED AYRES, hitherto unknown to public fame, has compiled a pronouncing manual of words often mispronounced, which he calls "The Orthoëpist." The book appears to have been prepared with a great deal of care, but for the most part it is a cautious reproduction of the orthoëpy of the dictionaries, only occasionally venturing to dispute their authority. This, no doubt, makes the manual all the more useful to persons who wish their pronunciation to conform to accepted usage, so far as the dictionary may be trusted to report usage, but it may be questioned whether Mr. Ayres could not have done more permanent service to the language had he made some attempt to establish the analogies and the principles of pronunciation, with the purpose of bringing the current confusion into some sort of method and order. At present much of our pronunciation is wholly capricious, especially as regards vowel-sounds in unaccented syllables. There are certain slovenly and corrupt practices which are condemned by the dictionaries, and other equally slovenly and primarily corrupt practices which are approved by them. We must not, for instance, say *hou'l* for *hovel*, but we must say *grov'l* for *grovel*. We are required to say *hev'n* and *eleven* for *heaven* and *eleven*, but are put at once out of the pale of good speakers if we say *Ell'n* for *Ellen*. To say *beu'l* for *bevel* or *bush'l* for *bushel* is to prove one's self a vulgarian, but not to say *ev'l* for *evil* is to set one's self down as an ignoramus. It is wholly wrong to say *pan'l* for *panel*, but wholly right to say *old'n* for *olden*. It is really impossible to account for these differences. They are certainly irrational, and the wonder is that they should continue to receive the support of orthoëpists. Are *of'n* for *often*, *cas'l* for *castle*, *has'n* for *hasten*, anything more than approved corruptions? Story writers commonly make ignorant characters say *agen* for *again* and *bin* for *been*, apparently unconscious that these peculiarities accord with the dictionaries, and are authoritatively correct. But, perhaps the grossest accepted corruption is in *gallus* for *gallows* and *bellus* for *bellows*. But this corruption has survived in the dictionaries much longer than in usage. Walker accepts the pronunciation because "the last syllable of these words is corrupted beyond recovery into *lus*." This may have been true in England at the time it was written, but it is certainly not true to-day in America. Nineteen twentieths of cultivated people here pronounce the last syllable as it is written, and many of them would set down *gallus* and *bellus* as the pronunciation of the hopelessly ignorant. The reason given by Walker for retaining the pronunciation no longer exists, and dictionaries and pronouncing manuals may as well show as much enlightenment in this matter as do the people who are not orthoëpists.

An equally unaccountable confusion exists as to the proper syllable, in words of more than one syllable, upon which the accent should fall. Ease of utterance settles the point in some cases, but is disregarded in others. We may, in obedience to this convenient rule, say *commendable*, but we ought not to say *lamentable* or *hospitable*. Why, we may ask, should not we say *admirable* and *preferable* as well as *commendable*? This ease of utterance permits the accent in *accessory* to slip from the first syllable to the second, but allows no such privilege in *despicable* or in *exemplary* or in *exigency*, and many similar words, holding us, in these instances, to the accent on the first syllable. Mr. Ayres would like *orthoëpy* to be accented on the second syllable, in face of Walker, Worcester, Webster, and Smart, because it is so much easier of utterance than with the accent on the first syllable, but does not venture to question those authorities in other instances. It seems to us only rational that ease of utterance should uniformly determine the placing of the accent, except in cases where some contrary principle is involved, and we wish that Mr. Ayres had insisted upon the application of a rule of this kind.

The English are more prone than we to slighted sounds and dropped letters. The American is apt to go to the other extreme, and dwell too much on the vowels in unaccented syllables. He speaks of territory, history, and legislator. Dickens ridicules this tendency in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Usage being not so fixed with us as it is in England, and Americans being great readers, pronunciation is apt here to come nearer to the form of the written word. This middle-class pronunciation, derived from books and not from society, is a little pedantic and stiff. It pronounces *Worcester* in three syllables; it fails to condense *extra-ordinary* to *extrordinary*; it forgets to drop the *t* in *often*, *hasten*, and *castle*; it is ignorant of polite slur and the sanctioned slovenliness that prevails in high places. There are sins of omission, of course, many persons with us being specially disrespectful to the letter *r*, talking about our *lib-ah-ty*, and our "glorious free *gove'nment*." And we are so prone—in common here with our English brethren—to drop the final consonant in words ending in *ing*, as in *singing*, *ringing*, *going*, etc., which commonly come forth clipped to *sing-in'*, *ringin'*, *go'in'*, and to ignominiously despoil *round*, *bound*, and, etc., of their final letter, that, applying the Walker doctrine, these corruptions should meet with the sanction of the orthoëpists—for they are apparently "beyond recovery." And if the mere prevalence of a corruption sanctions it, why should not our orthoëpists instruct us to utter *ter-morrer* for *to-morrow*, which we hear every day in our lives? A person uninformed on this subject might innocently suppose that it is the business of

standard dictionaries to condemn corruptions of all kinds, and that compilers of "Manuals of Pronunciation" might well take the responsibility of clearing up confusion rather than devote themselves to confirming bad practices.

We like especially what Mr. Ayres says about the utterance of the pronouns. Actors and other public speakers are apt to give the full vowel-sound of the pronouns, whether requiring emphasis or not, making their utterance stiff, and usually perverting the meaning. "Give me *your* hand," said an actor, in our hearing recently, in "As You Like It." There was no question between the person's hand and somebody else's hand, but in obedience to the current practice the speaker gave the full sound to the pronoun and destroyed the meaning. He should have said, "give me *yur* hand," with the emphasis on *hand*, *your* being touched lightly, like *yur* or *yer*. There was a time when actors would exclaim, "Me child," "Me father," and were much ridiculed for it. Now they commonly cry out, "My child," "My father," which in a majority of cases is equally wrong and absurd. The art is in touching the vowel-sound lightly and obscurely.

The differences of accent, upon which orthoëpists lay so much earnest stress, are really wholly unimportant. Whether a man pronounces *commendable* or *lamentable* with the accent on the first or the second syllable is of very little moment, as it is simply a question of different usage at different times or in different places. The real test of elegant pronunciation is not in the incidental placing of the accent, but in the utterance of the vowel-sounds of unaccented syllables. The vulgar, slovenly speaker fails here almost inevitably. He makes *honest* either *honist* or *honust*; he talks to us of *indecence*, of *histury*, etc. The easy, light, accurate touch of these vowel-sounds is the true test of refined pronunciation. Errors of this kind are pointed out in "The Orthoëpist," but not dwelt upon as fully as they might have been. And it is in the markings of these sounds that the dictionaries are most at fault—probably because there are no marks that can exactly indicate them. Mr. Ayres, for instance, objects to the *o* in words like *inventory*, *matrimony*, etc., being marked in the dictionaries like *o* in *mayor*, *actor*, etc.—that is, like obscure *u*, believing that the *o* sound should be expressed in some degree. He is clearly right, but this neat touching of unaccented vowel-sounds, indicating accurately the true sound of the vowel, without dwelling on it, is only found among cultivated people, and can not be learned from dictionaries. Altogether, "The Orthoëpist" is useful; it will do good, if only by drawing renewed attention to some of the prevailing and accepted absurdities; and probably there is no one, however correct he may suppose himself to be, who would not be surprised to find that he has been wrong all the time, according to established authority, in his habitual pronunciation of some words.

SOME of our readers may recollect a discussion in our number for November last in regard to real-

ism and imagination in art. Should any of them desire a little further light on this much-vexed subject, they will find it in a volume compiled by Mrs. Carter, Principal of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union, consisting of a selection of passages from artists and writers on art, and bearing the title "Art Suggestions from the Masters." This volume, which is the first of a series, is confined to the writings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Charles Bell, Hazlitt, and Haydon. There is a good deal in the work that bears upon current art controversies. In our November colloquy it was affirmed that it requires imagination even to be realistic; that the great difficulty with many artists is that they are too cold and irresponsible to see and master all the facts of nature, and are hence incapable of producing what lies before them. This view is strikingly confirmed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one passage quoted by Mrs. Carter. "It is not uncommon," he says, "to meet with artists who, from long neglect of cultivating the necessary intimacy with Nature, do not even know her when they see her; she appearing a stranger to them from their being so long habituated to their own representation of her. I have heard painters acknowledge that they could do better without Nature than with her; or, as they expressed it themselves, *that it only put them out*." We should say that this is just what is the matter with many of those painters of to-day who insist upon substituting their own conceptions and impressions for the facts of nature. As was said in the discussion referred to, it is easier to paint "a light that never was on land or sea," than to paint the light that *is* there. Then we find Haydon saying that "an exact knowledge of the forms of things is necessary to express ideas clearly, and the power of *representing things exactly as they are*, or ought to be, constitutes the painter." This sentiment would be rank heresy if uttered to-day. The current theory is that painting consists of representing things exactly as they are not, or exactly as one may invent or imagine them to be. Haydon again says that it is "the refinement of things imperceptible to unscientific inexperience that distinguishes great men from other human beings. It was by delicate beauty the Greeks reached their excellence, and the moderns will not equal or outstrip them but by similar exhibitions of attentive investigation and scientific research." Attentive investigation and scientific research are the very soul of realistic painting, but distinctly the opposite of the impressionism of the day, which seems to us more the ecstasy of idleness than anything else, disdaining the very thought of investigation and research. A writer has recently spoken of a "true impressionism, the product of impressions so strong as to reproduce with immense detail." We do not know that immense detail ever produces strong impressions, for true realism does not mean minute reproduction, but a firm grasp of every essential characteristic. It is only mental force that amounts to imagination that is capable of attentive investigation and scientific research—a fact that has been well established in science; and mental force of this kind is not "put out by nature"; it is

stimulated rather than confounded by the innumerable phases and difficulties of nature, and struggles to master them.

There are many other passages in Mrs. Carter's volume that come very timely just now, especially as the authors quoted from are probably little read by most of our new school of painters. Disciples of vagueness should heed Reynolds, when he condemns "an undeterminate manner or vague idea of any kind in a complete and finished picture. The notion," he says, "of leaving anything to the imagination opposes a very fixed and indispensable rule in our art—that everything shall be carefully and distinctly expressed, as if the painter knew with correctness and precision the exact form and character of whatever is introduced into the picture." Then again he says, "Many artists, as Vasari observes, have ignorantly imagined they are imitating the manner of Titian when they leave their colors rough and neglect the detail; but, not possessing the principles on which he wrought, they have produced what he calls *goffe pitture*, absurd, foolish pictures; for such will always be the consequence of affecting dexterity without science, without selection, and without fixed principles." It is true that Reynolds emphasizes breadth of form, which is produced, he declares, "by leaving out peculiarities and retaining only general ideas," but this principle is not opposed to realism, for servile imitation of details is often destructive to genuine realism. The spirit of a scene must be studied and caught; there must be a perception of essentials, a knowledge of what to omit and what to select, a skill that produces upon the mind a sense of completeness. Whenever a picture seems deficient in details it doubtless is deficient; and this is what Sir Joshua must mean when he declares that "everything should be carefully and distinctly expressed," in connection with what he elsewhere says in regard to "leaving out peculiarities." There is required in art a discrimination that rises above rules, that is capable of producing adequate results sometimes by clear and definite expression, and sometimes by general ideas; and the result, when satisfying, vindicates the means.

It has been proposed to make ex-Presidents of the United States Senators-at-large in the Federal Senate, and a great many people seem to be quite captivated with the idea. That an honorable place should be provided for those who have filled the exalted office of President—a semi-official retirement consonant with their dignity and the dignity of the people, where the experience gained in a high official position would be made serviceable to the country, and which would secure to the incumbents an adequate income for life—is all very true; and the force of these reasons has blinded many persons to the fundamental character of the means proposed to accomplish the end in view.

To enlarge the Senate in the way suggested would

be simply revolutionary, for it would disregard the essential and fundamental law by which the Senate is constituted. The Senate represents the States, each equally with every other; its very foundation, its source, the law of its being, are based on our system of States, and this feature of the organic law can not be altered without the consent of every State in the Union. "No State without its consent," says the Constitution, "shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." To introduce Senators-at-large would affect the balance in all closely contested questions, thereby destroying the equality of the States. One critic of this measure points out that an ex-President would naturally be in sympathy with his own State, thus practically giving that State three instead of two votes. Whether this should happen or not, the introduction of Senators-at-large is foreign to the theory and basis of the Senate, and, even if done with the consent of all the States, it would be essentially revolutionary in its character. One would suppose it unnecessary to state so self-evident a proposition, were it not that many people are heartily advocating the measure. The "Independent" has published a number of letters from college-presidents, professors, divines, and politicians, very few of whom discover anything incongruous or revolutionary in the proposition. These learned gentlemen, for the most part, appear to look upon the Senate as a popular body, which the popular voice may modify in any way it thinks best. One of the amazing things of the day is the fact that people generally, educated and uneducated, can not comprehend the Federal Constitution, and in consequence impracticable notions of all sorts are continually being put forth.

Had the persons who first made the proposition we are answering reflected a little, they would have discovered a means of carrying out their plan without a revolution of elementary principles. It would be practicable, we should judge, to give ex-Presidents seats in the Senate on the same principle that delegates from the Territories are admitted to the House—that is, with the right to participate in all debates, but with no vote. The ex-Presidents under such an arrangement would be honorary members of the Senate, just as there are honorary members of clubs and societies, these honorary members having all the privileges of the society or club excepting suffrage, and none of its responsibilities. The matured experience and practical wisdom of the ex-President would be available under this plan; he would be consulted, listened to with respect, and his influence would be limited only by his intellectual capacity and his knowledge, while in the exercise of suffrage the States would remain as now, each equal with every other. This position may be thought by some one of "maimed honors," but it would really be one of high character and respect, because wholly an honorary one, freed from jealousies and party hostilities. But, whether so or not, it is the only manner in which ex-Presidents can enter the Senate without a rupture of the fundamental law.

Notes for Readers.

DR. JOHNSON has defined a lexicographer as "a harmless drudge," and much smaller men are in the habit of speaking of such work as the dictionary-maker's as though it were the lowest form of "literary grubbing"; yet it is eminently probable that, should these very persons undertake to do instead of to criticise it, they would find (as is usually found) that no work is quite so easy as it looks. Has the reader, for example, ever attempted to define some one of those simple but comprehensive terms whose daily and hourly use is based upon the assumption that their significance is self-evident? The difficulties of the work may be inferred from the number of unsuccessful efforts that have been made to define "wit" and "humor" in such a manner that the difference between them can be clearly grasped. The utmost that has been achieved in the case of these two common and universally used words is to demonstrate that no perfectly precise meaning is attached to them; and of a still commoner word—the word "poetry"—discreet persons have long ago abandoned the attempt to furnish a definition. Indeed, so rare is a completely successful definition of one of this class of words, that even a more than usually plausible experiment is worth noting. Of the word "literature" the best definition with which we are acquainted is that given by Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his "Primer of English Literature": "By literature," he says, "we mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way which will give pleasure to the reader." Less satisfactory, but still good, is the definition of the word "prose," which Professor Henry Morley gives in the recently published volume of his "Library of English Literature": "The word 'Prose' means straightforward. It is derived from the Latin *propterea*, and so was the name of a Roman goddess, *Prosa*, called also *Prosa*, who presided over births with the head foremost. Prose signifies, therefore, the direct manner of common speech without twists or unusual ways of presentation."

How much easier it is to criticise such definitions than to furnish satisfactory substitutes for them is proved by Professor Morley's attack upon one of the most famous of experiments in this field. Coleridge, it will be remembered, expressed the wish that clever young poets would remember his "homely definition of prose and poetry—that is, prose is words in their best order; poetry, the best words in the best order." Of this, Professor Morley says: "The definition may be homely, but it is not true. No writer of prose would wish to use second-best words. Setting aside the difference that lies deep in the nature of the thought, there remains only the mechanical distinction that verse is a contrivance for obtaining by fixed places of frequently recurring pause and elevation of the voice, by rhyme and

other devices, a large number of places of fixed emphasis, that cause stress to be laid on every important word, while they set thought to music. Whatever will bear this continuous enforcement is fit matter for verse; but the customary thought of men, though put into words that fit it perfectly, and are therefore the best, is less intense, and therefore is best expressed in the straightforward method of our customary speech."

As a piece of literary mosaic, Mr. A. J. Symington's "Life Sketch of William Cullen Bryant" (New York: Harper & Brothers) is something of a curiosity, while as a biography it is not without merit. Scarcely ten consecutive lines of the work are the author's own composition, but it is the result of a pretty thorough gleaning of the field of Bryant literature, and it pieces together, with considerable skill, select bits from the works of other writers. It appears to be designed for those who have little acquaintance with either the life, the character, or the work of Bryant, and, besides the biographical narrative, contains some two or three dozen of his more characteristic poems, with extracts from others and from his prose writings. Perhaps as high praise as Mr. Symington would desire is conveyed in the admission that he has succeeded in giving a tolerably adequate idea of Bryant, both as man and as poet.

WITH the ever-growing interest in all matters pertaining to art, we shall probably see within a brief period reproductions of all the leading European works on the subject, but there will be none of greater value, or at least of wider reputation, than Drs. Woltmann and Woermann's "History of Painting," of which the first volume, comprising "Ancient, Early Christian, and Mediaeval Painting," has just been published, to be shortly followed by another, covering the period of the Renaissance (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.). Professor Sidney Colvin, the editor of the English edition of the work, declares it to be "the most complete and trustworthy history of painting yet written"; and it is especially full in its account of the art as practiced in ancient Egypt, the Asiatic empires, Greece, and Rome. This portion of the task was confided to Dr. Karl Woermann, Professor at the Düsseldorf Royal Academy of Arts. According to Professor Colvin, Dr. Woltmann's own share of the book "is especially distinguished for its copious and original treatment of the various European schools of miniature-painting, mural painting, and mosaic, in the early Christian and middle ages. . . . A knowledge of these comparatively obscure branches of the subject," Professor Colvin adds, "is essential to the understanding both of the genius of those ages themselves and of the steps by which painting, in the days of its humility, determined the choice and matured the conception of those themes

which, in the days of its glory, were destined still to occupy it." The book is issued in liberal and elegant style, and contains one hundred and thirty-two engravings, some of which are extremely curious, while all of them are of the highest value to students of art.

THOUGH not designed for representation on the stage, and therefore not in the strictest sense dramatic, it must be admitted that the three poems comprised in "The Dramatic Works of Bayard Taylor" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) include, perhaps, the most successful experiments in the lyrical drama that American literature has to show. "The Prophet," indeed, barely misses being a really great drama; and misses it chiefly because the author designed from the first to make it rather a poem than a drama, placing the dramatic element chiefly in its moral and spiritual aspects instead of in its action. This work is the one that, on the whole, we should select as marking the high tide of Mr. Taylor's performance as a poet, and there are passages in it which are as good as anything of the kind in recent poetry. "The Masque of the Gods" is an attempt to treat certain questions, that have haunted the mind of man in all ages, through the medium of an allegory based on the forms of Greek mythology, and, to our mind, is not very successful. "Prince Deukalion," another attempt of the same kind, is almost grandiose in conception and in its underlying idea, and in sustained lyrical beauty is worthy of its theme. In reprinting these poems Mrs. Marie Hansen Taylor has equipped them with explanatory notes, in which she describes the circumstances under which they were conceived and written, and elucidates such poetical disguises and allusions as seem to stand in need of it. These notes are extremely interesting and in the best possible taste, and it is fortunate for Mr. Taylor that he left his fame in the hands of one so zealous and so competent to protect it.

VERY good examples of the art of popularizing useful knowledge are to be found in Mr. Thomas W. Knox's "Boy Travelers in Siam, Java, etc.," and Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin's "Old Times in the Colonies," both published in nearly uniform style by the Messrs. Harper & Brothers. In the latter, Mr. Coffin gives "an outline of some of the principal events that occurred during the colonial period of our country, and portrays the hardships and sufferings of those who laid the foundations of a new empire." He transforms history into anecdotes, sketches of prominent men, and thrilling narratives of adventure; and yet the lessons which he teaches and the information he imparts are none the less valuable because they are not conveyed in the customary formal style. In much the same manner that Mr. Coffin teaches history, Mr. Knox teaches physical and political geography. His book records the adventures of two youths in a journey to Siam and Java, and, besides the narrative of personal experience, contains lively and picturesque descriptions of Cochin-China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay

Archipelago. Both books are to a great extent compilations, of course, but the work is very skillfully done, and they are illustrated with a lavish profusion and richness that would make them a delight to the eyes of youthful readers, even if they possessed no other merits.

THERE are three kinds of persons, says Ruskin, in his last paper of the series entitled "Fiction, Fair and Foul," that we must conceive before we can understand any single event of the middle ages—these are the king, monk, and craftsman of the period. He says:

"No syllable of the utterance, no fragment of the arts of the middle ages, far less any motive of their deeds, can be read even in the letter—how much less judged in spirit—unless, first of all, we can somewhat imagine all these three living souls.

"First, a king who was the best knight in his kingdom, and on whose own sword-strokes hung the fate of Christendom. A king such as Henry the Fowler, the first and third Edwards of England, the Bruce of Scotland, and this Frederick the First of Germany.

"Secondly, a monk who had been trained from youth in greater hardship than any soldier, and had learned at last to desire no other life than one of hardship—a man believing in his own and his fellows' immortality, in the aiding powers of angels and the eternal presence of God, versed in all the science, graceful in all the literature, cognizant of all the policy of his age, and fearless of any created thing, on the earth or under it.

"And, lastly, a craftsman absolutely master of his craft, and taking such pride in the exercise of it as all healthy souls take in putting forth their personal powers; proud also of his city and his people; enriching, year by year, their streets with loftier buildings, their treasuries with rarer possessions; and bequeathing his hereditary art to a line of successive masters, by whose tact of race and honor of effort the essential skills of metal-work in gold and steel, of pottery, glass-painting, wood-work, and weaving, were carried to a perfectness never to be surpassed, and of which our utmost modern hope is to produce a not instantly detected imitation."

In noticing Mr. Aldrich's last novel, "The Still-water Tragedy," the London "Athenæum" concludes by saying: "We should say that Mr. Aldrich's little story is well written, as are most of those which reach us from America. Either the bad novels stay at home, or else the American average is higher than ours." This may surprise readers who are familiar only with the English novels reprinted in this country, and yet it is indisputably true. If the American novel rarely attains the excellence of the best English fiction, it, on the other hand, never, we are safe in saying, reaches a point quite so low as the inferior fiction there does—a point which fairly touches intellectual zero. We have here the sensational novel, the melodramatic novel, the provincial novel, the crude novel, the foolish novel, but rarely if ever the absolutely imbecile novel, a species which often occupies the shelves at Mudie's library. This literary distinction is probably due to the common practice in England of publishing books at the author's charge, a custom which permits any writer, however foolish he may be, to disport before the

public, provided he has the means wherewith to pay the printer's bills.

THE "Atlantic," in a notice of "Salvage"—one of the recent "No-Name Series" of novels, which, as the title of the series indicates, are published anonymously—speaks of the "manliness of the book, its frequent sharpness of outline, its uninterrupted interest, and the honorable tone of its ulterior purpose. . . . If it be a first book," says the critic, "as many signs indicate, it is one of which the author never hereafter need be ashamed, however much he may improve upon it." There is no fault to find with these criticisms; the manliness of the book is obvious; it does suggest a first production; and yet, as evidence of how the best critics may go wrong, we have only to say we chance to know that "Salvage" was written by a woman, whose first novel appeared as long as twenty-five years ago.

"AN Anecdotal History of the British Parliament," by Mr. G. H. Jennings, has just been published in England, and will be reprinted here immediately by Appleton & Co. The "Saturday Review" thinks it would be sheer affectation to deny the fascination exercised by the work, and affirms that Mr. Jennings deserves thanks for the good things he has brought together between his covers, and concludes its notice with the following anecdote of Sheridan:

"Lord Eldon left an anecdote-book in manuscript, in which he noted the following: During the debates on the India Bill, at which period John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said, 'Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes.' Upon this there was a great outcry made by almost everybody in the House. 'Who is it? Name him! Name him!' 'Sir,' said Sheridan to the Speaker, 'I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, sir, as soon as you could say Jack Robinson.'"

MR. HAWES, in his essay on Lowell, in "The Gentleman's Magazine," speaks of Emerson as follows: "Personally, like so many others, to Emerson I owe my freedom and emancipation from those stocks of prejudice and those pillories of public opinion which make so many sit in the world of thought like frightened criminals unable or afraid to stir. When I was at college I exchanged four handsome volumes of Montaigne for one volume of Emerson's 'Essays.' I have never regretted my bargain; and, when I open my well-worn copy, I still find the Pantheon and the Forest Primeval alike instinct with the great Oversoul, and vocal with the music of God."

EVERY one is familiar and has been amused with Macaulay's characteristic assertion that "the Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators."

Few readers, however, are probably aware that Hume expresses identically the same idea. "Bear-baiting," he says, "was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport, not the inhumanity, gave offense." Inasmuch as Macaulay's *mot* is known the world over and Hume's scarcely at all, we have evidence how important is the way of putting things—more important, it seems, so far as notoriety is concerned, than the idea itself.

Two volumes have been added recently to Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series"—one a charming story of Italian life, entitled "Poverina," translated from the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and the other an original work by Charles Warren Stoddard, whose "South-Sea Idyls" will be remembered. The title of the present volume is "Mashallah!" (as God wills it): "a Flight into Egypt," and is mostly devoted to incidents of travel on the Nile.

"IT appears to us," says the "Saturday Review," "that for a century past no books have been issued from the English press in so slovenly and disgraceful a condition as some of the cheap volumes of the present day. We grow weary," it says, "of protesting against ignorant work, ignorantly revised, and teeming with the blunders of authors, printers, and readers." This charge, sweeping as it is, will not surprise persons who have had occasion to revise and correct English books for reprinting here. With many English books the proof-reading is strikingly careless, and there appears to be no uniform standard for orthography or punctuation.

"THE heroic verse of Dr. Holmes," remarks "The Academy," "will one of these days be the subject, no doubt, of curious analytical inquiry. It is a singular survival, handed down to our author by Crabbe from Goldsmith, and preserving some accents of each of these poets. There is no other considerable writer of our day who preserves this instrument of the eighteenth century, for Mr. William Morris's ten-syllabled rhyming verse is a wholly different metre, a romantic movement full of indolent *enjambements*. Such a poem as Mr. Browning's 'A Forgiveness' shows how completely the lesson Waller taught us has been discarded. Dr. Holmes alone has not rejected it; he alone contrives to write in the couplet, without giving us the impression of an obsolete form or a *pastiche*. He writes in it quite simply—the last real poet to move with ease in the pomp of shoe-buckles and a pig-tail."

"THE SPECTATOR" does not altogether like the sixth and just issued volume of Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea." It considers it disappointing. "Masked no longer by the moving accidents of glorious war, the radical faults of his method of writing history become distressingly apparent." It concludes by saying, "If we may twist Holofernes's words a little away from the meaning he meant them to bear, we should say of the author that, in this volume at all events, 'he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.'"